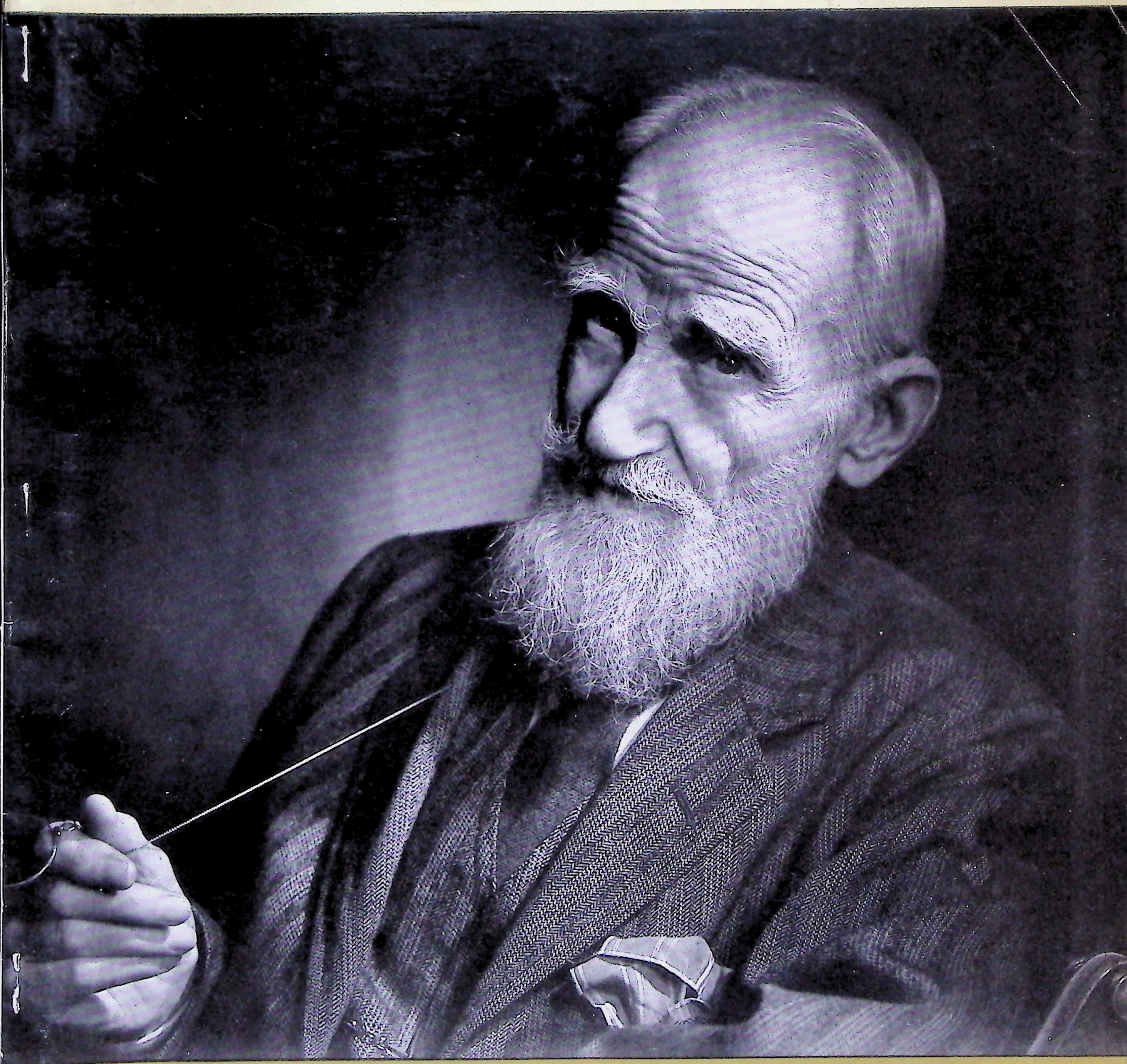
WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR THE INQUIRING



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW portrait by Karsh of Ottawa

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A portfolio of characters from great fiction

Italy—Land of Art, History and Ruins

What is a Teacher? • Ganges, River of Piety

SEPTEMBER 1956

ONE DOLLAR

WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL AMERICA

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WISDOM MAGAZINE, Department AC
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THE COVER – George Bernard Shaw has been caught by internationally known Yousuf Karsh as most drama lovers see him – profound but lighted with myriad twinkles of merry mischief, whimsy, enigma. On back cover Karsh portrays another Shaw, the austere little man who routed his critics by sheer mass of character.

VOL. 1, NO. 9 **EXECUTIVE, EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES — 8800 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA** **SEPTEMBER 1956**

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LETTERS FROM READERS

The articles are excellent, the illustrations are beautifully done and our opinion is that WISDOM is truly a work of art. It is certainly no ordinary magazine to be read and thrown away but will surely find a permanent place in the libraries of all subscribers.

ROBERT SCHINNEER
Charles C. Thomas, Publishers
Springfield, Ill.

Your publication WISDOM is a flaming torch leading the way for us out of the confusion and pettiness of ordinary human existence.

MRS. SARAH KAHN
Brooklyn, N. Y.

None of us deserves wisdom unless we are prepared to use it intelligently and with proper sense of responsibility in the circumstances in which we find ourselves.

BRUCE F. ELLIOTT
Minneapolis, Minn.

WISDOM has the honesty to accept truth as it finds it and to give effect to it in our life.

HELEN WALTERS
Cleveland, Ohio

I am overjoyed to discover a magazine like WISDOM that teaches us to be tolerant and fair-minded and believe in and uphold justice—that we should be generous and worship beauty and goodness – that we should have with us and about us the vision of greatness.

MARILYN DUNPHY
Los Angeles, Calif.

Rarely has a magazine, published for the general public, combined such a readable style with such assiduous documentation and indefatigable zest.

LOUIS GUTHRIE
Port Huron, Mich.

The editors of WISDOM have achieved a miracle. The task you set yourselves in this magazine was extremely difficult. You have brought off a great and memorable triumph worthy of our everlasting gratitude.

R. R. FORSTER
San Juan, Puerto Rico

What a delightful experience to discover a magazine like WISDOM whose essential task is to develop the conscience, the ideals, and the aspirations of mankind.

MARJORIE WHITE
Miami, Fla.

Thanks to WISDOM for showing us that unless we can work out this problem of human relationships and can build up an international society in which peoples different in nationality, race, color, creed, language, and culture can live and work together in peace and security, there is great danger that we will destroy each other and the civilization that we have developed.

GEORGE THOMPSON
Rochester, N. Y.

WISDOM points up to us the selfless untrammeled life in the whole, which frees man from the prison-house of desperate wishes, the swell of passion and little thoughts . . .

ERNEST FREEMAN
Detroit, Mich.

WISDOM is doing a great piece of work in expressing our thoughts, our ideas and ideals, our hopes and aspirations.

LORRAINE BAKER
Cincinnati, Ohio

Your brilliant publication opens up to us new and wider worlds. It unlocks for us the storehouses of the past and introduces us to the beauty that is around us and helps to explore and investigate the unknown frontiers of knowledge that lie beyond and outside our experience.

PETER OSBORN
Santa Monica, Calif.

WISDOM Magazine lessens the tide of human sorrow and adds to the sum of human happiness.

JOHN VICKERS
Memphis, Tenn.

Your magazine helps to make the world more cheerful and more beautiful. This it is which makes life worth living. If we are living only for ourselves, our own amusement, luxury, advancement, life is not worth living. But if we are living as seekers for wisdom, as part of the noble army of men and women who bear witness to the truth in all time, then our lives are full of interest. WISDOM Magazine helps give sweetness and strength to all our days.

VIRGINIA WALTON
Concord, N. H.

WISDOM calms our hearts in the midst of troubles and gives it a serenity within in the midst of the greatest storms.

IRA NORBERG
Detroit, Mich.

I have found WISDOM as permanently satisfying as the pursuit of wisdom is endless.

CAMERON RIMLINGER
Baltimore, Md.

As far as I am concerned, most of the magazines published today are sterile, desiccated, unimaginative, and commercial. WISDOM conspicuously revitalizes and redirects us . . . The plethora of self-improvement books and volumes on how to achieve peace of mind testifies to a tremendous sense of need and desire for a magazine like WISDOM. All other magazines do little if anything to satisfy that great hunger.

BENJAMIN D. REYNOLDS
Albuquerque, N. M.

WISDOM moulds us into forms of beauty and usefulness, dips us deep into the River of Life, and gives refreshment to many parched and weary hearts.

MRS. HENRY T. POLITO
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The closer we draw to wisdom and WISDOM Magazine, so much the stronger and more steadfast and tranquil shall we become.

RAYMOND ROSENBLUM
Montreal, Quebec

. . . and if wisdom knocks continually at the heart of man, desiring to enter and to communicate to him its gifts, who can believe that when the heart opens and invites it to enter, wisdom will become deaf to the situation and refuse to come in?

MRS. DONALD TRAVIS
Madison, Wis.

You have certainly taken gigantic strides toward the achievement of distributing the good things of knowledge and wisdom to every man, woman and child who will but reach out for it.

MRS. GEORGE M. CHENEY
Chicago, Ill.

WISDOM has made my life in many ways more beautiful than ever.

MRS. NATHAN KARPEL
Vancouver, B. C.

To work consciously and courageously for wisdom is the most inspiring and worthiest aim that your publication can set before itself. With sufficient faith, with sufficient determination, there is hardly a limit to what WISDOM Magazine may some day achieve for the good of mankind.

EDWARD MARSHALL
New Haven, Conn.

Thanks to WISDOM Magazine for proving to all America that knowledge is a powerful force when pitted against ignorance.

MRS. R. A. HENLEY
Norwalk, Conn.

Congratulations to your editors for distributing the benefits of WISDOM to everyone, instead of keeping many of them for a relatively small possessing class.

KARL BEGHART
Philadelphia, Penna.

WISDOM is the most educational and inspiring magazine that I have ever read. I shall never destroy any of the issues for they were meant to be referred to over and over again. One could never fully absorb its contents in one reading. It is, most certainly, a gift to humanity.

IRENE BOOK
Newark, New Jersey

I am glad to find that WISDOM Magazine has an important place in the personal lives of many individuals, because there seems to be a common human need for wisdom.

JAMES BROOKMAN, JR.
Denver, Colo.

WISDOM Magazine gives us courage, faith, hope, and a sense of life's worthwhileness. It should be treated with reverence because it is sacred.

HANNA DICHTER
Pittsburgh, Penna.

WISDOM fortifies men and women for facing the unforeseen.

EDNA POOLE
St. Louis, Mo.

Without a magazine like WISDOM to supply a meaningful outlook for confronting an obscure future, the very idea of the educated man becomes inconsequential.

PROF. NEAL CURTIS
Chicago, Ill.

I find WISDOM most attractive and interesting. Congratulations on a superb job of editing and printing. I wish you every success in this enterprise.

LT. GEN. IRA C. EAKER
USAF (Ret.)
Culver City, Calif.

WISDOM is a bold magazine publishing experiment that comes off with flying colors. The photographs are triumphs in themselves. Every issue is a memorable classic, a truly inspiring work of art!

ERNEST COTLOW
Boston, Mass.

I can only say after reading WISDOM that it is like emerging from a cold shower on a hot day!

EVELYN FRIEDMAN
Levittown, N. Y.

Your magazine parallels the ancient literature of the Bhagavad-Gita, the Koran, the Upanishads, and the Bible.

It is indeed encouraging to discover that so daring a venture as WISDOM is enjoying the success it so richly deserves.

BRADFORD JACKSON
Hollywood, Calif.

WISDOM is truly synthesizing all areas of knowledge into one invaluable publication. It is the continuating of my liberal arts education, and can be used as a supplement to any literary text. (Highly recommended for all Air Force officers.)

LT. CHARLES M. PENNY
U. S. Air Force
New York, N. Y.

A Letter from the Publisher

During the past months thousands of letters from WISDOM readers all over the world, personally addressed to me, have come to my desk. Unfortunately the pressure of editorial work has prevented me from answering all of them, but they have been deeply appreciated. I want to take this opportunity to express my thanks to the many readers whose comments have been both stimulating and inspiring.

> Letters have come from leaders in government, industry and finance, from some of the foremost scholars of Western civilization, from eminent artists and scientists, from doctors, lawyers, architects, professors, teachers, clergymen . . . from people in all walks of life.

Teenagers—as well as people in their 90's—have sent us notes of congratulation and gratitude. Parents have written that through the family subscription to WISDOM their sons and daughters have "discovered the enjoyment of worthwhile reading." College students have informed us that "knowledge now has a greater meaning" for them and that they "have come to realize the significance of the intellectual life."

> People of advanced age have written us that through WISDOM they have "found new courage and new vitality." Clergymen have reported that they have "made effective use of WISDOM in their sermons." Housewives have remarked that "WISDOM has brightened their day" and has given them "a broader horizon for living." Secretaries have told us that WISDOM has "deepened their vision" and "stimulated their thinking."

Congressmen and senators have stated to us that WISDOM has "blazed a new trail in a wilderness for freedom-loving minds." Businessmen have informed us that WISDOM has "brought beauty and nobility into their homes," and has "enriched their leisure hours." Teachers have written us that WISDOM provides students with "a new insight to life's meaning and a new source of knowledge."

> These letters are indicative of the hunger of millions for a way of life which rises above the turmoil of everyday pressures. These people believe that beauty, truth and goodness are not mere abstractions but living realities. They refuse to believe that the headlines of crime and horror represent the true state of humanity; rather they feel that man is advancing towards a glorious future, moving onward toward the goal of an ever-better life.

WISDOM hopes that its readers will be inspired to think for themselves and to think deeply about those matters of enduring importance to the full, rich and responsible life toward which all men ought to strive. WISDOM is founded upon the ideal that wisdom comes through knowledge, but only if knowledge has led the individual to gain a set of moral and ethical principles which he can use as a chart for his life. WISDOM believes that life is a spiritual process and that as we become conscious of our spiritual possibilities we overcome the despair and the agony which often are part of everyday existence.

> WISDOM stands for thinking and living on a higher plane. It believes in finding life's front window and looking out and upward, seeking and finding those ultimate values of beauty, goodness, truth and love which only noble living and inspiring thought can bestow. Life depends upon our vision. If our perspective is limited and our outlook narrow, we live in a cave and eventually we become the prisoners of our own biases and prejudices. This is the prelude to futility.

On the other hand as our perspective broadens and our outlook becomes more profound we find new outlets for our creative drives; we become more compassionate, more understanding, more humanitarian. The editors of WISDOM believe that the quality of our achievements depends upon the depth of our thinking, that knowledge has to be lived and applied, that without it our civilization is threatened and that through the constructive use of ideas and ideals we can achieve true enlightenment.

> Many magazines published today are designed merely for entertainment; others present superficial facts; still others appeal mainly through sex and sensationalism. WISDOM is designed to inspire the reader to search for enduring values, to become acquainted with the beliefs and principles most precious to our freedom and our civilization. In a sense WISDOM is a continuing conversation with great men and great ideas.

We are deeply grateful for the many letters we have received . . . not only for their warmth and their generosity but for their understanding. These unsolicited letters have been far more valuable than scientific magazine audience surveys. They have given us a knowledge of your goals and desires, your values and yearnings, your dreams and ambitions. They have helped us to broaden our editorial concept and content. Your notes are kept in mind in our plans for future issues of WISDOM.

> In a larger sense, your letters are beacons of hope, for they reassure us that many Americans want something more than just entertainment, pleasure or financial success. They desire an abiding meaning. They want mental stimulation. They want to rise above the shallow, the ugly, the mediocre. They desire to become creative. They wish to find a citadel of enchantment and beauty, a meaning and purpose in life. Above all they yearn for a spiritual philosophy of life which can give them strength, courage and happiness, and a more solid faith in the possibilities of man and the majesty of God.

The world needs your best thinking and your noblest actions. Finding wisdom can be your greatest achievement and will yield the purest happiness. Amid the changing world and fevered haste of our hurried day wisdom will help you to find the Unchanging and to build your life on the sure foundations of tested faith.

> Many voices clamor for attention in these days of chaos and confusion, but to the wise no greater gift for guidance can be given than the serenity to tune in the still small Voice of Eternal Wisdom.

We shall look forward to your letters as rays of warmth and friendship, as symbols of a common quest for the enduring values which enable man to achieve true greatness.

Leon Gutterman

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

ACKNOWLEDGING THE MEN AND WOMEN OF WISDOM

FREDERICK MAYER, a professor of philosophy at the University of Redlands (Calif.) and one of the outstanding young philosophers in the United States, is the author of eight books and over a hundred articles. His feature "Invitation to Understanding" this month gives an insight to George Bernard Shaw's philosophy.

RALPH M. LEWIS, Director of the Rosicrucian Egyptian, Oriental Museum, and International President of the Rosicrucian Order, catalogues in part in "Mother Ganges: River of Piety" his interpretations of traditional religious rites along the Ganges River in India. In charge of the Rosicrucian Camera Expedition, Mr. Lewis has made frequent trips to various parts of the world, documenting in story and on film the spiritual and psychological forces that move present-day civilizations. These findings are incorporated into the official discourses of this world-wide fraternal order and are made available to the public free of charge.

JOHN J. B. MORGAN, professor of psychology at Northwestern University, attempts in "The Technique of Correct Thinking" to set up some guideposts, warning signals to help us wend a way through our propaganda-pounded age. This selection comes from *Keeping a Sound Mind* by John J. B. Morgan, © 1934 by the Macmillan Company, revised edition © 1946.

DICKINSON SARGEANT MILLER has long been a professor, lecturer and leader in education, psychology, and philosophy. He started his academic career at Harvard at the turn of the century, then moved over to Columbia, General Theological Seminary, and Smith. His article in this month's WISDOM, "The Cultivated Man", gives us his recollections of the famous psychologist and pragmatic philosopher William James, as seen through the eyes of an admiring student and colleague. This article was taken from Mr. Miller's "Beloved Psychologist" in *The Letters of William James*. Permission to reprint granted by Paul R. Reynolds and Son.

ROGER BURLINGAME re-introduces us to a man who, though he now rates only two inches in the *Encyclopedia Brittanica*, was actually the creator of the first automatized factory in the late 1700's. "Birth of Automation" is abridged from *Machines that Built America*, copyright 1953 by Roger Burlingame, reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc. Mr. Burlingame has also authored the popular *Benjamin Franklin: The First Mr. American*.

BURTON RASCOE, author of the syndicated column "TV First-Nighter", makes a strong argument for what is usually regarded as a competitive medium, the printed word. In "The Pleasures of Reading" Rascoe chides those who rationalize that they have "no time for reading" and maintains that "good books are the sustenance of life." Excerpted from *Life's Greatest Pleasure*, © 1937 by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.

HENRY AND DANA THOMAS are a father-son team. "Prophet of Common Sense" is taken from their *Living Biographies of Great Philosophers*, © 1941 by Garden City Publishing Co. There are few accounts of the great free-thinking Voltaire that make him live and glow in his fiery vitality as does this exposition by the Thomases.

SAMUEL B. GOULD graduated from Bates, studied at Oxford and Cambridge, took his Master's at New York University, studied at Harvard, taught in Connecticut and Massachusetts public schools, served at Boston University, and is currently president of Antioch College. When such a wide-ranging educator discusses "What Is a Teacher?" the subject receives a keen analysis. When professor of speech at Boston, Mr. Gould was instrumental in the establishment of the George Gershwin Memorial Theater.

RICHARD LARDNER TOBIN gives some alarming statistics on teacher salaries and turn-over in "The Teaching Profession." Mr. Tobin has a record of being newspaperman, public-relations executive, and news commentator. He started as a reporter on the *Daily Star* of Niles, Michigan, later worked on the New York Herald-Tribune, switched to radio newscasting, became a war correspondent, returned to the airwaves as a TV newscaster, and is currently Director of Public Relations for National Citizens for Eisenhower. He served as assistant professor at the Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia University. His article, which was printed in *Vital Speeches of the Day*, City News Publishing Co., is part of an address he made before the University of Michigan Alumni Club of Washington, D.C.

CLAYTON HAMILTON would disagree with the cliche that "Truth is stranger than fiction". He assures us that fiction *is* truth—and of the highest order. He sees the writer at the summit of a creative column involving the philosopher who has abstracted the data and experiences of the scientist. "The Purpose of Fiction" was selected from *The Art of Fiction*, © 1939 by Odyssey Press, Inc.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER, long a noted drama critic, analyzes the dramatist's dramatist in "George Bernard Shaw: Showman of Ideas". This material came from an introduction which Mr. Kronenberger wrote for *George Bernard Shaw: a Critical Survey* and which was published by The World Publishing Co., © 1953. Mr. Kronenberger, drama critic for *Time*, has also written drama reviews for *PM* and other publications. He is the editor of several anthologies, author of two novels — *The Grand Manner* and *Grand Right and Left*, writer of a book on English stage comedy — *The Thread of Laughter*. He has also written introductions to the works of Johnson, Boswell, Pope, Byron, Fielding, Jane Austen and others.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S wit, satire and philosophical speculations covered three-quarters of a century and probably an even larger fraction of man's wisdom and experience. WISDOM is pleased and honored to bring its readers some of his thoughts, from the many works which he flung down like so many gauntlets of challenge to the world, in "Shaw's Thoughts on . . . " In "From the Wit and Wisdom of GBS" we bring you a few of his jewel-like epigrams. Some of these selections were taken from *The Quintessence of G.B.S.*, © 1949 by Creative Age Press, Inc., published by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, Inc.

HORACE SUTTON takes us for a whirlwind knee-to-toe tour of The Italian Peninsula in "Italy: Land of Art, History and Ruins," an article abstracted from *Footloose in Italy*, © 1950, 1954 by Rhinehart & Co., Inc. Mr. Sutton has produced a series of *Footloose* books covering in delicious detail Italy, France, Switzerland and Canada. The author is travel editor of the *Saturday Review* and has been honored with the American Society of Travel Agents' Travel Journalism Award for his excellent reporting in his chosen field.

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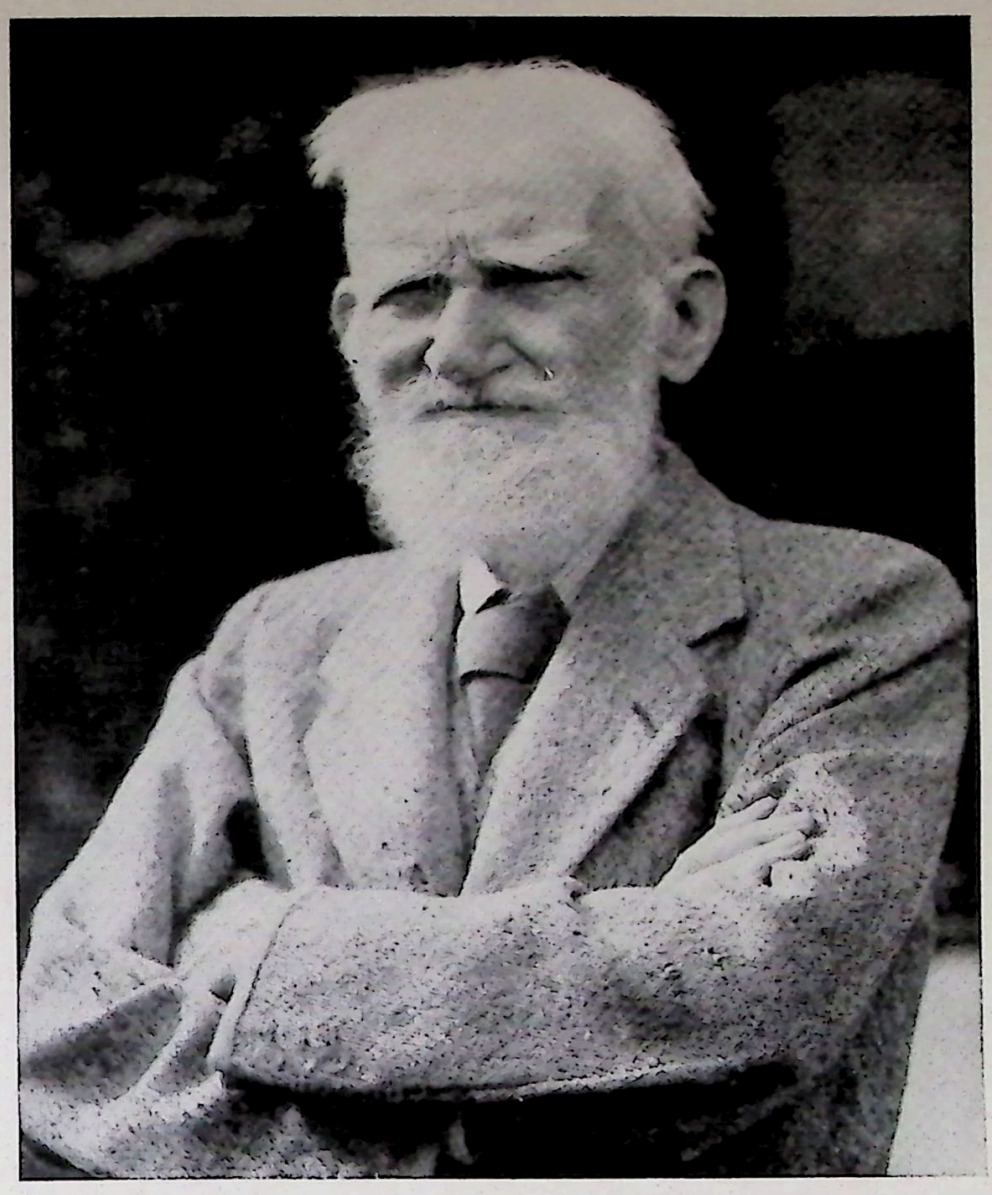
Invitation

TO UNDERSTANDING

by Frederick Mayer

> *We are made wise not by the recollections of our past, but by the responsibilities of our future.*
> —GEORGE BERNARD SHAW



George Bernard Shaw

Shaw was a dramatist who rebelled against the conventions of his age. He fought hypocrisy in all its forms. *He destroyed through laughter. He educated through satire. He shocked through realism. He exposed man's frailties through a relentless wit.*

He has been accused of being irreverent. Did he not poke fun at man's egocentricity? Did he not ridicule some of our most cherished beliefs? Thus in *Caesar and Cleopatra* he introduced a character Britannus who in his sense of propriety and respectability resembles the modern Englishman. Invariably Shaw referred to the United States "as a nation of villagers." The mistake of both Englishmen and Americans was to regard the ways of their civilization as the ways of the universe.

When Shaw ridiculed the patterns of conventional religion he did this only to show that basic religious faith was extremely simple and that man needed a re-examination of his values if he wanted to survive in a precarious age. Seldom has religion been exemplified so movingly as in his *Saint Joan* and *Androcles and the Lion.*

As a liberal, Shaw had no absolute viewpoints. He could argue for and against science, for and against religion, for and against modern women, for and against an optimistic philosophy of life. He has often been accused of inconsistency, but an artist has a greater obligation than consistency. His primary task is to mirror the moods of man, to penetrate the soul of the characters which he describes. A great literary artist like Shaw teaches by exposing the dilemmas and paradoxes which man faces. He has to be guided by the logic of fact, not by social convention. Truth itself is not a static concept; its expressions and manifestations change in every age. Truth has an unexpected quality just like the plays of Shaw which often startle the theater-goers.

As a thinker Shaw was concerned with the drama of ideas. This meant that action was secondary and that sentimentality had to be avoided. The drama to Shaw, as to Ibsen, had a moral function. It had to portray man in conflict with himself and his environment. Shaw used the stage as a platform for his own ideas. He was not a philosopher in the academic sense of the word. To Shaw philosophy meant a passionate concern with man, his prejudices and sincerity, his stupidity and his wisdom, his failures and his achievements. To Shaw philosophy meant not the imitation of the past but the anticipation of tomorrow's vistas.

Shaw believed in the interdependence of man's mind and his emotions. When man neglected his biological heritage and when he fought against his instincts, disaster was bound to occur. When on the other hand he lived only for sensual pleasures, his life would be empty and frustrating. Behind all events and behind all motivations, Shaw saw the Life Force which drove humanity forward and which was more concerned with the race than with the individual.

In politics Shaw looked forward to the triumph of Fabian socialism, a movement which believed in gradual reform and which looked to education as the main remedy for political ills. Shaw had only distrust for wars and revolutions. Violent change would only alter the surface; what was needed was a change in man's attitude and basic motivation.

The great plays which Shaw wrote have become part of our literary history. They are a tribute to a man who portrayed not only his age but humanity. *They are a tribute to an artist who thought for himself, who fought the temper of his time, who was never afraid to stand alone, who by laughter created wisdom, and who by penetrating wit made man aware of his own genius. They are a tribute to a thinker who by his own enlightenment gave men faith for a greater future.* ♦

Mother Ganges

by Ralph M. Lewis

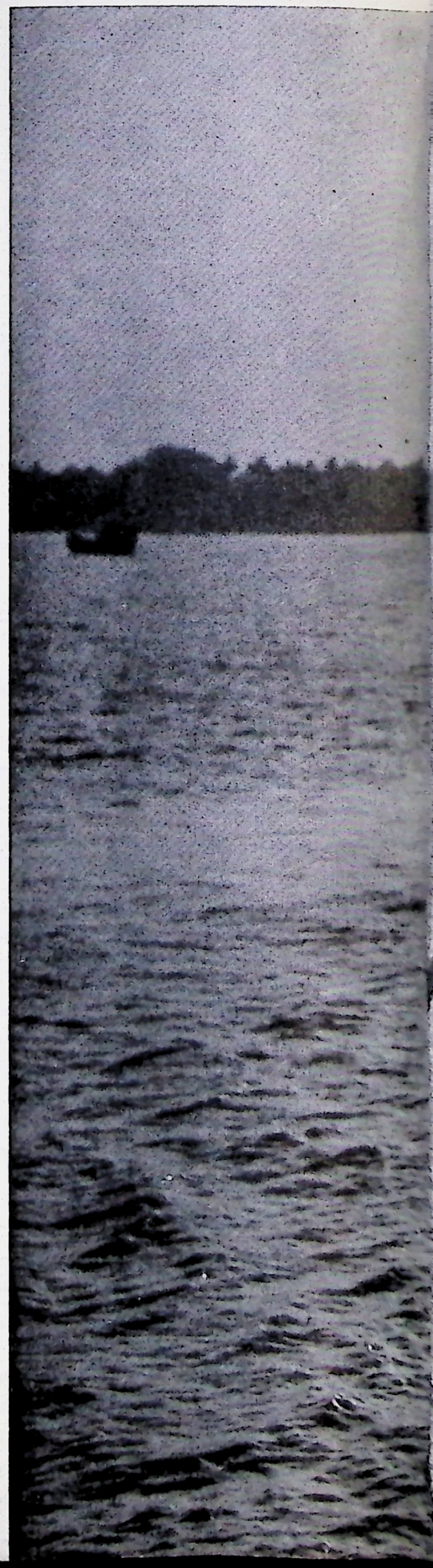
Upon one of the many slopes of the vast Himalayan range is an ice cave. It doesn't seem unique; it is but one of innumerable glacial pits, and its altitude of 10,300 feet is relatively low in contrast to the great peaks towering above it. But from the heights of this cave a stream—a very special stream—has been trickling for eons of time. Through untold centuries it has cut gorges and channels through hills and plains alike, has widened and deepened as it sought the sea at the Bay of Bengal 1500 miles away.

To millions of people this stream is far more than another river that quenches the thirst of parched lands. It is the great Ganges! It is the river of piety, a symbol of the purification of man's moral nature. Numerous villages and towns cling to the sacred banks of the Ganges, as cities do to all great rivers. However of all these towns, Benares, resting on the river's nothern bank, is the most important city to the Hindu because of its religious traditions.

Benares or Kasi is the Holy City of Hindus. Hsiian Tsang, Chinese pilgrim of the 7th century A.D., relates that at that time there were 30 Buddhist monasteries in the city, having some 3000 monks. In the same period there were 100 Hindu temples to various deities. Hinduism has long supplanted Buddhism, the latter having its birth but a few miles distant at Sarnath.

In contrast to Calcutta and Bombay, Benares is not a vast city. It numbers but 300,000 poulation. The sacred area of Benares is bounded by a road 50 miles in circumference. It is the hope of every devout Hindu to travel this road once in his lifetime, just as every Mohammedan seeks to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. The population of the city leaps during great religious holidays because of the influx of worshippers.

To understand the rites and customs of a people it is necessary to know the motive or intent behind their acts. Hinduism is perhaps the most complex of all the living organized religions. Indeed it is also the oldest of them. It is conservatively estimated to have begun in 1500 B.C. Undoubtedly its roots go back still farther. It is one of the largest religions as well, having more than 240,000,000 members and increases at the rate of 1,000,000 each decade. It is principally concentrated within the confines of India. Its theological concepts would obviously be affected by changing conventions and by contact with other thought. In most instances it would seem that Hinduism has absorbed these other concepts within



The Ganges is India's great symbol of sanctity, but it is also revered by the teeming millions in her valley because it has done centuries of work, both agricultural and commercial. Pictured at right is one of the many mouths at Ganges estuary, the Hooghly. Legend has it that the river so divides itself in order to thoroughly cleanse the 60,000 damned souls of the House of Sagar who once inhabited Sagar Island, athwart the Ganges.

RIVER OF PIETY

To Hindus, devotees of the world's oldest and largest religion, there is no greater human experience than to bathe in the holy River Ganges, as these pilgrims are doing. This practice antedates the Christian baptism ceremonies by centuries.

Hindus believe that the waters of the River Ganges are so sacred that they can purify one of sin for three incarnations back—hence the crush of pilgrims seen at the right is not a rare spectacle.

itself and that the result is evident in the varied and often confusing nature of its practices. However do we not see this eclectic condition also reflected in Christianity with its numerous sects and varying interpretations?

The main source of the authority of Hinduism is the Vedas, which literally means Books of Knowledge. There are four main Vedas: the Rig Veda (psalms and prayers); the Yajur Veda (sacred formulas); Sama Veda (the chants); and Atharva Veda (charms). These are written in Sanskrit, which is the root of most of the Indo-European languages. Of the four Vedas, the Rig Veda is the oldest and most important, having been written perhaps 1200 B.C.

The Rig Veda consists of nature worship. Its prayers are to about 76 objects of natural power, such as the sun, moon, stars and the fertility of the soil. There are appeals to these forces and, as well, theurgic rites by which such powers are to be invoked for the benefit of man. This aspect of Hinduism is polytheistic, the worship of many deities. In justice to the Rig Veda let us recall that all early religions had their primitive beginnings in the adoration of impressive natural phenomena upon which man depended. The function and efficacy of things to the primitive mind constitute its vital qualities, its Spirit. It is natural to respond and even pay homage to things on which our existence depends.

However Hinduism is essentially *pantheistic:* its main theological belief is in the omnipresence of a Divine Being known as *Brahma.* This Divine Being, as a world soul, permeates all and supersedes all. It is the divine essence which is the thread of continuity woven through all being.

The word *Brahma* was used in the earliest scriptures of the Big Veda without having the same import. Subsequently, with the development of Hindu culture, metaphysical speculation began about the origin of the universe and the nature of being. The Vedas were synthesized into a system of Hindu philosophy known as the Upanishads. It is within them that Brahma assumes the nature of the *Absolute Reality,* the Supreme Being. The metaphysical abstractions of the Upanishads are a profound and stimulating thought equal to anything which the ancient Greeks offered. Human intellect, given equal opportunity, regardless of time and place, seems with like profundity to probe the depths of existence.

Hinduism likewise provides for a caste system or a succession of classes of society. This concept stems in part from the Hindu scriptures or the Vedas. Since this social regulation is interwoven with religious principles, it has been faithfully adhered to by every devout Hindu. It is not uncommon for religious scriptures, as the Mosaic laws of the Hebrews, to lay down codes for the social relations of their followers. Such edicts are of course more likely to be obeyed if it appears that they are mandates of a Divine Power.

Hinduism prescribes four main castes. These are in successive subordinate order: the Brahman, the priestly or intellectual caste; the Kshatriyas, the rulers and warriors; the Vaisyas, the agriculturists and artisans; and the Sudra, the lowest caste. Members of a caste are not permitted to marry out of it or even to eat with those of another caste. There are many modifications of these main castes; in all there are over 2000 subdivisions. Each member of society inherits his caste from his parents.

How this caste system began is not known. It probably dates back to the Aryan invasion of India and the attempt by the invaders to control the conquered indigenous peoples. The intention was undoubtedly to regulate society, to provide each man with certain inalienable or birth rights within the limits of his social background and training. Each man thus would never be deprived of his status in society. One might not himself have the qualities of an intellectual, but he would be eligible to such a status among his fellows because of his birth.

Perhaps an unanticipated result was the thwarting of initiative and the suppression of the expression of talents or abilities that went beyond the particular caste of the individual. Thus it often imprisoned the individual instead of securing his place in life. The religious philosophy of the Hindu is perhaps the reason why the caste system has endured so long. One may violate almost any other part of the scripture and still be considered a Hindu but to violate one's caste is a grave offense. Though the caste system has been abolished comparatively recently, its psychological effect upon the Hindu still remains. The older Hindus are reluctant to change caste. They are deeply imbued with the centuries-old influence on the lives of their countrymen.

A close-up study of the Hindu's worship of the Ganges can help reveal the religious significance of the holy river. This author and his party of movie-makers had such an opportunity recently, and the images of our experience are etched in our minds more sharply and lastingly than on our films.

We happened to arrive in Benares on the occasion of a great religious holiday. The day selected to film the Ganges was one venerated by women. The weather was exceptionally warm, especially so for the month of November. It was more like a mid-summer day. We took a conveyance along a well-paved thoroughfare, passing *bustees* or native districts en route. Even at that early hour throngs were headed in the direction of the Ganges. The multitude soon milled into the center of the roadway. We were obliged to abandon our conveyance and, with the help of our interpreter, engage bearers—coolies—to carry our equipment.

These bearers do not carry weight in their hands or suspended at arm's length at their sides. They balance everything on their heads. We watched breathlessly as they raised our heavy cinema camera cases to their heads, supporting them at precarious angles with one hand.

We were now caught up in a sea of humanity that surged around us. We desperately but unsuccessfully tried to remain together, as we sought each other by looking over or across the turbaned heads. We knew only one thing. These people pushing relentlessly forward were going where we were, to the Ganges. There was no escape. We moved with them. Their bare and sandaled feet stirred up clouds of dust that choked our nostrils. Dogs excited by the event chased each other, running between our legs, and making progress even more difficult.

The more affluent individuals rode haughty camels that looked down upon the struggling humanity with an air of utter contempt. Aside from the fact that this was a religious event, it was an occasion of festivity for many. Those who could afford it had engaged bearers to carry foodstuffs and clothing or to pull them in rickshas. The wheels of the rickshas passed over the bare feet of many in the processional, bringing forth cries of anger and pain.

Here was every stratum of society. Mothers partly dragged or carried wide-eyed or crying children through the melee. Beggars from everywhere had converged upon Benares; devotees lavish large sums of money upon charity on such occasions. This attracts deformed and often repulsive mendicants from afar. They were

Here are some of the famous ghats of the Ganges at the Holy City of Benares. Ghats serve as stairs for bathers and also as cremetoria for the dead of the Hindu faith.

the lame, the blind, the lepers and the hideous eccentrics, representing the lower types of Hindu adherents. The latter are devotees of the popular Hindu sects which are a corruption of the higher aspects of the religion.

We were conscious of the fact that ours was a risky venture. The breath of the many persons about us, the dust and dirt, the exposure to contagious diseases—all of this was a danger to health. The fact that we had been legally compelled to receive several inoculations to immunize us gave us no particular sense of security. Cholera and the plague were both prevalent. All of this however meant nothing to the Hindus. They were going to the Sacred River, the Mother of India! At the end of the road was a series of steps. These were slimy with mud from the river bank deposited on them by thousands of feet. We pushed our way through the throng into the sucking mud littered with all kinds of filth.

There was the Ganges! Broad and flowing majestically southward! The water at the edge was a slimy greyish color. The sights that greeted our eyes on this day were almost unbelievable and beggar full description. Here was a wall of humanity—men, women, and children. Those in good health came to the water's edge as a religious rite to bathe, a spiritual ablution in the "blessed waters." Those who were sick came to indulge in its divine curative properties. There is no greater experience that a Hindu may have in this lifetime than to bathe in the Ganges as part of a traditional rite and to be sanctified as a result, especially here in Benares, the Holy City. Among many the ecstatic experience had produced a mass hysteria. They were crying, shouting, and waving their hands.

We succeeded in engaging a primitive barge just large enough to accommodate our party with our camera bearers. The means of propulsion was long poles. Setting up our equipment under the glorious blue sky with its constant brilliant light, we slowly moved in and out from the shore. We could come as close to the devotees as though we were actually in the water and yet we were free from any encumbrance. Our position on top of the water prevented any obstruction of our view.

With due respect for the religious rites, we watched and filmed the happenings, just as they had occurred for centuries along the banks of this sacred river. Here were men bathing, waist-deep in the murky waters. Beside them others were dipping their fingers into the river and applying the water to sores upon their bodies or heads. Others, obviously of higher caste, solemnly and with dignity—both men and women—knelt down and *drank* the sacred water. Still others filled small brass urns and turned to leave, taking the "holy waters" with them.

The refuse which was in the water, the filth being deposited in it by thousands of persons, meant nothing to them. Was this not the Sacred Ganges? Hindu religious traditions hold that the Ganges is imbued with the essence of sanctity, capable of cleansing the pious bather of all sin and moral taint. Water from the Ganges is sent and taken in bottles to all parts of India as healing medicine and for sacramental purposes. In this latter regard the water is used as it is by other religious sects, including the Christians. Thousands of Hindus come each year as pilgrims, if their circumstances permit. Others come with the definite intention of dying at Benares and have the last rites performed on the ghats of the Ganges. This assures them, according to the Vedas, "salvation and eternal bliss."

Hindu scripture relates that to follow the entire course of one of the sacred rivers, the Ganges or the Jumna, in a "sun-wise direction," (always keeping the sun at one's right hand) is an act resulting in salvation. Obviously to follow down one side of the river in such a manner and then up the hundreds of miles on the other bank (often through jungle terrain) would require years, if not a lifetime to accomplish.

One can say without fear of argument that there is no other river in the world that means so much to so many people as does Mother Ganges. ◆

The first act of a Hindu bride after her marriage is to enter the Ganges River and offer prayers for fertility.

THE TECHNIQUE OF

Correct Thinking

by John J. B. Morgan

If our beliefs are to be sound we must learn to think clearly. Certainly, if our reasoning processes are confused we cannot expect to arrive at valid conclusions. We must learn the rules of clear thinking and apply them rigidly.

However even when we do this we can fall into errors and find ourselves arriving at conclusions which are false, as when we prove that 2 = 4. If we can make such mistakes in simple problems of this sort, how much more likely are we to fall into logical errors where the factors are much more complicated.

Man is engaging in a constant search for ultimate truths, and it is through his rational processes that he makes progress in this direction. Beliefs arrived at through this method express the result of man's reasoning to date. As his investigations increase, his beliefs are changing in line with his new findings and progress comes only through the continual modification of beliefs. In other words beliefs should grow out of reason and should follow the logical processes man engages in. As he corrects past errors in his reasoning he approaches nearer and nearer to the ultimate truth.

The difficulties in the way of clear thinking are enhanced by a little trick we play upon ourselves. Instead of waiting until reason brings to light a belief which we accept, we adopt the belief first and then try to support that belief by reasons. The belief may suit our tastes, it may have been suggested by a trusted friend, or it may serve some selfish end. For example if we start a business venture we want to believe that it will succeed. We start off with the conviction that it must succeed because we want it to and then dig up arguments to prove that it must. If we like a person, we want to believe that he is friendly toward us. We observe only the parts of his behavior which confirm this belief and close our eyes to any evidence to the contrary.

These illustrations could be multiplied indefinitely. They represent the greatest danger in thinking. We tend to select the beliefs that we like, accept them as part of our creed, and then hunt for evidence that they are true, usually ignoring or distorting any evidence to the contrary. Beware of the belief that gives you personal satisfaction! It is extremely difficult to cope with a belief based on emotional preference.

What is involved in clear thinking? There are some very simple rules which, followed, will enable us to avoid the traps lying in the way of clear thinking:

RULE 1

Keep free from emotional prejudice. We are all aware of the fact that we cannot reason clearly when we are thoroughly angry. We know that we cannot evaluate the personal traits of a person we love ardently or hate violently. What we fail to recognize is that every emotion affects rational thinking in some degree.

Does this mean we must get rid of our emotions if we are to think clearly? Obviously not; emotions are with us always. We can however adopt methods to enable us to escape the influence of emotional prejudice on our thinking. We can attempt to see clearly what our emotions are and how they may prejudice our thinking. Then we can discount the conclusions favorable to our emotional bias and give extra weight to the opposite views.

A great scientist once said that when he discovered some fact that went against his theories he carefully recorded it and gave it great weight in his thinking because he knew that he was emotionally prejudiced against it. When he found things which favored his views he knew that he would not forget them nor

would he slight their influence in his thinking. It would pay all of us to follow the example of this man.

RULE 2

Be willing to accept any conclusion. Are you willing to go anywhere your reason takes you? If your rational conclusions contradict your cherished beliefs, which must go, the belief or the results of reason? In answer to these questions you may counter, "Why should I give up a cherished belief for a rational conclusion when I know that that rational conclusion may be wrong? When you proved to me that 2 = 4 should I throw away the belief that 2 = 2?"

The answer to this is that my little trick has contradicted a logical belief and not an emotional one. When your thinking brings you to an intellectual contradiction, the next step is to hunt for error and to persist until a reconciliation has been reached. The danger comes when you find your faith shaken in some belief which you want to hold but for which you have little logical evidence. If you can follow your reason when your favorite theories are threatened thereby, you are on the road to clear thinking.

RULE 3

Be critical of beliefs. We are all likely to fall into the silly and conceited error of thinking that our acceptance of a theory somehow enhances that theory. Then once having taken the step we cannot go back; we must be loyal to the cause we have espoused. We develop it into a creed or code, dream up some slogans to express our position, and force ourselves into a loyalty that will brook no criticism or opposition from ourselves or others. Such loyalty may be commendable in certain fields, but it has no place in the realm of thinking. In fact you should be more critical of a belief you have accepted than one you have rejected, in order to counteract the natural tendency to do exactly the opposite.

RULE 4

Be willing to change your beliefs. All great thinkers have had to admit over and over again that they were wrong. It is this willingness to change beliefs that marks off the versatile man from the old fogy. Look back and if you cannot see where you have changed, you can rest assured that you have already stagnated no matter how old you are.

It is a bad sign when the young child adheres to the belief that there is a Santa Claus and fights against evidence to the contrary. Resistance to change is a mortal enemy to clear thinking.

But do not beliefs have value? Has it not been said that man's beliefs are his most cherished possessions? Do not beliefs furnish an anchor to keep us from drifting in the world of thought, and should we not cling to that anchor? Should we not try to get a fixed system of beliefs and maintain them unchanged? This might be desirable were our beliefs sound ones. In so far as our beliefs depict realities they provide a safe anchor, but beliefs are often false. To cling tenaciously to a false belief is certainly unwise.

Doubt is an irritating state of mind. In doubt we are torn between two or more solutions. We cannot decide which one deserves our support and wish that we could decide to adopt one of the possibilities and discard the others. Our drive is to get rid of the tension of indecision. We find ourselves less concerned with divining the real truth and more interested in arriving at a satisfying belief. We ask ourselves which belief would give us more comfort. But comfort got by anchoring to a false belief is likely to be shortlived. Doubts assail us anew, and we cling to the belief the more . . .

The less solid support we have for a belief, the more we seek to force ourselves to believe, the more we hunt for others to corroborate our belief, and the more intolerant we are of those who differ from us . . .

If a belief results from intellectual analysis we accept it coolly and take it as an inevitable conclusion. We have no need to urge ourselves to believe and we are not irritated when others do not agree. When belief comes as an escape from indecision it becomes a mere symbol of intellectual laziness. We believe because we are tired with the strain of indecision. Belief becomes a form of complacency, a substitute for clear thinking.

Our lives are filled with instances of beliefs of this sort. We defend vigorously our choice of a car, a typewriter, a suit, or a home. We believe we are right because we want to believe we are right. Our reasoning gets twisted. We argue to convince ourselves and to others that we are right; we will not be changed. This type of reasoning has been called rationalization. It is the mustering of arguments to support a decision we have already accepted or to support a line of conduct we have already adopted. The greater the zeal with which we argue in such cases, the greater is the reason for us to infer that we are doubtful of the correctness of our beliefs.

Beliefs adopted to give us complacency may do no particular harm so long as we do not take them too seriously or so long as we do not confuse them with beliefs based on rational thinking. A good way to measure the validity of a belief is to determine how much you wish to believe it. The more you wish to believe a thing, the more you should suspect it of being untrue. Most insane delusions are built upon the wish to believe.

There is just one way to avoid the errors we have been considering and that is a clear understanding of the way to think, a mastery of the technique of clear thinking.

In order to avoid the pitfall of wishful thinking, rules of logic have been devised to guide us in our rational processes and to enable us to detect fallacies when they occur. These are too elaborate and technical to enumerate here, but we can give some of the essential principles which underlie these techniques.

RULE 5

Maintain a questioning attitude. How, why, when, where, and what should be dominant in the vocabulary of the thinking man?

You cannot solve a problem if you do not even know that a problem exists and you will not know a problem exists if you do not keep alive the faculty of asking questions. If you take in things just as they come and store them away in your mind, it becomes a mere warehouse. You will have to keep a card index of what is there and dispense it when the demand arises. A lot of it will never be used if your mind is simply a place for storage . . .

The observation which led Galileo to his great discovery was nothing spectacular. It was a simple little thing that many others had observed but which had been taken for granted with no questions asked. Galileo asked questions of himself which led to his great discovery.

One day when 17 years old he wandered into the cathedral of his native town. In the midst of his reverie he looked up at the

lamps hanging by long chains from the high ceiling of the church. Then something very difficult to explain occurred. He found himself no longer thinking of the building, worshippers, or the services. . . . As he watched the swinging lamps he was suddenly wondering if mayhap their oscillations, whether long or short, did not occupy the same time. Then he tested this hypothesis by counting his pulse, for that was the only timepiece he had with him. . . . The highly accurate pendulum clock was one of the later results of Galileo's discovery. He learned that if a pendulum is of a definite length, the time of its swing, no matter what its extent, will be the same.

It pays to ask questions. What if some of them lead nowhere? If you ask them continually and ask enough of them, eventually you may ask one that will lead to some highly important problem. If you never ask them you will not see problems and if you never see them you certainly cannot answer them. Every discovery is an answer to some question.

RULE 6

Learn to make your questions specific. If you do not know the answer to a question it is very likely to be because you have not stated it clearly. Play with the question; state it in all the different ways you can. In the final form the answer should be a simple *yes* or *no*.

The successful thinker is the one who reduces his thinking to simple terms. The unsuccessful one is satisfied with vague questions. Since vague questions cannot be answered, such a person is sure to fail. Reduce your thinking to yes or no simplicity if you would find the solution to any problem.

RULE 7

Keep your eyes open for contradictions. In ancient times when an answer was found to a problem it was very likely to be stated in the form of a proverb, and such a proverb was regarded as a guiding principle in seemingly applicable situations. Even today proverbs seem to retain the force of unquestioned authority. For example: "Make hay while the sun shines." "Dropping water wears away the stone." "Store away for a rainy day." "Prosperity rewards the industrious." "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." "Honesty is the best policy."

The very fact that such statements are codified and stated clearly makes them take on an air of authority that places them beyond the realm of questioning. Nevertheless many contradictions can be found even in this elementary statement of principles. How can you reconcile "Haste makes waste" with "The early bird catches the worm"? "Nothing ventured, nothing have" contradicts "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." How can one live up to the adage "Look before you leap" if he recognizes that "He who hesitates is lost"?

RULE 8

Hunt for data to help you answer your question. The best use of questions is to stimulate you quietly and unobtrusively to go about discovering the answer to them. Do not expect others to answer them or for the answers to drop from the blue into your lap. Hunt for evidence bearing on your questions until you discover the solution for yourself. In this way you get the intellectual value that questioning should produce. The purpose of questions is not essentially to get answers but to teach you to think, to give you the fun of finding the answers. To permit others to answer your queries spoils that fun.

These proverbs are very similar to and are obtained in the same way as scientific laws. They are generalizations derived from a number of specific and concrete experiences. Science attempts to derive a general principle from a number of life situations and to state that principle in a form which will make it applicable to similar situations. Hence the laws of science and the proverbs of the people are merely tentative explanations subject to revocation, change, or revision as new experiences are added. The scientist has to keep this fact in mind and be ever ready to modify his so-called laws.

The thinking man and the scientist can never rest content with the feeling that they have attained knowledge of ultimate truth. Belief for them is no retreat from doubt; it is their habit to doubt. Belief for them is a tentative formulation of their findings to date.

RULE 9

Experiment rationally. An experiment is a question put to nature . . .

Experiment is more than tinkering. It should be preceded by definite reasoning. This reasoning starts with a general principle. If this principle is true, the reasoning goes, then under such and such conditions certain results should obtain. Do they? They do or they do not, and the question is answered.

This merely portrays the processes that any intelligent and normal man will follow in using his intellectual abilities. To be sure there are all degrees of skill in following these techniques. A man like Galileo is an excellent example of one who was an expert in reasoning. We cannot all equal him and most of us will make mistakes.

What are the consequences when one makes a mistake in his reasoning? He will be confronted with evidence that he is wrong, will retrace his steps and endeavor to discover in what particulars he has erred. Mistakes in reasoning are normal for the simple reason that intellectual processes in man are so varied and complicated that no one can ever hope for perfection in his thinking. He should regard reasoning as a game, a game requiring time and training, a game in which there are all sorts of hazards to make it stimulating and exciting, a game in which one may approach nearer and nearer expert skill, but where improvement is always possible.

What do we mean when we say a person has lost his reason? The reasoning of some persons becomes so distorted and twisted that it follows neither rhyme nor reason, and no one can follow them. It appears on the surface that their disorder is primarily a disorder of their rational processes, that they have lost their power to think clearly.

Study of such individuals has revealed the significant fact that their trouble is not primarily with their rational processes but that they have used their reasoning to hide some other difficulty. Their distorted reasoning is a defense mechanism used to disguise from themselves and from others their main difficulty. This distinction is important because, if anything is to be done for such persons,

the real trouble must be treated rather than the rational processes. In other words, you cannot argue with these irrational persons. They will give you counter arguments *ad infinitum*, and you will get nowhere. Get the real trouble ironed out and reasoning will take care of itself . . .

Most of their trouble lies in the emotional field. The reasoning of those who are deluded is dominated by their emotions, is used merely to justify perverted emotions. They wish to believe and then use their rational processes to justify these beliefs. Let's examine some ways in which this takes place:

Distortion of evidence. Accuracy in reasoning depends in the first place on the truth of the facts one gathers to reason with. If these facts are distorted, obviously the reasoning based upon them will be in error. The truth of an argument depends upon the truth of the premises one starts with.

Facts may be distorted in two ways. One may actually perceive facts incorrectly, or he may make a biased selection of facts, ignoring those which might spoil his argument and emphasizing others that support his beliefs. Both of these lead to vicious results although the latter may be more insidious in its operations . . .

In a very real sense we see in the world about us the very things we expect to see or the things we are afraid we might see. There is really no such thing as purely objective observation; we can only see through colored glasses, the coloring of the glass being the product of our own emotional attitude.

We recognize this in others. We discount the fish stories of our friends; we laugh up our sleeves when they tell us how they worsted an opponent in an argument; or we put our tongues in our cheek when a lover orates about his sweetheart. Yet we take ourselves seriously when we distort facts in precisely the same fashion. We discount the statements of others and expect our descriptions to be taken seriously.

The scientist makes a heroic attempt to overcome this well-known human weakness. He does it by developing instruments of precision. He devises machines to record facts as they are so that his judgment and his bias will be eliminated. Where he cannot measure facts with instruments he obtains the reports of various persons with opposing biases and attempts to get the truth by combining these diverse observations. For example if a sociologist wants to get an estimate of the behavior of a certain individual, he weighs it against the reports of an equal number of persons who hate him; or better yet, gets the reports of a number of persons who apparently have no pre-formed opinion of any sort.

The second method of distorting facts, that of weighing heavily evidence on one side while ignoring contrary facts, works in a much more subtle fashion. Even though the evidence is gathered by instruments of precision, false weighting of such evidence may wholly misrepresent the true situation. The searcher for truth cannot go out to find evidence to support his contention; he must go out to find contrary evidence – a thing which is very hard to do if one is emotionally biased, and most of us are biased in spite of our attempts to be unprejudiced . . .

Unwise generalizations. Another source of faulty reasoning is broad generalization made from a few facts. Science proceeds on the basis of generalizations from concrete experiences and states these generalizations in the form of principles which have a wide application. However science protects itself from error by never taking too seriously these principles. They are regarded as hypotheses, or guesses, subject to further check or change with later facts.

Most slogans get their following, not because they have ever been tested but because they are repeated so often that we begin to accept them. We've all been victimized by sweeping statements . . .

The great danger which arises from generalizations lies in the fact that there is always some truth in them. They are true in some instances, and because of this fact we are led to believe that they are true in every case . . .

Misuse of analogies. An analogy proceeds on the unsound assumption that if two or more things agree with one another in some respect, they will agree in other respects. When we define an analogy in this manner, its limitations and dangers are apparent and few of us would be deceived by it. In actual use, however, it is usually disguised so subtly that its distortions are not apparent and it provides one of the most insidious ways of deceiving ourselves and others.

For example we might say that the eyes are the windows of the soul. We can get a very clear picture of what a window is and what its functions are but we have little knowledge of what the soul is or of the actual way in which the eye functions. We immediately see the eyes in a very concrete way embodying all the characteristics of a window. We picture the soul as a miniature man sitting behind the window, looking out on the world and trying to gain knowledge of it. When we do not see clearly we imagine a dirty window or one with defective glass which distorts the picture. Instead of clarifying our notion of the function of the eye and the nervous process of vision we only confuse ourselves by such a device.

The force of illustrations to carry a point with an audience is based largely on this form of deception. The audience is able to visualize the illustration, and because of this clarity of the illustration they think they understand the abstract principle which the illustration represents. An analogy makes a point clear, but it never proves anything. Yet if you want to convince people of a fact you may do it more easily by a forceful illustration than by any other device.

The development of delusions. Man's superiority is largely centered in his rational processes. Through reasoning, man has been able to discover many of the secrets of the universe. He has discovered laws and through knowledge of these laws he has gained control of his environment in a superlative fashion. But this progress toward a rational understanding of life in all its aspects has been a halting affair. Whole generations have labored under false beliefs. Men have slain others because of differing beliefs, only for later generations to discover that the martyrs were correct and their murderers were in error.

The reasons for these mistakes have been twofold, as we have pointed out in our discussion to this point: errors inherent in the reasoning process itself and errors due to the fact that beliefs are often based on our emotional attitudes.

The rule that should be followed to avoid such errors is to survey each rational process with cool objectivity in a constant attempt to discover errors and to discredit any belief which has more emotional backing than rational support.

Stated in another way we may say that delusions are largely emotional distortions which bring to their defense rational processes to make these distortions appear to be truths. A delusion is distinguished by the wish to believe. It is an error of emotion and not an error of reason. It is built upon emotions and must be corrected by changing the underlying emotion. To do this the true emotion behind the delusion must be discovered. This is not easy for usually the emotion is concealed behind a barrier of apparently rational arguments, and listeners are more inclined to argue in retort than to study the motives behind the arguments.

The delusion is most likely to develop in the person who has learned to value reason most highly. He begins by wishing certain

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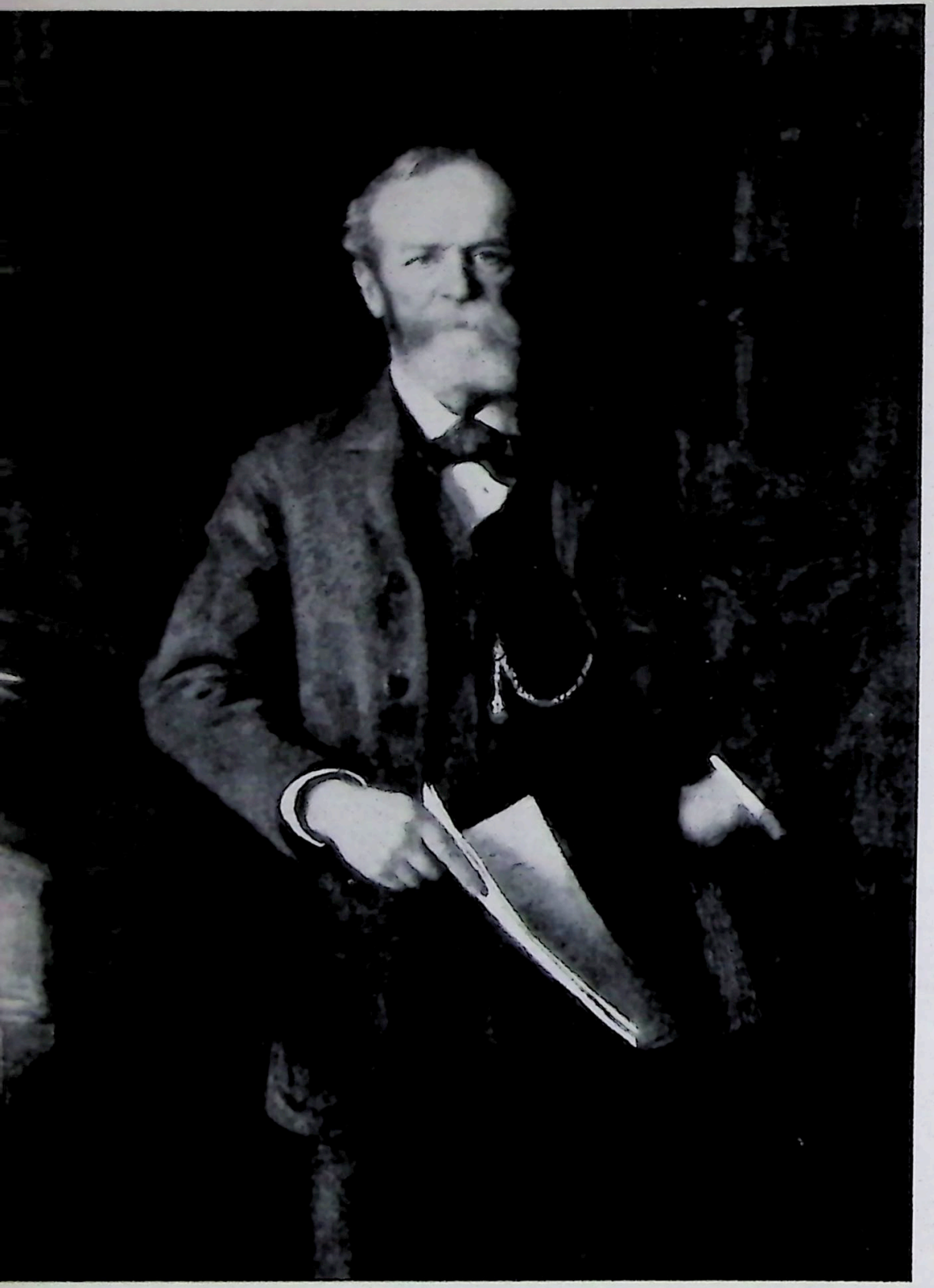


Educator-Psychologist William James

The Cultivated Man

by Dickinson S. Miller

I have a vivid recollection of William James' lectures, classes, conferences, seminars, laboratory interests, and the side that students saw of him generally. Fellow-manliness seemed to be a good name for his qualities.

There were not a few *ifs* and *maybe's* in his remarks. Moreover he seldom followed for long an orderly system of argument or unfolding of a theory, but was always apt to puncture such systematic pretensions when in the midst of them with some entirely unaffected doubt or question that put the matter upon a basis of common sense at once.

He had drawn from his laboratory experience in chemistry and his study of medicine a keen sense that the imposing formulas of science that impress laymen are not so *exact* as they sound. He was not, in my time at least, much of a believer in lecturing in the sense of continuous exposition.

I can well remember the first meeting of the course in psychology in 1890, in a ground-floor room of the old Lawrence Scientific School. He took a considerable part of the hour by reading extracts from Henry Sidgwick's *Lecture Against Lecturing*, proceeding to explain that we should use as a textbook his own *Principles of Psychology*, appearing for the first time that very week from the press, and should spend the hours in conference, in which we should discuss and ask questions, on both sides. So during the year's course we read the two volumes through, with some amount of running commentary and controversy.

He bore questions that really were criticisms with inexhaustible patience and what I may call (the subject invites the word often) *human* attention; invited written questions as well, and would often return them with a reply penciled on the back when he thought the discussion too special in interest to be pursued before the class. Moreover, he bore with us with never a sign of impatience if we lingered after class, and even walked up Kirkland Street with him on his way home.

Yet he was really not argumentative, not inclined to dialectic or pertinacious debate of any sort. It must always have required an effort of self-control to put up with it. He almost never, even in private conversation, contended for his own opinion. He had a way of often falling back on the language of perception, insight, sensibility, vision of possibilities.

I recall how on one occasion after class, as I parted with him at the gate of the Memorial Hall triangle, his last words were something like these: "Well, Miller, that theory's not a warm reality to me yet – still a cold conception," and the charm of the comradely smile with which he said it! The disinclination to formal logical system and the more prolonged purely intellectual analyses was felt by some men as a lack in his classroom work, though they recognized that these analyses were present in the *Psychology*.

In the course of the year he asked the men each to write some word of suggestion, if he were so inclined, for improvement in the method with which the course was conducted, and, if I remember rightly, there were not a few respectful suggestions that too much time was allowed to the few wrangling disputants. In a pretty full and varied experience on lecture-rooms at home and abroad I cannot recall another where the class was asked to criticize the methods of the lecturer.

Another class of 12 or 14, in the same year, on Descartes, Spinoza and Leibnitz, met in one of the "tower rooms" of Sever Hall, sitting around a table. Here we had to do mostly with pure metaphysics. And most striking still was the prominence of humanity and sensibility in his way of taking philosophic problems.

I can see him now, sitting at the head of that heavy table of light-colored oak near the bow-window that formed the end of the room. My brother, a visitor at Cambridge, dropping in for an hour and seeing him with his vigorous air, bronzed and sanguine complexion, and brown tweeds, said, "He looks more like a sportsman than a professor."

I think that the sporting men in college always felt a certain affinity to themselves on one side in the freshness and manhood that distinguishd him in mind, appearance and diction. It was, by the way, in this latter course that I first heard some of the philosophic phrases now identified with him.

There was a great deal about the monist and pluralist views of the universe. The world of the monist was described as a "block-universe" and the monist himself as "wallowing in a sense of unbridled unity," or something of the sort. He always wanted the men to write one or two "theses" in the course of the year and to get to work early on them.

He made a great deal of bibliography. He would say, "I am no man for editions and references, no exact bibliographer." But none the less he would put upon the blackboard full lists of books, English, French, German and Italian, on our subject. His own reading was immense and systematic. No one has ever done justice to it, partly because he spoke with unaffected modesty of that side of his equipment.

Of course this knowledge came to the foreground in his seminar. In my second year I was with him in one of these for both terms, the first half-year studying the psychology of pleasure and pain, and the second, mental pathology. Here each of us undertook a special topic, the reading for which was suggested by him.

In this seminar I was deeply impressed by his judicious and often judicial quality. His range of intellectual experience, his profound cultivation in literature, in science and in art (has there been in our generation a more cultivated man?), his absolutely unfettered and untrammeled mind, ready to do sympathetic justice to the most unaccredited, audacious, or despised hypotheses, yet always keeping his own sense of proportion and the balance of evidence – merely to know these qualities, as we sat about that council-board, was to receive, so far as we were capable of absorbing it, in a heightened sense of the good old adjective, "liberal" education.

Of all the services he did us in this seminar perhaps the greatest was his running commentary on the students' reports on such authors as Lombroso and Nordau, and all theories of degeneracy and morbid human types. His thought was that there is no sharp line to be drawn between "healthy" and "unhealthy" minds, that all have something of both.

In private conversation he had a mastery of words, a voice, a vigor, a freedom, a dignity, and therefore what one might call an authority, in which he stood quite alone. Yet brilliant man as he was, he never quite outgrew a perceptible shyness or diffidence in the lecture room, which showed sometimes in a heightened color.

Going to lecture in one of the last courses he ever gave at Harvard, he said to a colleague whom he met on the way, "I have lectured so and so many years, and yet here I am on the way to my class in trepidation!"

I can myself remember how, after one of his lectures on Pragmatism in the Horace Mann Auditorium in New York, being assailed with questions by people who came up to the edge of the platform, he ended by sitting on that edge himself, all in his frock coat as he was, his feet hanging down, with his usual complete absorption in the subject and the look of human and mellow consideration which distinguished him at such moments, meeting the thoughts of the inquirers whose attention also was entirely riveted. If this suggests a lack of dignity, it misleads, for dignity never forsook him, such was the inherent strength of tone and bearing. In one respect these particular lectures (afterwards published as his book on Pragmatism) stand alone in my recollection. ♦

Birth of Automation

To most of us Automation is a 20th-century concept, but Oliver Evans had completed an automatized factory before James Madison had evolved our Constitution. His flour mill was one of a score of major American inventions that helped convert 3,000,000 square miles of lowering wilderness into the world's greatest industrial nation.

by Roger Burlingame

If the ghost of Oliver Evans should come back to this country along the Delaware River and meet our car on the Christiana road he would not, perhaps, show great surprise. Evans had, in those times which to us seem almost impossibly primitive, a vivid prophetic vision. He understood the forces which would transform the little village of Wilmington that he knew into the tremendous, humming, rhythmic center that it is today, producing not for a state or a nation but for all the world.

In his mind's eye, Evans saw great factories with long machine sequences turning out an endless quantity of goods: he saw factory towns joined by railroads before a single locomotive moved in America. More than a hundred years before an automobile appeared on an American road, Evans was obsessed by the idea that a vehicle carrying its own mechanical power plant was possible and in 1805 he actually built such a vehicle and drove it in Philadelphia before an amazed and frightened crowd of spectators.

It weighed 15½ tons and ran by steam. But it ran. It ran, furthermore, down to the Schuylkill River at which point, when its wheels were removed and a paddle wheel added, it became a motor boat and traveled 16 miles up the Schuylkill and Delaware rivers and back. So Oliver Evans would also take our modern army amphibious "ducks" in his stride.

This prophetic machine was built in Evans' mature years after much study of steam engines. When he built it, he already had his most useful inventions behind him.

The first of these was worked out during a lull in the tough farm labor he was expected to do when he was 22 years old. He had seriously injured his leg mowing grain with a scythe and, for a time, had to give up all physical activity. This gave his mind a chance to move at top speed.

The device Oliver then designed was of no importance to future generations but it was immensely useful at the time and showed the inventor's uncanny grasp of later methods of automatic machine production. It was a machine for making "cards" – hand implements used to comb out raw wool and cotton before spinning it into yarn. These cards were used in pairs and, at first glance, looked something like the curry combs used in grooming horses. To make them by hand was a laborious and painful job.

At this time, the idea of a single machine doing more than one thing was pure magic. Evans' card-maker performed four successive operations. It even fed the materials into itself so that all the operator had to do was turn a crank. Is it any wonder that the farmers in his family thought that he was "cracked"?

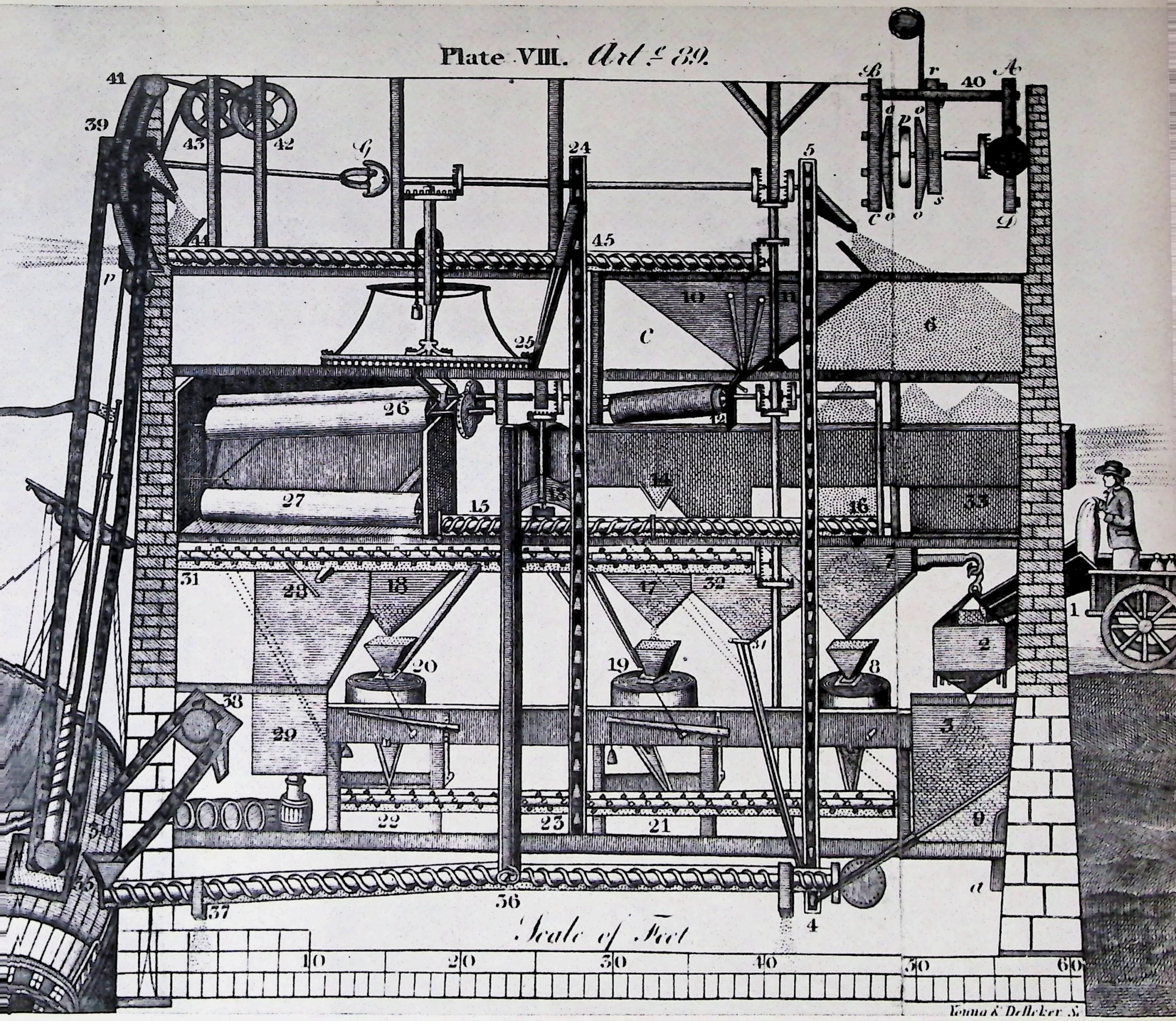
Fifteen years later Evans' machine, copied by a Boston manufacturer, was turning out some 150,000 cards a year. From this point on, Evans' family was easier to convince. When he left the farm to start a store in Tuckahoe, Maryland, where he would have more leisure for study, his brother Joseph joined him and was, forever after, the partner of his enterprises. In the evenings, no longer fatigued by hard physical labor, Oliver could work late at books and drawings. It was then, by the light from shavings burned on a hearth, that he evolved the most important invention of his life and the one with which our story is most concerned. Although he himself had escaped from the farm, his invention proved the greatest boon to American farmers of anything that happened to them in the first half century of the republic's history. Yet in the first ten years it was available to them, they stubbornly refused to recognize its benefits.

One thing the farmers of the northern colonies grew in good quantity was grain. It was this grinding of wheat into meal and screening the meal into flour which Evans saw all about him and which, in 1782-83 as the Revolution came to an end, engrossed all his attention. What he saw he described years later when he wrote his memories of those days. Evans was struck, first, with the amount of human labor used for this operation; second with the waste. Finally, he was shocked by "the great quantity of dirt constantly mixing with the meal from the dirty feet of everyone who trampled it, trailing it over the whole Mill." With the acid humor which got into almost everything he wrote, he added that "people did not even then like to eat dirt if they could see it."

Over two years, Oliver Evans worked out not a machine but a sequence of machines, all geared to the same water-wheel, which replaced a sequence – or line – or procession of men. In this scheme, the individual inventions which have proved the greatest boon to mass production were the vertical and horizontal conveyors.

Gravity played a great part in the making of wheat into flour. The grain must first be lifted to the top of a building. From there it fell through devices which cleaned it and regulated its flow to the millstones which ground it. Evans' conveyor – which forever eliminated the stairs – was an "endless belt" moving over two rollers or pulleys. To Evans' vertical belt conveyor or elevator, buckets were attached. As the pulleys were turned by power geared to them from the river the buckets rose continuously. They automatically emptied grain or meal as they turned at the top and descended for more. The second conveyor was horizontal. It took material from one place to another on the same level. It was a screw

Plate VIII. *Art.ᵉ 89.*



The principle of the conveyor is older than the Hanging Gardens of Babylon which Nebuchadrezzar built for homesick queen Amuhis, but Oliver Evans was first man in history who had the vision and inventive genius to weave a web of conveyors into the fully automatic flour mill sketched above.

To the Millers.

THE Subſcribers have a Merchant-Mill on Redclay Creek, 3 Miles above Newport, Newcaſtle County, Delaware, with Evans's new-invented Elevators and Hopperboys erected in her, which does the principal Part of the Work. One of the Elevators receives the Wheat at the Tail of the Waggon, and carries it up into Garners, out of which it runs through Spouts into the Screen and Fan, through which it may be turned as often as neceſſary, till ſufficiently cleaned; thence into a Garner over the Hopper which feeds the Stones regularly.—Another Elevator receives the Meal when ground and carries it up, and it falls on the Meal-loft, where the Hopperboy receives it and ſpreads it abroad thin over the Floor, and turns it over and over perhaps an hundred Times and cools it compleatly, then conveys it into the Boulting-Hopper, which it attends regularly; ſaid Elevator alſo carries up the Tail Flour with a Portion of Bran, and mixes it with the ground Meal to be boulted over, by which means the Boulting is done to the greateſt Perfection poſſible, and the Cloths will be kept open by the Bran in the hotteſt Weather without Knockers.—All this is done without Labour, with much leſs Waſte, and much better than is poſſible to be done by Hand, as the Miller has no need to trample in the Meal, nor any way to handle or move it from the Time it leaves the Waggoner's Bag, until it comes into the ſuperfine Cheſt ready for Packing.—The whole Expence of the Materials and erecting ſaid Machinery will not exceed from Twenty to Forty Dollars, as the Mills may differ in Conſtruction. One Hand can now do the Work that uſed to employ two or three, two Hands are able to attend a Mill with two Waterwheels and two Pair of Stones ſteady running, with very little Aſſiſtance, if the Machinery be well applied—They are ſimple and durable, and not ſubject to get out of Repair. If Millers will think on this when they are fatigued carrying heavy Bags, or with hoiſting their Wheat or Meal, ſpreading to cool, and attending the Boulting-Hopper, Screen and Fan, and when they ſee the Meal ſcattered over the Stairs, &c. waſting, or when they hoiſt their tail Flour with the Bran to boult over—and when their Flour is ſcraped for neglect in Boulting, and when the Superfine is let run into the Middlings by overfeeding, &c, &c. and conſider that theſe Machines will effectually remedy all this, and ſave great Expence in Wages, Proviſions, Bruſhes and Candles—and he may conclude that it is not beſt to continue in the old Way, while ſuch excellent Improvements are extant. Thoſe who chooſe to adopt them, may have Permiſſion, with full Directions for erecting them, by applying to OLIVER EVANS, the Inventor, who has an excluſive Right, or to either of the Subſcribers.

JOHN THEOPHILUS, &
OLIVER EVANS.

N. B. Farmers and others may have Wheat ground during the Winter Seaſon at ſaid Mill (on good Burrs and all Things in the beſt Order) with great Care and Diſpatch, at the low Rate of Thirty Shillings per 100 Buſhels, or Eighteen Shillings per Load.

Redclay Creek, Dec. 19, 1787.

Lancaſter: Printed by STEEMER, ALBRIGHT & LANE, *a few doors ſouth of the Court-Houſe.*

ſaid Elevators will Hoiſt Water to any Deſired Height for the Purpoſe of Watering Meadow at a very ſmall expence Oliver Evans 1789

Oliver Evans (1755-1819) like so many men of wisdom and achievement before him, discovered that an idea isn't necessarily going to be welcomed or even accepted just because it happens to be remarkably good. It took him and his associates patient selling and such advertisements as the one pictured at left to get the millers of his time to give up their old inefficient, unsanitary methods of grinding grain into low-quality flour.

or spiral turning in a tube. As it turned it could not help moving grain, meal or flour along its curves.

The combination of these conveyors kept the grain moving up and across the mill; gravity made it fall between cracking and grinding millstones and through cleaning, cooling and bolting devices until the grain became meal and the meal was turned into "superfine" flour ready to be barreled.

One of the inventions of which Evans was most proud was the "hopper boy" named for the unhappy lad who had raked the meal by hand until it was cool and dry. This machine had rakes which, radiating out from a hub turned by the water-wheel did the boy's job by revolving and did it in a far cleaner, more thorough and less wasteful manner.

Every moving part of the mill was geared to the water power. A man emptied the wheat from sacks at one end; another closed the flour barrels and rolled them out at the other. These were the only human beings present. As long as grain was poured into its funnel, the milling was continuous. By 1782, most of the process had been worked out; by 1791 it was complete to the last detail.

The first thing Evans did even before the plans were finished was to build some of the machinery and install it in a mill of his own. By 1787, the mill was running. A few wheat farmers, mainly out of curiosity, brought their grain and saw it turned into flour without human intervention. But what Evans wanted was not to become a miller but to have millers install his machinery for which they would pay him a fee, or let him install it for them. He was able to do this for he had obtained what was called a "monopoly right" from the legislatures of two states, Delaware and Pennsylvania. But he could not persuade the millers.

In 1788, his brother Joseph traveled over a thousand miles and visited over a hundred mills in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania, showing Oliver's drawings and model. Every miller shook his head. The methods their fathers had used were good enough, they said, for them — and safer.

It was in the 1790's that the inventions began to take hold. By that time the federal patent law had gone through and Evans had got patents on his machines. One by one, the Brandywine millers tried them. They did this very gradually. They put in the machines one at a time. They would try the elevator for a year before they used the hopper boy. It was well into the new century, before there was any wide use or even knowledge of the "improvements," as Evans called them, which carried wheat from the farmer's sack to the flour merchant's barrel without the intervention of human labor.

It is true that before his death, the Evans machinery became almost universal in the wheat-growing country in the East, and mills were springing up behind the westward-moving frontier.

We may realize how closely the mills followed the westward migration from the fact that in 1837, 1200 of them in five western states were turning out two million barrels of flour annually.

A hundred years later, the manufacturer of a breakfast food boasted in his advertisement that it had been made from the raw materials to the final wrapped and sealed package "untouched by human hands." Americans had forgotten by then that the process had been in operation a century before. Now we know that this slogan was really behind the whole movement of American production. It was not always consciously expressed; its ideal was seldom attained. Yet it was an ideal. And in the first decades of the nineteenth century a minimum of human labor was an absolute necessity.

There was one important factor — apart from the prejudices and ignorances of the farmers — which attached to Evans a suspicion he was never quite able to overcome. When he was 17 a boy told him of an incident which started him thinking. Several boys, playing round a forge on a rainy afternoon, found an old gun barrel. They filled it with water, stuffed a wad of cloth in one end and held the other in the fire. Presently with a terrific report, the wad shot out of the barrel and hit the wall. The boy who told Oliver was simply amused by this play but it remained in the back of Oliver's mind and kept recurring in his dreams.

He got a gun barrel of his own and experimented. He heated water till steam poured out of the touch-hole in the barrel. He pivoted the barrel and the steam shooting out and hitting a wall caused the barrel to turn at a lively rate. From that time on Evans' mind moved in the direction of the high-pressure steam engine. Unknown to him several other inventive minds, here and abroad, were moving in the same direction. In one respect, however, Evans' imaginings were unique, at least in America. From the first, he wanted steam to turn the wheels of carriages.

The idea was so fantastic then that, whenever Evans spoke of it, even his friends would try to change the subject. It is probable that this vision worked against him and was responsible for the delay he met in having his other schemes accepted. He included "steam carriages" in his petition to the Pennsylvania legislature for what corresponded in 1786 to a patent for his milling machinery. When the committee came to the part about steam carriages they agreed that the petitioner was insane.

It is certain that a great part of Evans's life was devoted to the automotive effort. He designed many vehicles — some to run on roads, some on rails. In the atmosphere of ignorance which prevailed, one might say that his time was wasted. Only one of his "steam carriages" ever performed. Yet he did, in that time, build many successful high-pressure steam engines some of which were used for many years after his death. And he also constructed several steam flour mills.

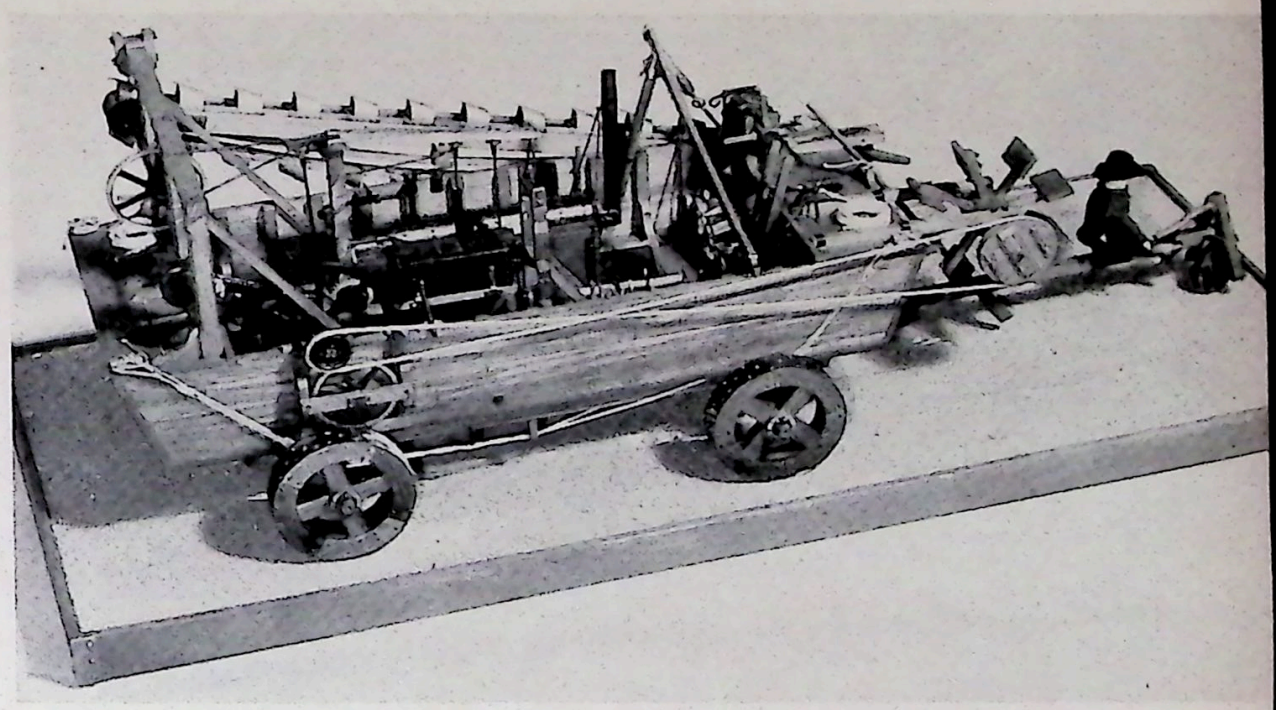
In 1813, 16 years before the first (imported) locomotive ran in America, Evans wrote:

"The time will come when people will travel in stages moved by steam engines, from one city to another, almost as fast as birds fly, 15 or 20 miles in an hour. A carriage will set out from Washington in the morning, the passengers will breakfast at Baltimore, dine at Philadelphia, and sup at New York, the same day. They may travel by night as well as by day; and the passengers will sleep in these stages."

He added, showing the bitterness which had accumulated over the years:

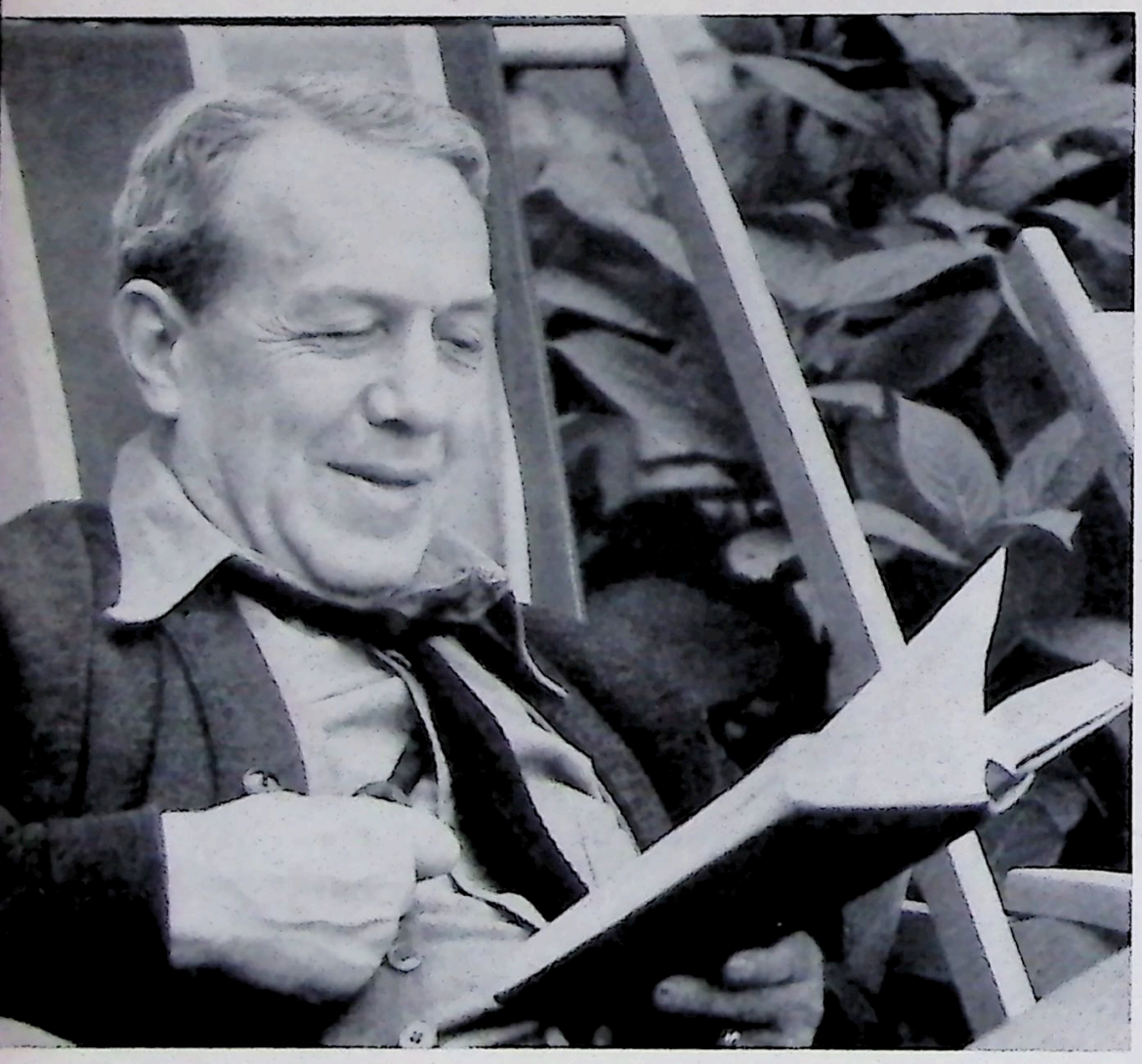
"And it shall come to pass, that the memory of these sordid and wicked wretches who opposed such improvements will be execrated, by every good man as they ought to be now."

It is for his work on engines that Evans is chiefly remembered by historians. But it was his continuous, automatic process of turning wheat into flour "untouched by human hands" which was the first true step in the history of mass production in America. ♦



In 1803 Evans again utilized the endlessly moving-belt principle to produce America's first power dredge. Like the "ducks" which created a stir after their appearance during World War II, this steam-driven dredge was amphibious, having five wheels for land travel and a paddle wheel for propulsion by water. Evans' belief in the mere possibility of a self-powered vehicle was sufficient to prove his insanity to his pedestrian contemporaries.

The Pleasures of READING



by Burton Rascoe

People who say they cannot find time to read anything, except a detective story or some other work of current light fiction now and then, are deceiving themselves; and self-deception is an evil to be modified or corrected at all hazards, for it is infinitely worse than the habit of deceiving others.

He who deceives others may, for a considerable time or on frequent occasions, get away with it; but he who makes a practice of deceiving himself tends to disintegrate his personality. The more he does it, the more his true nature escapes his attention, knowledge and control until, in time, he has no sensible idea of what the truth about himself is like.

When he reaches that point he is ready for the sanitarium. The asylums are full of people who have deceived themselves to the point where they no longer know the truth about themselves as the truth is obvious to the disinterested observer, and where they no longer have any integrated personality but have taken flight into personalities they have imagined it would be pleasant or profitable to have. These unfortunates have deceived no one. They have merely reduced self-deception to its final tragic absurdity.

It were far better for a man or woman to give the real reason why he or she rarely reads than to give the false one that he or she cannot find the time. It would be better to say, "I am such a confirmed movie addict that I have to go to a movie two or three times a week, and, then, of course, I play bridge," or "My mind is so jaded by the fast life I lead that I cannot concentrate on a book long enough to make any sense out of the words, unless the book is spicy with sex or full of murder and sudden death," or "I am so indolent and my mind is so slothful I can't make the effort to find out anything about the world of the mind, the spirit and the imagination; I am content with the little effortless, half-awake world of platitudes which circumscribe my life."

Any such confession of the real facts of the matter would be better for the soul than the self-deceiving untruth of saying, "I can't find any time to read." As a general rule it will be found

that those who lead the busiest lives find the most time to read, whereas those who read the least also have little else except trifling things to occupy their minds and energies.

They are not merely the bookworms and scholars who are the great readers of the world; they also are men best known in the field of action – statesmen and empire-builders, soldiers, explorers, leaders of men.

Julius Caesar had one of the largest private libraries in Rome, and it was a library with which he had familiarized himself as assiduously as if his fame rested on his scholarship; and it was through his knowledge of the classics of Greek and Latin literature that he was able to express himself with such fluency, clarity and brilliance both as an orator and as a historian of his own campaigns.

Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, added the Bill of Rights to the Constitution, served his country as ambassador to France, and fought for the principles of liberty and democracy throughout his tumultuous years as President of the United States, was self-taught in Greek and Latin, in the classics of which he was a marvelous scholar, and, when the original Congressional Library was burned to the ground, Congress purchased his library of 10,000 volumes as the nucleus of the present great Library of Congress.

Theodore Roosevelt, proponent of the "strenuous life," reformer, soldier, plainsman, explorer, orator and statesman, as well as one of the most colorful men our country has ever produced, was an omnivorous reader, in office and out – a reader with a prodigious capacity to absorb the printed page in rapid reading and yet to quote from memory, extensively and accurately, long passages in volumes of history, science, memoirs, poems, plays and novels.

The strange genius T. E. Lawrence, was so rapid and so indefatigable a reader that during his ten years at Oxford he was said, by Robert Graves, his biographer, to have averaged reading six books a day, more than 20,000 in all, many of them in difficult Oriental languages; and, moreover, while working as a humble mechanic in the British Royal Air Force, Lawrence translated the *Odyssey* of Homer and rewrote from memory his huge *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, the original and only first draft of which he had lost in a railway station.

Examples of busy men who found time to do a vast amount of reading could be multiplied indefinitely. Even among savage tribes that have been exposed but briefly to the civilizing effect of the printed word there have been notable instances wherein the most active, the "busiest," leaders of the tribes have also shown the quickest concern and the greatest preoccupation with what back-woodsmen contemptuously refer to as "book learning." Sequoia, the great chief of the Cherokee Indians, had no sooner learned to read English fluently than he devised a syllabic alphabet and grammar of the Cherokee language and translated the Bible into Cherokee.

It would be tedious and scarcely to the point to extend the list of historical examples to show that men whose waking hours were crowded with active and fruitful work far beyond the average yet found time to read whole libraries of worthy books. But these examples are useful to refute the sluggish or lazy person's complaint of lack of time for reading.

To normal, active men or women, in whatever kind of work they are engaged, or whatever are their duties and social responsibilities, the reading of books should be as natural and as inevitable a function as eating, drinking, bathing, taking exercise and sleeping. In a civilized world it might even be said that a man or woman who fails to do a fair amount of purposeful and recreational reading each week, or even each day, is not living a normal and healthy life – for health of the mind is maintained by an exercise as necessary as the exercise needed to maintain bodily health.

In fact, many a good biologist would maintain that the exercise of the mind is immeasurably more important than the exercise of the body, and that it is the exercise of the mind which keeps the body alive, when the body is puny or diseased or deformed, as in the cases of Homer and Milton who were blind, of St. Paul, Aeschylus, Flaubert and Dostoievski who were epileptic, of Byron and Steinmetz who were deformed, and of Stevenson who was tubercular, to mention but a few names at random.

To all cultivated persons the joy of reading is so natural and necessary a function of their daily living that they suffer as acutely by being deprived of the kind of literature they are accustomed to read as they would suffer from being long deprived of nourishing food. In fact, arctic and jungle explorers and scientists, who have been accustomed to the mental stimulation and pleasure which good literature affords, tell me they can readily accustom themselves to reduced and unpalatable diets of food in remote regions but they cannot accustom themselves to being deprived of "something good to read." Hunger of the stomach they can put up with almost indefinitely; but hunger of the mind drives them into irritations, aberrations and even a kind of temporary insanity.

For good books are not merely the luxuries of life. They are the sustenance of life. Wisely chosen, properly used like the food they are, they enrich life and enhance all the values known to life. For, as Milton wrote in the *Areopagitica*, "Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

Books may fall into neglect. Fashions may shift in that demand for the "continuous slight novelty" we all require to escape monotony or satiety. And good books, even the best books, may be obscured for a while, unread for months, for years, even for centuries. Homer was unread and forgotten for nearly fourteen hundred years when the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* came alive again under the revival of learning inaugurated by the great Italian poet, Petrarch, in his declining years; Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which ran through seven editions in the seventeenth century and was widely read, was entirely neglected during the eighteenth century and revived by Lord Byron and Charles Lamb in the beginning of the nineteenth century. Hundreds of similar examples could be given of that perpetuation of "the precious life-blood of a master spirit," which, in Milton's phrase, a good book is, "treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

Literature does not die. It is the self-perpetuating product of an ever-flowering process like life itself; and it is the articulate spirit of life, voicing the hopes, aspirations, the conflicts, the experience, of people, of time and of place – and the best of literature, the literature that endures, is the literature which arouses in the breast of all literate peoples at all times the emotion of recognition that this book, this poem or this play is something they know, they feel, they have observed and they acknowledge to be true, they have felt or observed, expressed in a language that is clearer, more exact, more comprehensive, or more subtle than is within the average man's power of articulation.

It is the function of literature – indeed, of all the arts – to makes us more aware of the life we live and see about us. Literature not only gives us lives to live vicariously in the imagination; it not only helps to teach us, in Montaigne's phrase, to live well and to die well; it not only diverts and entertains and instructs us; it also gives meaning and significance to the very routine, the very dullest moments, of our days. It makes us feel the emotional value of hazards, of conflicts, of all the homely, personal, and apparently petty events, as well as the crises and climaxes, the spectacular and sensational aspects of our living. ♦

PROPHET OF COMMON SENSE

VOLTAIRE

by Henry and Dana Lee Thomas

Voltaire was the jester at the court of the philosopher-kings of the world. For more than half-a-century he made it his business to shatter with his laughter the pretensions and the hypocrisies of the world. He tore away the veils of diplomacy that covered the political and the social institutions of his day and left exposed—the bitter truth. "I laugh," he said, "in order to keep myself from going mad."

His entire life was a paradox. He despised mankind and yet he was passionately fond of men. He ridiculed the clergy and dedicated one of his books to the Pope. He made fun of royalty and he accepted a pension from King Frederick the Great. He disbelieved in God and he tried all his life to find Him.

His father was a Jansenist, which in itself was a paradox. For the Jansenists were a sect of "Protestant Catholics." They protested against the dogmatic strictness of the established church and they insisted upon a personal study and a personal interpretation of the Bible.

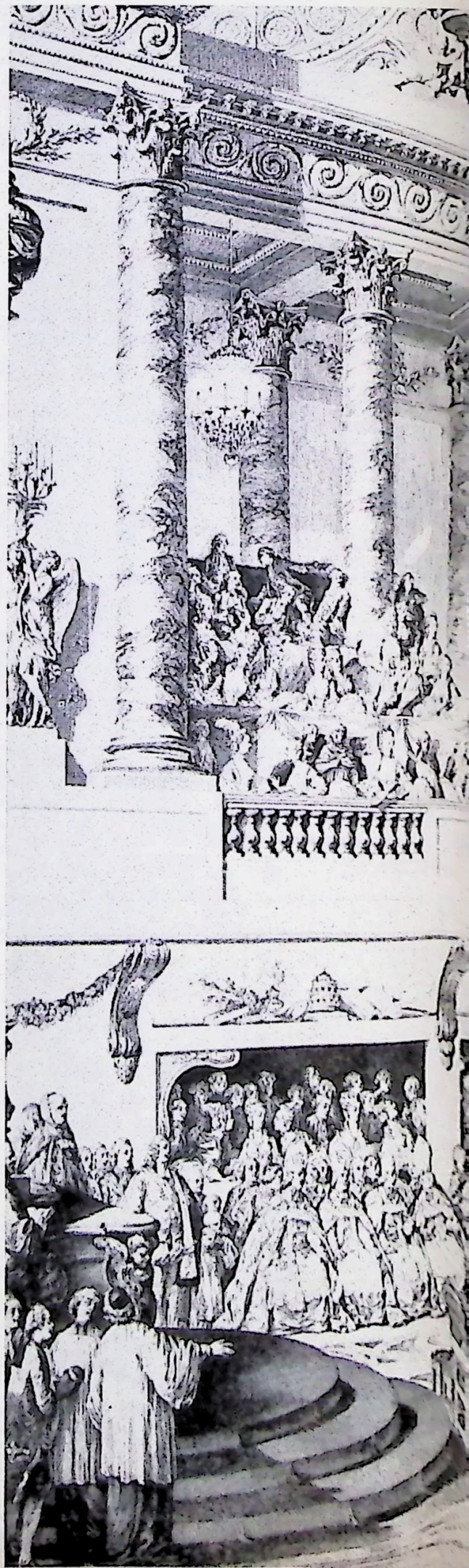
This was the atmosphere in which Voltaire—his real name was François Marie Arouet—spent the early years of his childhood. He had lost his mother in his infancy. His father imposed his doctrine of abstract mysticism so vigorously upon him that Voltaire grew up with a rebellious thirst for concrete reality. He cordially hated Jansenism.

But he grew up with another hatred—a hatred against the persecution of the Jansenists. Against any kind of persecution. To despise an idea was one thing. To punish people who *held* that idea was quite another thing. He had now discovered his role in life. He would devote it to the persecution of the persecutors. He would become a soldier of the pen.

Louis XIV died in 1715 and the regent, Philip of Orleans, became the target of all the cynicism that had been pent up during the oppressive reign of the Sun King. Voltaire, joining in the sport, wrote a lampoon on the regent and was rewarded with an eleven months' lodging at the Bastille.

It was during this prison sentence that he adopted the pen name of Voltaire and produced the first of his literary works—an epic poem on the life of King Henry of Navarre.

His prison sentence was followed by a further punishment, a year's exile from Paris. During this exile, he wrote his first tragedy, *Oedipe*. It enjoyed a run of 45 nights—a record which not even the



tragedies of Corneille and Racine had attained. The regent not only pardoned Voltaire but gave him a medal and a pension in recognition of his dramatic skill.

He followed *Oedipe* with a number of other successful tragedies which netted him a tidy sum of money. This money he invested with the skill—and with the luck—of a Wall Street broker.

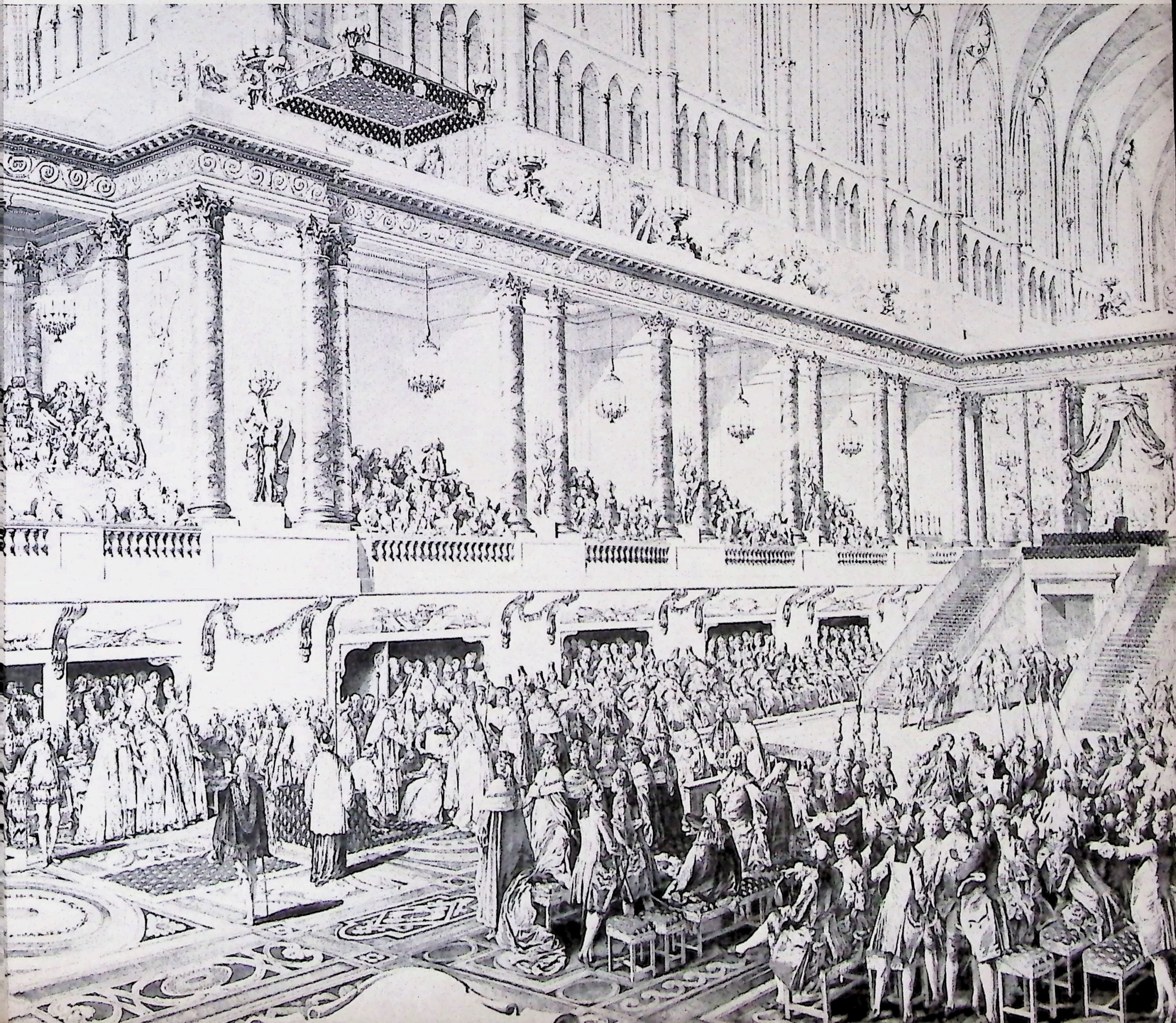
More plays, more success, more wealth—and then he found himself once more in the Bastille. As the result of a row—in which Voltaire was wholly in the right—with the arrogant and cowardly Chevalier de Rohan, Voltaire was arrested for "treasonable talk and disorderly conduct."

Upon his release from the Bastille (1726) he left Paris with its titles and its thugs and took refuge in England. His receptive genius found itself perfectly at home in the new surroundings. He learned the English language with his usual facility. Within a year he had mastered all of its literature—with the exception of Shakespeare. The laughing French philosopher was never able to understand the English mind at its best, just as the serious English philosophers were never able to understand the French mind at its best.

But if Voltaire was unable to appreciate the greatest Englishman of the past, he found many congenial spirits among the Englishmen of his own day. He relished the freedom of their thoughts and the courage with which they expressed them. He acquired a scientific background for his philosophical speculations. He conceived a passion for constitutional government as against absolute monarchy and, under the influence of Jonathan Swift, he developed from an adolescent cynic into a mature satirist. One of the most charming of Voltaire's romances, his *Micromégas* (Littlebig), was inspired by *Gulliver's Travels*.

His *Letters on the English* was a far more important, if somewhat less diverting, work than his *Micromégas*. In these letters he tried to contrast the freedom of the English as against the slavery of the French. But he did it indirectly, sandwiching his truth

Ever-incongruous Voltaire—forceful advocate of democracy, vigorous enemy of tyranny—was a courtier in this frivolous court of spendthrift French kings.



Voltaire's mistress and inspiration, La Marquise Emilie du Chatelet

Jean d'Alembert, co-editor of Encyclopedia of Free Thought, *was mathematician, physicist, correspondent with Voltaire for 30 years. When the royal ire settled on the encyclopedia d'Alembert discreetly left the staff, but Voltaire hotly and courageously defended it even after its brusque, official ban.*

between layers of laughter. Above all, Voltaire applauded the comparative freedom of speech that prevailed in England. "Anyone has the right to speak in public...or to have his thoughts on public affairs printed."

Yet, in spite of his admiration for the English, he was happy when his exile was revoked and he was allowed to return to Paris. And so he came back, after his enforced exile of three years—and promptly found himself in deep water again.

His *Letters on the English*, which he had written not for publication but for private distribution, had been issued without his knowledge by a dishonest publisher. A copy fell into the hands of one of the government officials, who took it for what it was actually meant to be—a cargo of explosives concealed in a pleasure yacht. This sort of dynamite was too dangerous for the safety of French absolutism. The book was burned in public and a warrant was issued for Voltaire's arrest.

But Voltaire had no desire to pay another visit to the Bastille. He fled from the clutches of the police—straight into the arms of his mistress.

This young lady, the Marquise du Châtelet, was married. But she had already borne the marquis three children and, having performed her marital duties, she was now ready to attend to her extramarital pleasures. This was quite in keeping with the fashion of the times. The marquis was away with his regiment and Voltaire took advantage of the old gentleman's absence by making himself master of his wife and his castle.

The Marquise du Châtelet was perhaps the most extraordinary woman of her age. Tall, commanding, stately, she was a very Venus of enticement when dressed in her fashionable clothes. But for the most part, she went about with ink-stained fingers and wrapped in an old black apron, delving into the mysteries of chemistry, physics, philosophy and mathematics. Her château at Cirey, with Voltaire as the presiding genius, became the temple of Dionysian revelry and philosophical disputation.

It was at Cirey that he began to write those exquisite fairy tales for cynics—*Candide, The World As It Goes, Zadig, The Pupil of Nature* and *The Princess of Babylon.* The leading charcters in these stories were not creatures of flesh and blood but mere figureheads which Voltaire dressed up in his favorite ideas. His *Candide*, the most interesting of these romances, was written in three days.

There is nothing in literature that can quite compare with these stories. They are plotless—or rather each of them is a series of disconnected plots strung upon the thread of Voltaire's philosophy.

Yet, within the shell of his humor, there was always the kernel of a serious philosophy. This was especially true of the two histories he wrote at Cirey—*The Century of Louis XIV* and the *Essay on Customs* (a history of civilization). Voltaire was one of the first "debunkers" in the modern world. His purpose in writing history, he said, was to disenthrone the mere pretenders to greatness and to put the real great men in their place.

He regarded Pope Alexander III as the greatest man of the Middle Ages, because "this Prince of the Church, unlike the princes in the palaces, has tried to free the slaves instead of enslaving the free." The aim of all history is the physical, mental and moral emancipation of the human race and the weapon by which this emancipation is to be achieved is the human reason. "God gave us reason as He gave feathers to birds and fur to animals...In the end it always gets the better of tyrants."

Voltaire believed in the fundamental principle of democracy. "In the long run the people can be trusted to judge what is best for them." Time and again he warns the tyrants that their ambition is destined to end in revolution.

Thus far, Voltaire's outlook upon the world had been whimsical rather than deep. He was too prosperous to be bitter and too

popular to be sad. He had not as yet lived sufficiently to have a proper understanding of life. He was the Puck of the eighteenth century, the playboy of intellectual Europe, but his mind was still immature. He had not grown to the stature of a great man because he had, thus far, experienced no great sorrow.

In 1749 Madame du Châtelet died and, for the first time, Voltaire forgot to laugh at sorrow. His own health began to fail and on top of that he was once more exiled from France.

Voltaire began to see the world in a new light. His work took on a more somber tone. He realized that life was much more than a subject for pretty epigrams and careless laughter. He composed an epic poem in which he depicted the evolution of his thought from frivolity to philosophy.

He bought an estate at Ferney, in Switzerland, just beyond the borders of France, and enlisted in a vigorous crusade against human suffering. He attacked every sort of injustice. He issued a veritable flood of books and pamphlets, all of them written at white heat. These works, brilliant with the sincerity of a noble faith, were directed against the evils of social oppression and religious intolerance. He directed his fight not against the religious beliefs of men but against their superstitious hatreds. His quarrel was not with the *pillars* but with the *caterpillars* of the church.

He was not, as is commonly believed, an atheist. He was a deist. He believed in the existence of God. Indeed, " if God did not exist," he said, "it would be necessary to invent him." He did much to lessen the sum of religious intolerance in the world. He established, once for all, the principle of noninterference in religious worship.

While this revolution was going on in the mind of Voltaire, his life externally remained as restless as ever. Joining the circle of Diderot, D'Alembert, Condorcet and the other iconoclasts who paved the way for the French Revolution, he helped them in the preparation of the great *Encyclopedia of Free Thought.*

Busy as he was with his controversies and with the writing of his tragedies and his romances and his histories and his *Philosophic Dictionary* and his numerous other works—there were about a hundred in all—he was never too busy to throw himself into every fight on the side of the oppressed. He spent his time and his money and his strength in his continual efforts to rescue the victims of social injustice and ecclesiastical bigotry.

He built model homes for the poor people of Ferney. He set up a silk mill and a watch factory for the unemployed. He personally directed the sale of their finished goods—for he was a shrewd businessman—and he turned over the entire profits to the workers.

He was accessible to everybody—except the "irritating rabble of celebrity hunters." For them he reserved the keenest shafts of his wit. One day an Englishman came to see him. "Tell him," said Voltaire to his servant, "that I'm dying." But the Englishman persisted. "Tell him I'm dead," said Voltaire. The visitor insisted upon paying his last respects to his dead body. "Tell him I'm already buried and consigned to the devil. If he still wants to see me, tell him to go to hell."

He was 83 years old now and as restless as ever. Realizing that his end was near, he paid a last visit to Paris. The greeting that he received there was "one of the historic events of the century." But it was too much for his strength. He went, against his doctor's advice, to see the production of one of his plays. This was his last public appearance. He took to his bed, never to rise from it again.

Shortly before his death, he met Benjamin Franklin, who was at that time the American ambassador to France. The American philosopher had brought his grandson along with him. He begged the French philosopher to give his blessing to the boy. Voltaire placed his hand on the boy's head and said, "God and Liberty."

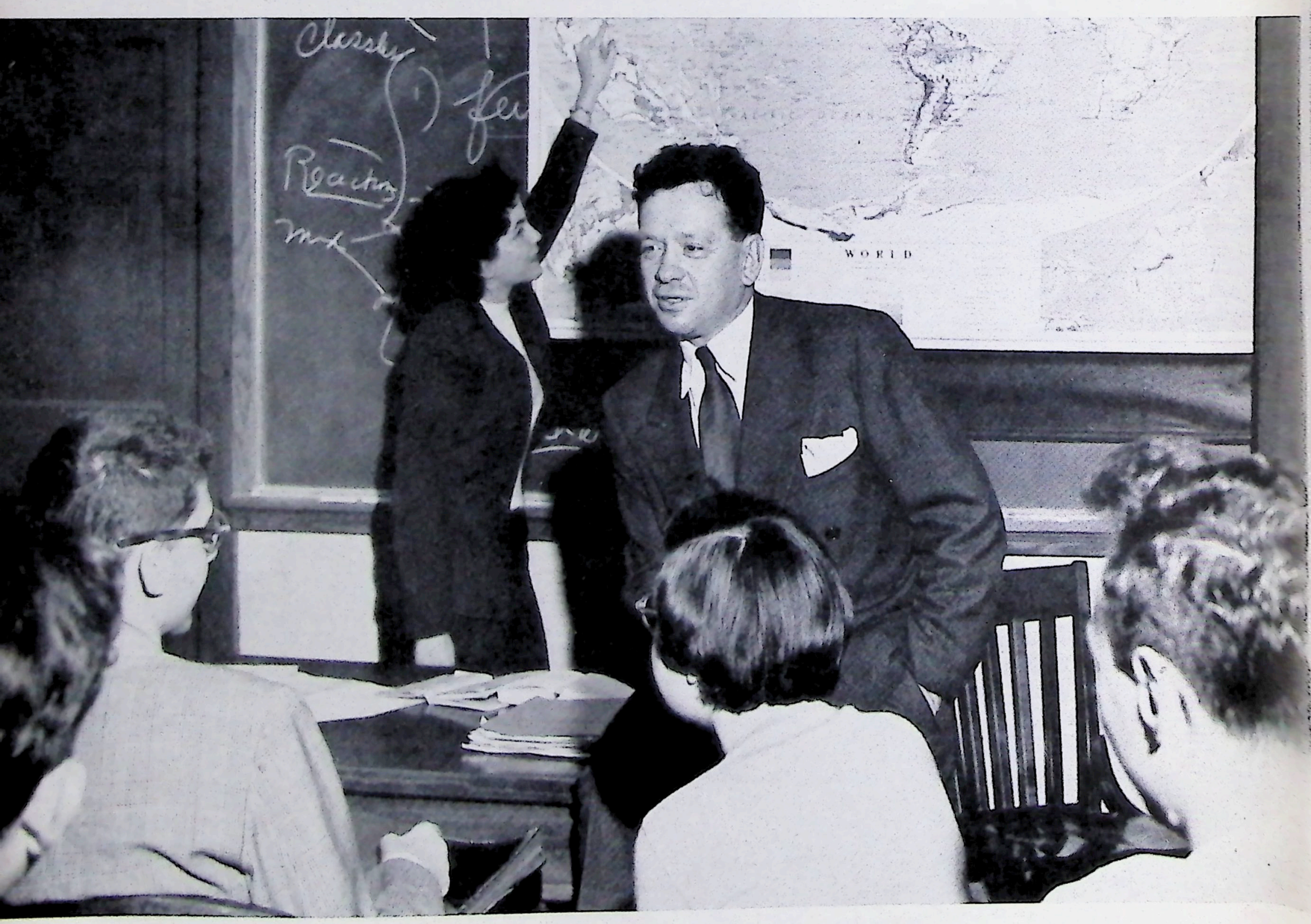
These two words are the sum and substance of Voltaire's philosophy. ♦

La Marquise de Pompadour, frankly raised to be a king's mistress, succeeded so admirably that she became the real power behind the French throne. Discerning that the French people were ruled by literary kings of the age, she appointed herself premier patroness and made Voltaire chief arc of her circle. Not above intrigue even here, however, she set up rivals—fetching bitter satires from his venom-dripping pen. (Painting by Nattier portrays La Pompadour as "Diana").

A teacher affects eternity — HENRY B. ADAMS.

WHAT IS A *Teacher*

by Samuel Gould



We are told on good authority that in the next 15 years colleges and universities will require 250,000 more teachers than we have at present. This is quite apart from the even larger necessity for secondary and elementary school teachers in greater and greater numbers. Unless these needs are met, then all the expenditure of money and energy on creating additional physical facilities for education will be pretty much of a waste. The log which has a student at one end and Mark Hopkins at the other may be brightly polished, elongated or even multiplied, but both ends of it must be occupied if education is to take place. Furthermore, the Mark Hopkins end of the log must have more than a merely physical presence. It must be populated by people having the wonderful combination of intellectual knowledge and an ability to communicate, to stimulate and to guide. Donald Morrison, Provost of Dartmouth College, has well said: "To some students, the important thing is not the subject but the teacher. In this judgment is the beginning of wisdom."

The difficulties involved in finding such people in large numbers, to say nothing of the accompanying difficulties in persuading them to enter the teaching profession and training them properly for such entrance, have been discussed countless times. Belittling the teaching profession has become part of the mores of the American people.

The teacher is all too often portrayed in the American scene as a fumbling impractical, neurotic individual, living on starvation wages and seeking refuge in his profession as an escape from the world. He is the butt of many jokes, some of them rather unfunny, and he is the dupe of loan agencies or his more materially successful neighbors. He is the politician's subject of sympathetic concern only during election years. He is accused of being lazy, incompetent, sadistic, pathetic, socialistic, communistic, or in fact is labelled with any other epithet which happens to be conveniently handy except that of being rich.

Indeed Alex Drier, the commentator, says that it is wonderful to live in a country where even a street cleaner may become a college professor – at least, if he is able to make the financial sacrifice.

It has always been a matter of profound wonder and dismay to me to note that the teaching profession makes only the feeblest efforts to show its attractiveness to young people, that it is apologetic about its position and defeatist about its future. I have listened with horror to fine upstanding teachers and guidance counselors openly warning their charges that they should avoid the teaching profession as they would a plague. I have heard them explain the financial inequities, the drudgery, the repetitiveness; and in almost every instance I have realized that the teacher was subconsciously telling an untruth, for there were any number of other career opportunities open to him if he wished to choose them.

What kept him at this colorless, unexciting task when he could so easily change to something else? I have had all the bitter experiences common to many teachers – financial, intellectual, social – for my teaching career began in the depths of the depression years and was marked by disappointments, privations and insults which bordered on the fantastic. Yet I would be proud and happy if my son were to decide to make teaching his life's work. For I know in my heart just as most of the complainers do, that there is no greater profession on earth.

Just what *is* a teacher, anyway? Having been one for years, I have naturally been curious about definitions, and I have never seen a satisfactory one. The dictionary gives very little help. It says, for example, that a teacher is "one who trains or accustoms to some action, who imparts knowledge, gives lessons in, informs, tells, makes to know how, etc." This hardly satisfies or stimulates the imagination. It is too dry, too pedantic, and most of all, too

The whole art of teaching is only the art of awakening the natural curiosity of young minds for the purpose of satisfying it afterwards.

ANATOLE FRANCE

The place of the teacher is on the firing line of civilization. S. N. PATTEN

incomplete and inaccurate. My own definition, a brief one, may also not be satisfactory, but for me it comes closer to broad reality. *To me, a teacher is a person with a touch of immortality.*

The desire to teach is a deep-seated one and permeates the hearts and souls of thousands upon thousands who have never given conscious thought to entering the profession. We all teach in one way or another, and in such activity we find unusual and almost mysterious satisfaction. The mother and father in daily contacts with their children are teaching constantly: teaching the baby to walk; teaching the young fry to swim, to fish, to read, to sing; teaching habits of living and thinking, sometimes by precept and sometimes by example.

Children teach one another at their play, colleagues in business teach one another in their professional associations, physicians try whenever possible to devote a portion of their time to teaching medical students, concert artists are drawn to young people with talent, ministers are engaged in a noble form of teaching, etc.

Why does this happen? Because we all sense, directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously, that to leave a vestige of oneself in the development of another is a touch of immortality. Through this we live far beyond the span of mortal years. Through this we find new and more impelling reasons for being.

If you have ever seen the light of understanding shine in another's eyes where no light shone before, if you have ever guided the unsteady and unpracticed hand and watched it suddenly grow firm and purposeful, if you have ever watched a young mind begin to soar to new heights and have sensed that you are participating in this unfolding of the intellect, then you have felt within you the sense of being a humble instrument in the furtherance of mankind. Just as the doctor feels the heartbeat grow stronger under his ministrations and is overwhelmed by the goodness and the privilege vouchsafed to him in the performance of this service for another, so each person who teaches has an awareness of this same goodness and privilege. He knows that he lives in another being, and such knowledge fills him with ineffable love and gratitude. It counterbalances all the drudgery, the heartaches and the sacrifices which are a part of every worth-while profession. It lifts him so completely above the world which surrounds him.

And most of the time, because he fears being called naive or sentimental, he secretes this feeling deep within himself and says nothing about it. In fact, he joins in the brittle sophistication and cynicism of the day and uses them as a mask. But the feeling persists, all the same.

All people, particularly in youth, yearn for a career of service. This yearning unfulfilled leaves life a compromise breeding restlessness and dissatisfaction. But when pursued unflaggingly, it creates a spiritual uplift which can take us from the morass to the stars. Think of the story of a present-day backward and illiterate nation which by the simple adoption and practice of a slogan, "Each one teaches another," has turned illiteracy into knowledge and has performed a modern miracle of teaching. What touches of immortality there were here! What devotion to service and what love of mankind! Listen to the words of K. Gibran in his book, *The Prophet*:

> "And I say that life is indeed darkness save when
> there is urge,
> And all urge is blind save when
> there is knowledge
> And all knowledge is vain save when
> there is work,
> And all work is empty save when
> there is love,
> And when you work with love you bind yourself to
> yourself, and to one another, and to God."

Yes, a teacher is a person with a touch of immortality, and he should be most envied among men. His profession should be the most sought after, the most carefully prepared for, the most universally recognized. And believe me, as America grows in mental and cultural stature, it *will* be.

Most of us are familiar, too familiar, with the arguments most frequently propounded to deter young people from entering the teaching profession. Suppose we examine some of these and discover how they stand up under scrutiny.

The first and most loudly proclaimed deterrent is the problem of financial return. It is pointed out that the income of teachers lags far behind that of other occupations in America. This is true. But what is usually left unsaid is that the situation is improving steadily – not dramatically, but steadily. Nobody will ever become wealthy through his earnings as a teacher, but the lot of the individual teacher is being ameliorated. More importantly, the trend is gathering momentum. It shows itself most vividly in the public schools and most specifically for the classroom teacher. Minimum standards for salaries have risen in state after state, and in many good school systems an annual salary of $6000 or more for classroom teachers is not uncommon. It shows itself least among college professors with many years of service.

One may argue, and validly, that the years of training and study which teachers are expected to have deserve better financial recognition. But one should also remember that in many other walks of life the financial returns are not as great as one might suppose. There is a great plateau at about the $7000 to $9000 a year level for employees in business and industry which only a comparative few manage to get beyond. And one should also remember that the law of supply and demand will have its effect upon the teaching profession during the next 15 or 20 years, just as it has already affected engineering and other professions.

I have not the slightest question that the next twenty years will have as a major characteristic a much more rapid adjustment of teacher salaries to meet cost of living conditions more realistically. The teacher of the future will not be affluent, but he will be paid a salary which will make possible for him the peace of mind and the dignity essential to his profession. No one with ability need fear entering the teaching profession because of its financial implications, provided that he is willing to accept the first few years as an apprenticeship during which he may not be paid as much as one starting in another profession. And even this situation may change rapidly.

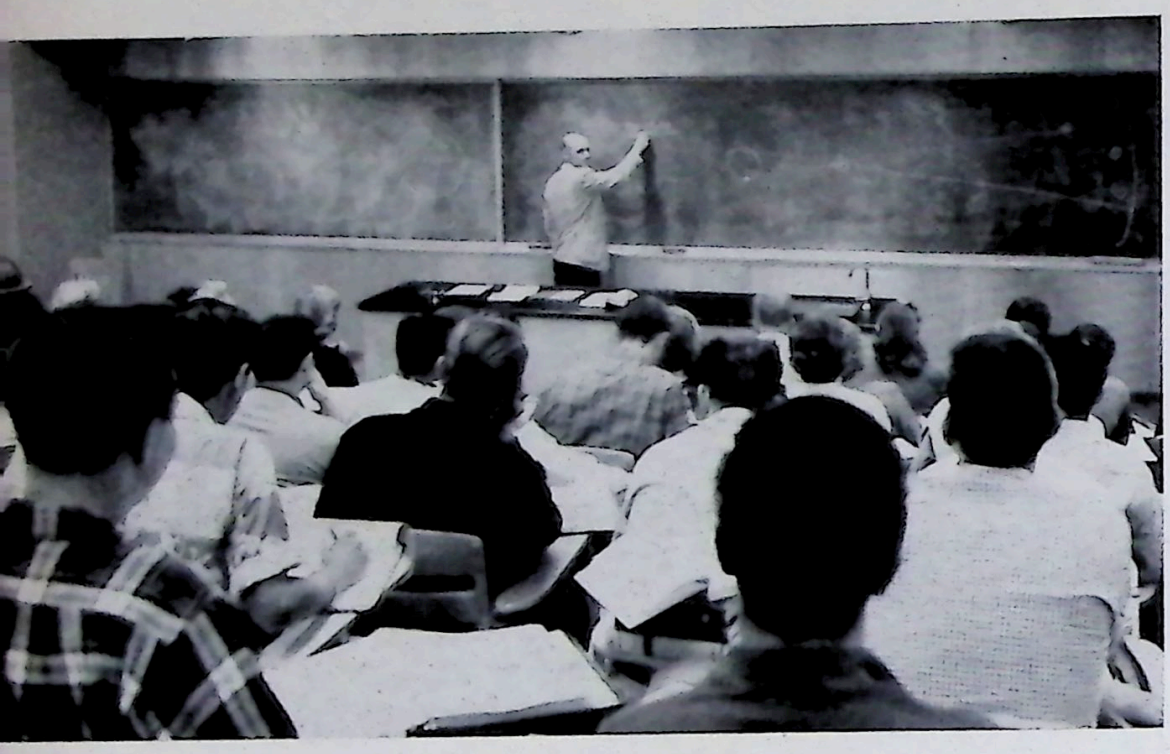
Naturally, those who are primarily interested in financial gain and who are looking for ultimate salaries in the $25,000 to $50,000 bracket should not enter the teaching profession. The concept of making money for its own sake has no place in the thinking of a teacher, although there are a few teachers who have been successful in developing this concept by inordinate concentration upon their writing and consulting rather than upon their students.

But I wonder how many teachers would be willing to accept along with the high salaries, the competition, the pressures, the responsibilities, the insecurities and all the other ulcer-producing characteristics which appear to go hand in hand with such financial success. I have spent enough time in the business world and in association with successful business men to be reasonably confident that not many teachers would wish to change places with them. And may I say parenthetically that I know many businessmen who look longingly at the life of the teacher.

There is a reasonable financial future for the teacher of tomorrow, assuming his ability and his progress in the profession. The more people we have who enter teaching as a means toward challenging and dedicated service rather than as a refuge from reality, a hiatus between college and honeymoon, or a sanctuary from stress, the more rapidly will this financial future develop. Improvement in teacher quality will do much to speed and increase financial return.

A second argument presented as a deterrent to the prospective teacher is that most of the work is unmitigated drudgery. The endless series of papers to be corrected, grades to be kept in order, class preparations to be made, and other routine functions to be performed are cited as examples of deadly occupational hazards which tend to paralyze the creative urge and dry up the juices of the intellect.

No one can deny that these characteristics of the profession exist, but let me point out that the same characteristics permeate every profession or occupation. There is drudgery in every calling,



hours and hours of it, as many people will freely attest if they are willing to be candid. There is no profession which is a wonderful and unadulterated combination of glamour and excitement. The physician, the chemist, the lawyer, the writer, the businessman, the actor — all are familiar with the hours of dull plodding labor which is inherent in their professions.

Teaching has as much drudgery and routine in it as other professions, but no more. And its motivations are such that a good deal of the routine dullness is forgotten in the excitement of dealing with young and developing minds. Furthermore, an increasingly intelligent attitude is evolving toward the true functions of the teacher which will, in time, relieve him of much of his present clerical burden and leave him free to give more of his time to the creative aspects of his work. People entering the profession today can do so with the hope that their expert capacities as teachers will be utilized to the fullest with mechanical duties kept at a minimum.

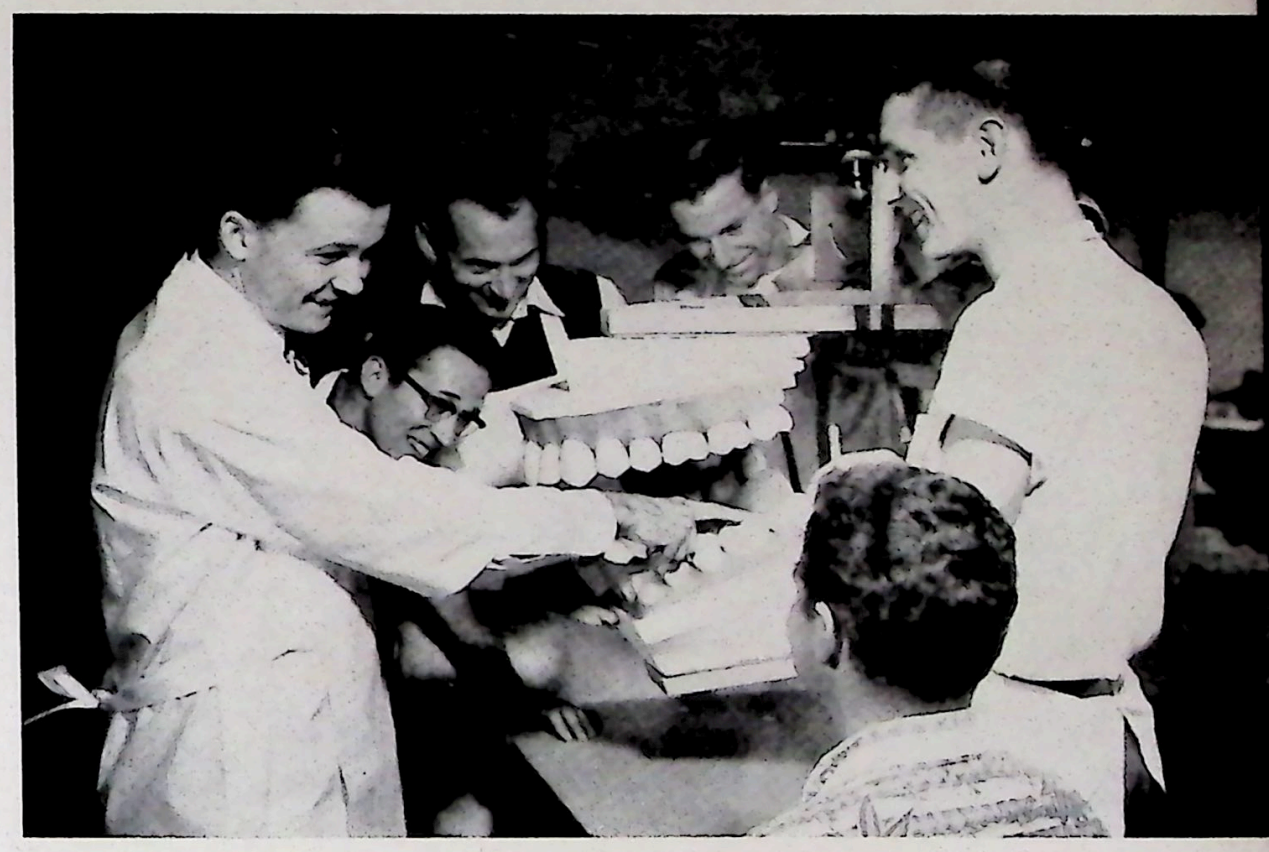
Another objection frequently raised against the teaching profession is that it receives comparatively little recognition and achieves little status in this country. It is argued that because material success is paramount in America, the teacher is held to be of little account. We could all offer innumerable examples of the truth of this situation, but we could also offer many examples of the direct opposite.

In other words, there is nothing inherent in the teaching profession which prevents recognition and prestige. If we go unrecognized it is largely our own fault, for we fail to follow the practical admonition of Paul who wisely said, "I magnify mine office." As a group and individually we do little to magnify our calling; in fact, many of us take perverse enjoyment in magnifying our deficiencies.

Furthermore, teachers have all too frequently withdrawn from the life of their communities and have thus been looked upon as a race apart. In instances where they have participated in community affairs, have assumed leadership in civic and cultural enterprises, and have shouldered their responsibilities as citizens as well as professional people, they have won admiration, respect and acclaim. There is a long roster of distinguished names in government, cultural affairs and civic activities which could be drawn up to prove the public recognition of the teacher. It ranges all the way from presidents of our country to local civic leaders. As an individual the teacher has and will continue to have all the opportunities which others have for service and prestige.

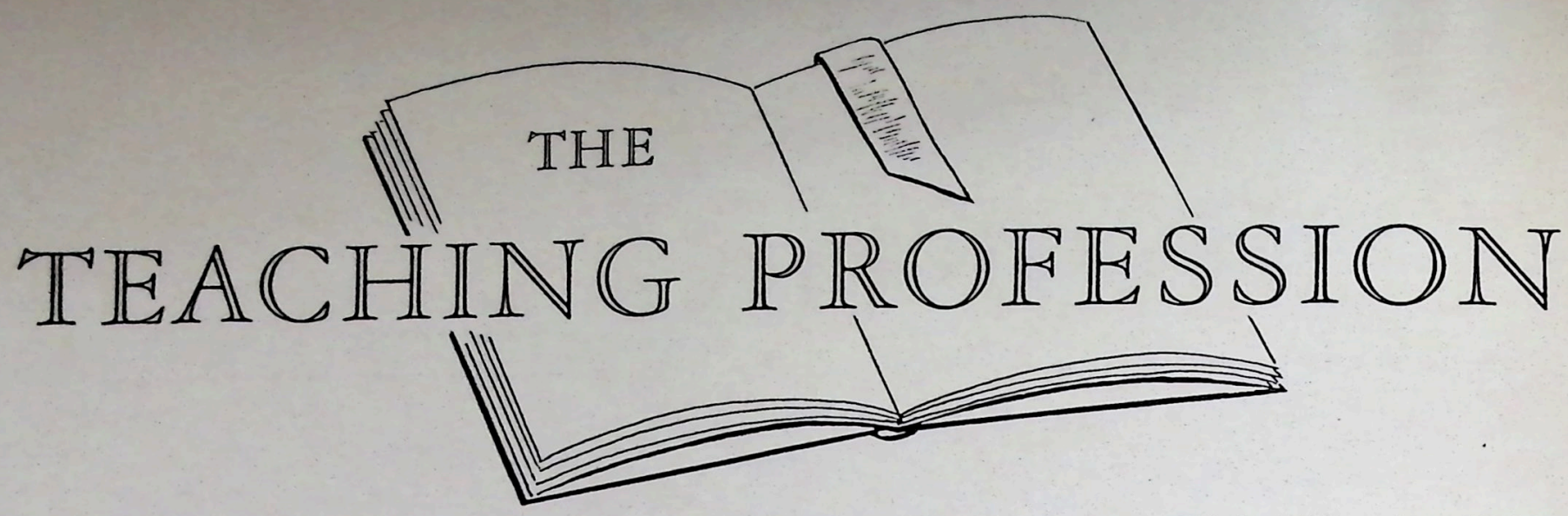
I have served in the teaching ranks for 25 years. . . . During this time I have watched and felt the current of opinion and sentiment and understanding of the teacher and his lot flow ever more surely and swiftly in the direction of enlightenment and appreciation. I tell you that the time when teachers need be apologetic and defensive about their profession is drawing to a close. The next 20 years, with their exciting struggle to solve the problems involved in educating new millions of students, will have as their inevitable by-product a changed concept of the role of the teacher and of his place in society. I say this not as a hope but as a prophecy.

The teacher of tomorrow will be carefully selected, broadly trained and adequately paid. He will be the powerful force by which this nation will achieve the maturity of mind and the serenity of spirit that are the hallmarks of true greatness. He will have a new awareness of destiny and a new sense of calling which will undergird him as he encourages young and old in their quest for timeless truth. His eyes will be fixed upon horizons which lie far beyond geographical boundaries and which promise a new dawn of brotherhood. Most of all, he will be recognized and honored among men as one to whom God has given a priceless opportunity to serve. ♦



The most important aspect of freedom of speech is freedom to learn. All education is a continuous dialogue — questions and answers that pursue every problem to the horizon. That is the essence of academic freedom.

WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS



by Richard Lardner Tobin

Does it pay to be a schoolteacher nowadays? HELP WANTED signs for teachers are going up in almost every school district in the United States. Indeed people are leaving teaching jobs faster than new teachers are being trained. Low pay is the chief reason, but there are others. Nonteaching jobs not requiring an expensive education pay more than a teacher is likely to get for a great many years after leaving college.

In New York City a college graduate teacher begins at $3500. But the average driver of a trailer truck in New York earns $4400. In Detroit, a beginning teacher gets $3800, but the average Detroit carpenter makes $4800, and the average Detroit tool and diemaker makes more than $5000. Unlike school teachers, toolmakers and carpenters are paid while they learn their trades, and their formal education seldom goes beyond high school, often stopping with junior high school.

Scholarship more and more has to be its own reward for the American teacher of 1956. It may be shocking to hear that the average railroad engineer now earns more than the average college professor. The engineer's real income has advanced 57 percent during the last generation while the professor's real income has dropped 2 percent.

In the next 10 years we shall be faced with 50 percent more teenagers than we have in school today. That means that we shall need more than 1,500,000 new teachers in the next 10 years, but at the present rate colleges will graduate only 800,000 new teachers in the next 10 years, only about half the number of new teachers we shall need by 1966. Moreover many of those now being graduated as teachers will never actually teach, since other fields become more and more attractive to someone with a college degree and, presumably, higher intelligence.

Extra training too pays off less in teaching than in almost any other line of work. A young man or woman who chose teaching as a career in 1948 and spent six or seven years getting a doctor of philosophy degree finds in 1956 that the public school system offers at most less than $100 a week as a beginning teacher. A friend of his who has spent an equivalent seven years—four in college and three on the job—can get even a routine civil-service position with the Federal Government at $130 a week. In private industry, a four year college degree and three years on the job means at least $150 weekly in any one of scores of professions and businesses not involved with teaching. Even to those who climb to the top of their field there is very little chance under present pay schedules for a teacher to make $10,000 a year or more.

How does this compare with other professions requiring long periods of college and postgraduate training? By comparison 41 percent of all doctors earn $10,000 or more a year and 30 percent of all lawyers earn $10,000 or more a year, including those just graduated and beginning their professional practice. Fewer than five percent of America's educators will earn $10,000 this year.

More discouraging still, American colleges last spring graduated about 87,000 teachers, which is actually a smaller number than the 95,000 who left American school systems during that same year. It is a commentary on something or other that the average telephone operator in a small town in the United States earned more than the average small town school teacher.

In a recent Gallup poll about 30 percent of the adult Americans polled were unable to identify at all such names as Beethoven, Napoleon, and Shakespeare. Ten percent had no idea of who Columbus was, and about two-thirds had never heard of Karl Marx, Aristotle, Tolstoy, or Raphael. Eight out of 10 had never heard of Freud, and practically no one could identify Rubens. This cultural survey included Americans who had graduated from grade school, high school, and college. Freud was described by one woman as the King of Egypt. Aristotle was identified by an American farmer as an ancient god. Another person said that Shakespeare was the founder of the dictionary, and several thought that Shakespeare had had something to do with writing but they did not know just what. Karl Marx was described as a movie comedian, and Rubens was credited with discovering shirts.

Even in privately endowed education the standards are dropping dangerously, partly at least because of poor pay and the bleak future that lies ahead of any master nowadays.

The teaching standards have of course deteriorated wherever the curriculum has become easier. Reading and writing simple English in this era of television, radio, movies, and the automobile has fallen to such poor quality that many large American business organizations have established remedial clinics, particularly for poor spellers and slow readers.

Universal instruction however fine in theory is beginning to substitute quantity for quality. This is particularly sad as more and more leisure time becomes available and that leisure time comes more and more to mean simply staring endlessly into a badly lighted TV set, listening to one inanity or brutality after another, with less and less ability to read and understand the printed word.

Since a major function of education is to provide adults with the capacity for self-advancement, widened interest and mature use of expanding leisure time, the basic teaching—the public school educational ladder—must be undeniably strong and capable. But it goes deeper than that—intelligent voting, intelligent civic life are utterly dependent on the ability to read a printed page and understand it, to communicate in writing and speech precisely what we are thinking, and to be able to separate the demagogue's dangerous nonsense from the truth. ◆

The PURPOSE of Fiction

by Clayton Hamilton

Before anyone can set out upon a study of the materials and methods of fiction, he must appreciate the purpose of the art and understand its relation to the other arts and sciences. *The purpose of fiction is to embody certain truths of human life in a series of imagined facts.*

The importance of this purpose is scarcely ever appreciated by the casual careless reader of the novels of a season. Although it is commonly believed that such a reader overestimates the weight of works of fiction, the opposite is true—he underestimates it. Every novelist of genuine importance seeks not merely to divert but also to instruct—to instruct, not abstractly like the essayist, but concretely, by presenting to the reader characters and actions which are true. For the best fiction, although it deals with the lives of imaginary people, is no less true than the best history and biography, which record actual facts of human life; and it is more true than such careless reports of actual occurrences as are published in the daily newspapers.

The truth of worthy fiction is evidenced by the honor in which it has been held in all ages among all races. "You can't fool all the people all the time"; and if the drama and the epic and the novel were not true, the human race would have rejected them many centuries ago. Fiction has survived, and flourishes today because it is a means of telling truth.

It is only in the vocabulary of very careless thinkers that the words *truth* and *fiction* are regarded as opposites. A genuine antithesis exists between the words *fact* and *fiction;* but *fact* and *truth* are not synonymous. The novelist forsakes the realm of fact in order that he may better tell the truth. He lures the reader away from actualities in order to present him with realities. It is of prime importance in our present study therefore that we understand at the very outset the relation between fact and truth, the distinction between the actual and the real.

A fact is a specific manifestation of a general law: this general law is the truth because of which that fact has come to be. It is a fact that when an apple tree is shaken by the wind, such apples as may be loosened from their twigs fall to the ground. It is a truth that bodies in space attract each other with a force that varies inversely as the square of the distance between them.

Fact is concrete and is a matter of physical experience; truth is abstract and is a matter of mental theory. Actuality is the realm

of fact, reality the realm of truth. The universe as we apprehend it with our senses is actual; the laws of the universe as we comprehend them with our understanding are real.

All human science is an endeavor to discover the truths which underlie the facts that we perceive; all human philosophy is an endeavor to understand and to appraise those truths when once they are discovered; and all human art is an endeavor to utter them clearly and effectively when once they are appraised and understood.

The history of man is the history of a constant and continuous seeking for the truth. Amazed before a universe of facts, he has striven earnestly to discover the truth which underlies them—striven heroically to understand the large reality of which the actual is but a sensuously perceptible embodiment. In the earliest centuries of recorded thought the search was unmethodical; truth was apprehended, if at all, by intuition, and announced as dogma.

But in modern centuries certain regular methods have been devised to hide the search. The modern scientist begins his work by collecting a large number of apparently related facts and arranging them in an orderly manner. He then proceeds to induce from the observation of these facts an apprehension of the general law that explains their relation. This hypothesis is then tested in the light of further facts, until it seems so incontestable that the minds of men accept it as the truth. The scientist then formulates it in an abstract theoretic statement, and thus concludes his work.

But it is at this point that the philosopher begins. Accepting many truths from many scientists, the philosopher compares, reconciles and correlates them, and thus builds out of them a structure of belief. But this structure of belief remains abstract and theoretic in the mind of the philosopher.

It is now the artist's turn. Accepting the correlated theoretic truths which the scientist and the philosopher have given him, he dresses them up so they are perceptible to the senses. He translates them back into concrete terms; he clothes them in invented facts; he makes them imaginatively perceptible to minds used to actuality; and thus he gives expression to the truth.

This triple process of the scientific discovery, the philosophic understanding, and the artistic expression of truth has been explained at length, because every great writer of fiction must pass through the entire mental process. The fiction writer differs from other seekers for the truth, not in the method of his thought, but merely in its subject matter. His theme is human life. It is some truth of human life that he endeavors to discover, to understand, and to explain. In order to complete his work, he must apply to human life an attention of thought which is successively scientific, philosophic and artistic.

He must first observe carefully certain facts of actual life, study them in the light of extended experience, and induce from them the general laws which he deems to be the truths underlying them. In doing this he is a scientist. Next, if he be a great thinker, he will correlate these truths and build out of them a structure of belief. In doing this he is a philosopher. Lastly he must create imaginatively such scenes and characters as will illustrate the truths he has discovered and considered and will convey them clearly and effectively to the minds of his readers. In doing this he is an artist.

Although this triple mental process is experienced in full by every master of fiction, we find that certain authors are interested most in the first, or scientific phase of the process, others in the second, or philosophic phase, and still others in the third, or artistic phase. Evidently Emile Zola is interested chiefly in a scientific investigation of the actual facts of life, George Eliot in a philosophic contemplation of its underlying truths, and Gabriele D'Annunzio in an artistic presentation of the dream-world that he imagines.

Few are the writers, even among the greatest masters of th art, of whom we feel, as we feel of Hawthorne, that the scientis the philosopher, and the artist reign over equal precincts of the minds. Hawthorne the scientist is so thorough, so accurate, and precise in his investigations of provincial life that no less a crit than James Russell Lowell declared *The House of the Seven Gable* to be "the most valuable contribution to New England histor that has yet been made." Hawthorne the philosopher is so wise i his understanding of crime and retribution, so firm in his structur of belief concerning moral truth; and Hawthorne the artist is s delicate in his sensitive and loving presentation of the beautifu so masterly both in structure and in style, that his work, i artistry alone, is its own excuse for being. Were it not for th *confinement* of his fiction—its lack of range and sweep, both i subject matter and in attitude of mind—his work on this accoun might be regarded as an illustration of all that may be great i the threefold process of creation.

Fiction, to borrow a figure from chemical science, *is life distilled* In the author's mind, the actual is first evaporated to the real, an the real is then condensed to the imagined. The author first trans- mutes the concrete actualities of life into abstract realities, an then he transmutes these abstract realities into concrete imaginings Necessarily, if he has pursued this mental process without a fallacy his imaginings will be true, because they represent realities, which in turn have been induced from actualities.

In one of his criticisms of the greatest modern dramatist, William Archer has called attention to the fact that "habitually and instinctively men pay to Ibsen the compliment (so often paid to Shakespeare) of discussing certain of his female characters as though they were real women, living lives apart from the poet's creative intelligence." (The critic, in saying "real women", meant what is more precisely denoted by the words "actual women.")

Such a compliment is paid instinctively to every master of the art of fiction, and the reason is not hard to understand. If the general laws of life which the novelist has thought out are true laws, and if his imaginative embodiment of them is at all points thoroughly consistent, his characters will be true men and women in the highest sense. They will not be actual, but they will be real.

The great characters of fiction—Sir Willoughby Patterne, Tito Melema, D'Artagnan, Pere Grandet, Rosalind, Tartuffe, Hamlet, Ulysses—embody truths of human life that have been arrived at only after thorough observation of facts and patient induction from them. Cervantes must have observed a multitude of dreamers before he learned the truth of the idealist's character which he has expressed in Don Quixote.

The great people of fiction are typical of large classes of mankind. They live more truly than do you and I because they are made of us and of many men besides. They have the large reality of general ideas, which is a truer thing than the actuality of facts. This is why we know them and think of them as real people—old acquaintances we knew (perhaps) before we were born, when (as is conceivable) we lived with them in Plato's Realm of Ideas. In France, instead of calling a man a miser, they call him an Harpagon. We know Rosalind as we know our sweetest summer love; Hamlet is our elder brother and understands our own wavering and faltering.

Instinctively also we regard the great people of fiction as more real than many of the actual people of a bygone age whose deeds are chronicled in dusty histories. To a modern mind, if you conjure with the name of Marcus Brutus, you will start the spirit of Shakespeare's fictitious patriot—not of actual Brutus, but a very different one, whose doings are dimly reported by the chroniclers of Rome. The Richelieu of Dumas Pere may bear but slight resemblance to the actual founder of the French Academy, but he

lives for us more really than the Richelieu of many histories. We know Hamlet even better than we know Henri-Frederic Amiel, who in many ways was like him, even though Amiel has reported himself more thoroughly than almost any other actual man.

We may go a step further and declare that the actual people of any age can live in the memory of after ages only when the facts of their characters and their careers have been transmuted into a sort of fiction by the minds of creative historians. Actually, in 1815 there was but one Napoleon; now there are as many Napoleons as there are biographies and histories of him. He has been recreated in one way by one author, in another by another; and you may take your choice. You may accept the Julius Caesar of George Bernard Shaw or the Julius Caesar of Thomas De Quincey. The first is frankly fiction; and the second, not so frankly, is fiction also—just as far from actuality as Shakespeare's adaptation of Plutarch's portraiture.

One of the most vivid illustrations of how a great creative mind honestly seeking to discover, to understand, and to express the truth concerning actual characters of the past necessarily makes fiction of those characters, is given by Thomas Carlyle in his *Heroes and Hero-Worship*. Here in Carlyle's method of procedure it is easy to discern that threefold process of creation which is undergone

On the following pages WISDOM presents a portfolio of fictional characters born of the probing minds and passionate hearts of great authors.

by the fiction-making mind. An examination of recorded facts concerning Mohammed, Dante, Luther, or Burns leads him to a discovery and a formulation of certain abstract truths concerning the Hero as Prophet, as Poet, as Priest, or as Man of Letters. Thereafter, in composing his historical studies, he sets forth only such actual facts as conform with his philosophic understanding of the truth and will therefore represent this understanding with the utmost emphasis. He makes fiction of his heroes in order most emphatically to tell the truth about them.

Arbitrary plotting as a rule is of no avail in fiction. Almost always we know when a story is true and when it is not. We seldom believe in the long-lost will that is discovered at last on the back of a decaying picture-canvas, or in the chance meeting and mutual discovery of long-separated relatives, or in such accidental circumstances as the one, for instance, because of which Romeo fails to receive the message from Friar Laurence.

The incidents of fiction at its best are not only probable but inevitable. They happen because in the nature of things they have to happen and not because the author wants them to. Similarly the truest characters of fiction are so real that even their creator has no power to make them do what they will not. It has been told of Thackeray that he grew so to love Colonel Newcome that he wished ardently that the good man might live happily until the end. Yet, knowing the circumstances in which the Colonel was enmeshed and knowing also the nature of the people who formed the little circle round about him, Thackeray realized that his last days would of necessity be miserable; and realizing this the author told the bitter truth though it cost him many tears.

The careless reader of fiction usually supposes that because the novelist invents his characters and incidents he can order them always to suit his own desires. But any honest artist will tell you that his characters often grow intractable and stubbornly refuse at certain points to accept the incidents which he has foreordained for them; at other times they take matters into their own hands and run away with the story. Stevenson has recorded this latter experience. He said, apropos of *Kidnapped;* "In one of my books, and in one only, the characters took the bit in their teeth; all at once, they became detached from the flat paper, they turned their backs on me and walked off bodily; and from that time my task was stenographic—it was they who spoke, it was they who wrote the remainder of the story."

The laws of life and not the author's will must finally decide the destinies of heroes and of heroines. On the evening of February 3, 1850, just after he had written the last scene of *The Scarlet Letter,* Hawthorne read it to his wife—"Tried to read it, rather," he wrote the next day in a letter to his friend, Horatio Bridge, "for my voice swelled and heaved, as if I were tossed up and down on an ocean as it subsides after a storm. But I was in a very nervous state then, having gone through a great diversity of emotion while writing it for many months."

Is it not conceivable that, in the "great diversity of emotion" which the author experienced while bringing his story to a close, he was tempted more than once to state that Hester and Dimmesdale escaped upon the Bristol ship and thereafter expiated their offense in holy and serviceable lives? But if such a thought occurred to him, he put it by, knowing that the revelation of the scarlet letter was inexorably demanded by the highest moral law.

We now can understand how fiction at its best is much more true than such careless reports of actual occurrences as are published in the daily newspapers. Water that has been distilled is much more really H_2O than the muddied natural liquid in the bulb of the retort; and life that has been clarified in the threefold alembic of the fiction writer's mind is much more really life than the clouded and unrealized events that are reported in daily chronicles of fact. The newspaper may tell us that a man who left his office in an apparently normal state of mind went home and shot his wife. But people don't do such things, and though the story states an actual occurrence it does not tell the truth. The only way in which the reporter could make this story true would be for him to trace out all the antecedent causes which led inevitably to the culminating incident. *The incident itself can become true for us only when we are made to understand it.*

Robert Louis Stevenson once remarked that whenever, in a story by a friend of his, he came upon a passage that was notably untrue, he always suspected that it had been transcribed directly from actual life. The author had been too sure of the facts to ask himself in what way they were representative of the general laws of life. But facts are important to the careful thinker only as they are significant of truth.

Doubtless an omniscient mind would realize a reason for every accidental and apparently insignificant occurrence of actual life. Doubtless, for example, the Universal Mind must understand why Milton went blind and Beethoven was stricken deaf. But to a finite mind such occurrences seem unsignificant of truth; they do not seem to be indicative of a necessary law. And since the fiction-writer has a finite mind, the laws of life which he can understand are more restrictedly logical than those undiscovered laws of actual life which pass his understanding. Many a casual occurrence of the actual world would therefore be inadmissible in the intellectually ordered world of fiction. A novelist has no right to set forth a sequence of events which, in its causes and effects, he cannot make the reader understand.

We are now touching on a principle which is seldom appreciated by beginners in the art of fiction. Every college professor of literary composition who has accused a student of falsity in some passage of a story that the student has submitted has been met with the triumphant but unreasonable answer, "Oh, no, it's true! It happened to a friend of mine!" And it has then become necessary for the professor to explain as best he could that an actual occurrence is not necessarily true for the purposes of fiction. The imagined facts of a genuinely worthy story are exhibited merely because they are representative of some general law of life held securely in the writer's consciousness. A transcription, therefore, of actual facts fails in the purposes of fiction unless the facts in themselves are evidently representative of such a law. Many things may happen to a friend of ours without evidencing to a considerate mind any logical reason why they had to happen.

It is necessary that the student appreciate the importance of this principle at the very outset of his apprenticeship to the art. For it is only by sticking rigorously to the truth that fiction can survive. In every period of literature many clever authors have appeared who have diverted their contemporaries with ingenious invention, brilliant incident, unexpected novelty of character, or alluring eloquence of style, but who have been discarded and forgotten by succeeding generations merely because they failed to tell the truth.

Probably in the whole range of English fiction there is no more skillful weaver of enthralling plots, no more clever master of invention or manipulator of suspense than Wilkie Collins; but Collins is already discarded and well nigh forgotten because the reading world has found that he exhibited no truths of genuine importance, but rather sacrificed the eternal realities of life for more momentary plausibilities. Probably also there is no artist in French prose more seductive in his eloquence than Rene de Chateaubriand; but his fiction is no longer read because the world has found that his sentimentalism was to this extent a sham—it was false to the nature of normal human beings. *Alice in Wonderland* will survive the works of both these able authors because of the many and momentous human truths that look upon us through its drift of dreams.

The whole question of the morality or immorality of a work of fiction is a question merely of its truth or falsity. To appreciate this point we must first be careful to distinguish immorality from coarseness. The morality of a fiction writer is not dependent on the decency of his expression. In fact the history of literature shows that authors frankly coarse, like Rabelais or Swift for instance, have rarely or never been immoral—also that the most immoral books have been written in the most delicate language. Swift and Rabelais are moral, because they tell the truth with sanity and vigor. We may object to certain passages in their writings on esthetic but not on ethical grounds. They may offend our taste, but they are not likely to lead astray our judgment—far less likely than D'Annunzio for instance who, although he never offends the most delicate esthetic taste, sicklies o'er with the pale cast of his poetry a sad unsanity of outlook upon the ultimate deep truths of human life.

In the second place we must bravely realize that the morality of a work of fiction has little or no dependence on the subject that it treats. It is utterly unjust to the novelist to decide, as many unreasonable readers do, that such a book as Daudet's *Sappho* must be of necessity immoral because it exhibits immoral characters in a series of immoral acts. There is no such thing as an immoral subject for a novel. In the treatment of the subject, and only in the treatment, lies the basis for ethical judgment of the work.

The one thing a novel needs to be moral is that the author maintain throughout his work a sane and healthy insight into the soundness or unsoundness of the relations between his characters. He must know when they are right and know when they are wrong and must make clear to us the reasons for his judgment. He cannot be immoral unless he is untrue. To make us pity his characters when they are vile, or love them when they are noxious, to invent excuses for them in situations where they cannot be excused, to leave us satisfied when their baseness has been unbetrayed, to make us wonder if after all the exception is not greater than the rule—in a single word, to lie about his characters— this is for the fiction-writer the one unpardonable sin! ◆

DANTE

Of all the medieval writers, Dante has probably the greatest significance for modern man. Born in Florence, he represented the glorious spirit of that city, and when he was exiled he could never forget the place where he was born. His life was dominated by his great love for Beatrice, who to him was the symbol of perfection. The works of Dante, especially "The Divine Comedy," are characterized by the elaborate use of symbolism and by his attempt to give a unified account of man, nature and God.

DANTE ALIGHIERI (1265-1321)

The Divine Comedy by Dante Alighieri, written between 1302 and the author's death in 1321, is at once a vision of life beyond death, an allegory of the Christian life and a spiritual autobiography.

In his master work, divided into three major categories, Dante presents the Catholic beliefs of Hell, Purgatory and Paradise by means of an imaginary journey through these regions of the after-world with Virgil, the Latin poet, as his guide.

The two poets first visit the Gates of Hell and witness the tortures of the forever damned, guilty in their lifetimes of heinous sins; they travel on to Purgatory and view those souls suffering for the lesser crimes of pride, envy, anger and indifference.

Arriving finally at Paradise they are permitted to wander at will and be dazzled at the visions of beauty, to witness the triumphs of the souls of the blessed, and for a brief moment to glimpse the greatest of mysteries, the Trinity and man's union with the divine.

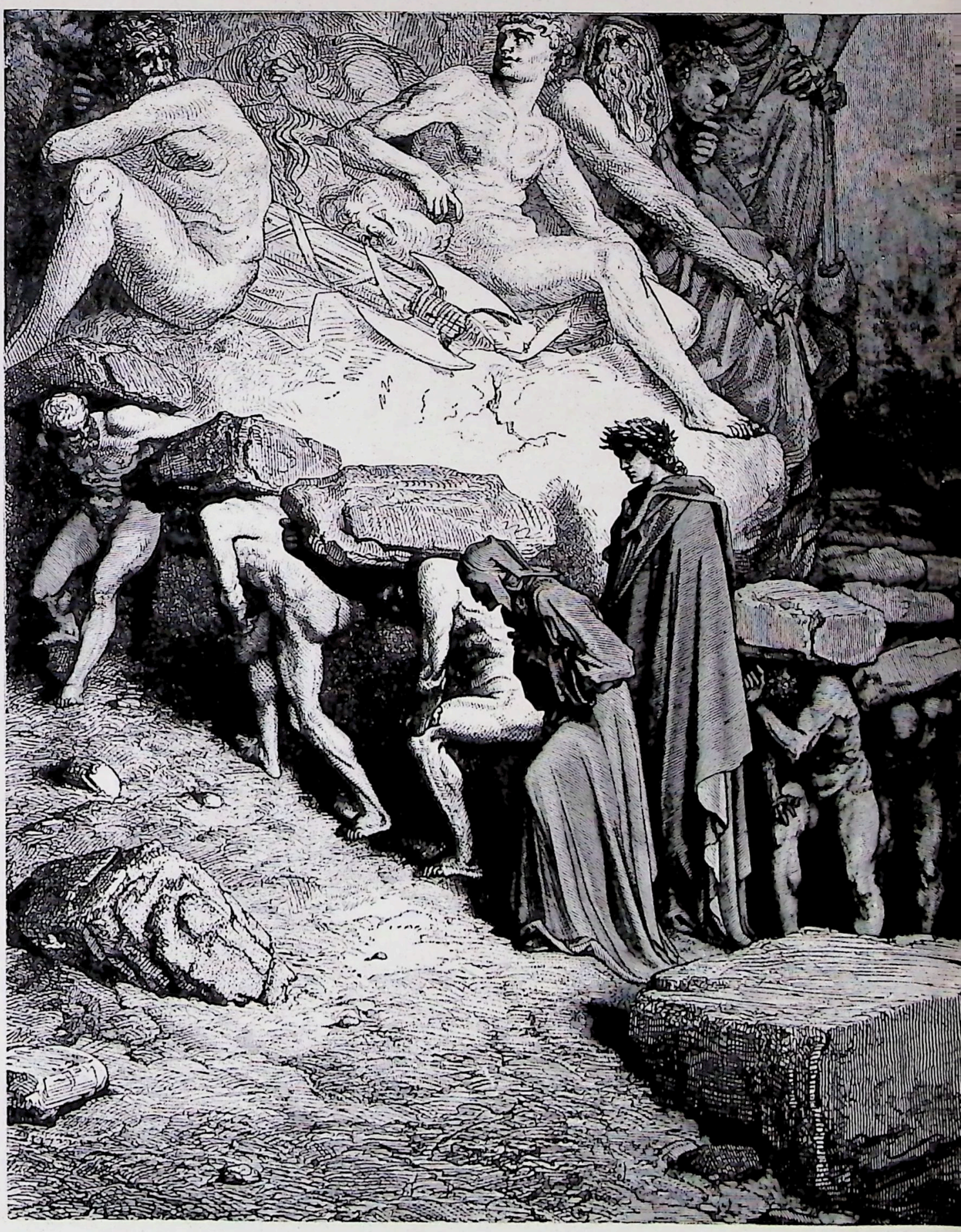
As a sub-theme Dante delineates his own redemption from sensuality through the influence of his ideal devotion to Beatrice, the soul of his beloved.

In an exact form of 100 cantos—34 for Hell, and 33 each for Purgatory and Paradise—Dante employed all of the science, mythology and poetic machinery furnished by the learning of the 14th century.

The Divine Comedy with the austere beauty of its measured verse, its loftiness of conception and its variety of images, has won a high place in the great literature of the world.

With equal pace, as oxen in the yoke,
I, with that laden spirit, journey'd on,
Long as the mild instructor suffer'd me;
But, when he bade me quit him, and proceed
(For "Here," said he, "behoves with sail and oars
Each man, as best he may, push on his bark"),
Upright, as one disposed for speed, I raised
By body, still in thought submissive bow'd.

PURGATORIO, CANTO XII



THE BURDEN OF PRIDE

ULYSSES PERSECUTED BY NEPTUNE WITH TEMPESTS

HOMER

Homer's writings influenced not only Greek culture but our own time. Born in Asia Minor, he lived some time before 700 B. C. In the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey,* he drew upon the accounts of earlier poets. Homer believed that all of life is dominated by fate which man cannot defy. Because a strain of skepticism prevails in Homer, he was attacked by Plato who regarded his poetry as a subversive influence upon Greek youth. However, the literary achievements of Homer have outlasted the criticism of Plato.

HOMER

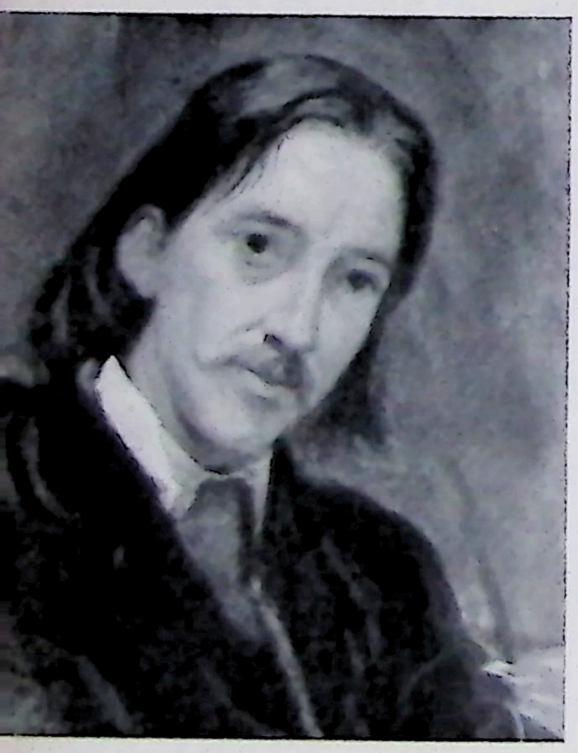
The Odyssey, a sequel to the *Iliad,* narrates the 10 years' adventures of Ulysses, the hero of the Trojan War, during his return journey from Troy to his own kingdom, the island of Ithaca. The epic poem is concerned with Ulysses' difficulties in reaching his home after the war has been won by the Greeks.

During the extended journey the courageous Greek chieftain and his men experience every possible test of courage and skill. They meet with shipwreck and imprisonment; they are threatened by monsters, lured by sirens, and confronted with the magic of Circe, the enchantress. Woven into these stories within a story are the treasures of Greek folklore and mythology. It is adventure on the grand scale, with gods and giants and a larger-than-lifesize hero.

Attributed to Homer, the blind bard, this classic narrative has held the attention of readers since it first appeared six centuries before Christ.

Harass'd as he was, resign'd he yet
His raft, but buffeting the waves aside
With desp'rate efforts, seized it, and again
Fast seated on the middle deck, escaped.
Then roll'd the raft at random in the flood,
Wallowing unwieldy, toss'd from wave to wave...
My raft, I will endure whatever woes,
But when the waves shall shatter it, I will swim,
My sole resource then left. While thus he mused,
Neptune a billow of enormous bulk
Hollow'd into an overwhelming arch
On high up-heaving, smote him...

THE ODYSSEY



R. L. STEVENSON *(1850-1894)*

STEVENSON

Although Robert Louis Stevenson was tortured by ill health, he was a tireless traveler and visited the United States, Belgium, and France, as well as Samoa where he is buried. His works, universal in appeal, include *Treasure Island, The Child's Garden Of Verses, Kidnapped, An Inland Voyage,* and *The Strange Case of Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* Stevenson believed in the interdependence of man and nature and he showed that man had to explore new vistas even if this led to his doom and destruction.

Though the plot of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is fantastic, Stevenson gains credibility by the excellence of his writing and the fascination of his subject. He tells the story of a London physician, Dr. Jekyll, a kindly man, of fine character and established position. The good doctor, however, has always been intrigued by man's capacity for evil. Experimenting with the potentialities of drugs, he hits on a combination of chemicals which, when swallowed, drastically alters his being. For a period of time his face becomes a hideous mask and his character cruel and violent. Dr. Jekyll's curiosity impells him to drink again and again of the potion until finally the evil side of his personality gains ascendancy and he commits murder. Bizarre as the story is, it holds a kernel of truth that has intrigued the philosopher and the religionist through the ages—the duality of man's nature.

He reeled, staggered . . . staring with injected eyes, gasping with open mouth; and, as I looked, there came, I thought, a change; he seemed to swell; his face became suddenly black, and the features seemed to melt and alter . . . Groping before him with his hands, like a man restored from death—there stood Henry Jekyll!

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

THE TRANSFORMATION

ZOLA

The ideals of naturalism are associated with Zola who played a notable part in *The Dreyfus Case*. His article *J'Accuse* published in 1898 has become a classic in modern journalism. Zola had a passionate regard for social justice and thus he would tolerate no hypocrisy either in literature or in politics. He believed that it was the task of the novelist to describe life in realistic terms. He has influenced almost all of the contemporary French writers, especially Camus and Jean Paul Sartre.

EMILE ZOLA (1840-1902)

For over a period of 20 years (1872-1892), novel after novel came from the pen of Emile Zola to shock and alarm the readers of France. Combining the incisiveness of a sociologist and the perception of an artist, the great French writer turned his merciless gaze on every segment of French life.

Each successive novel was a pitiless dissection of an area of French society: of the political and financial world, of the peasants or the bourgeoisie, of the lives of the workers in the mines or on the railroad, of the artists, the military, or the clergy.

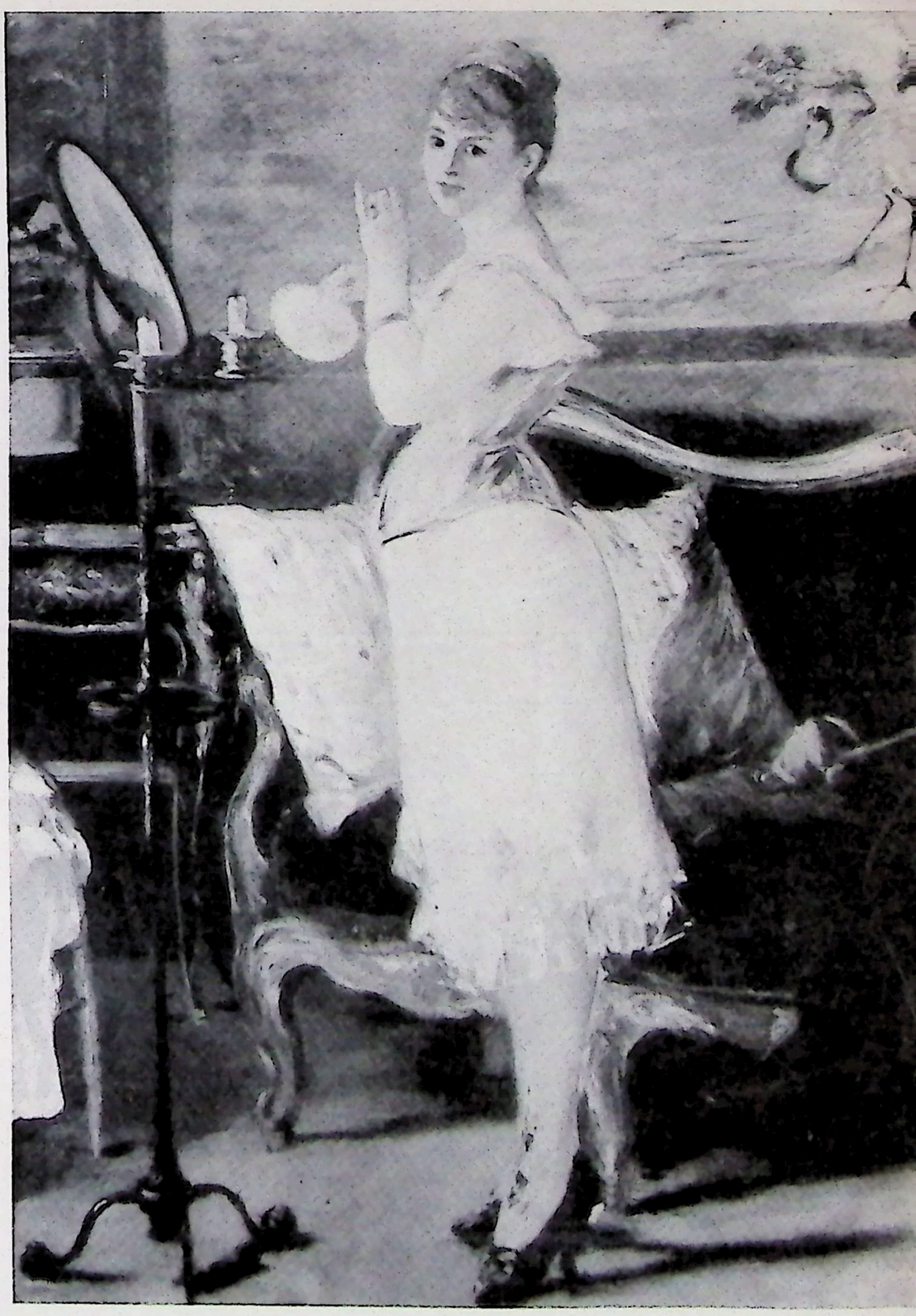
In *Nana,* Zola directed his attention to a woman of the Paris streets risen to riches through the corrupt use of her unusual physical beauty. Her character is foreshadowed in an earlier novel—*The Dram Shop* ("L'Assommoir")—where she appears first as the daughter of Gervaise, the washerwoman, and the drunken tinsmith, Coupeau.

Nana is a sermon against lust and an indictment of the social decay which marked the reign of Napoleon III.

One critic remarked that he had been able to read a novel of Zola's only by holding his nose. Brutally realistic as his books were, they sold thousands of copies and gained for Zola a world-wide fame.

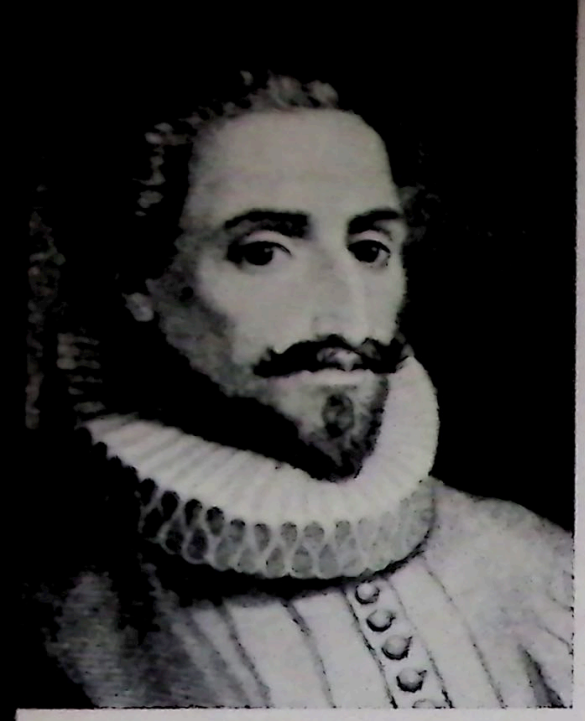
Nana was so white and plump, and looked so natural in a part demanding wide hips and a voluptuous mouth . . . She triumphed by right of her marble flesh, and that sexual nature of hers, which was strong enough to destroy the whole crowd of her adorers and yet sustain no injury . . . Nevertheless, despite her luxurious life and her group of courtiers, Nana was nearly bored to death. She had men for every minute of the night, and money overflowed even among the brushes and combs in the drawers of her dressing-table. But all this had ceased to satisfy her; she felt that there was a void somewhere or other, an empty place provocative of yawns. Her life dragged on devoid of occupation, and successive days only brought back the same monotonous hours . . . Her sole care was to look after herself, to wash and to perfume her limbs . . .

NANA



NANA: *Painting by Edouard Manet*

CERVANTES



MIGUEL DE CERVANTES
SAAVEDRA (1547-1616)

Born in 1547, Cervantes was a poet, dramatist and novelist, as well as a tireless warrior who fought against the Moors. He was in his fifties when his masterpiece was published; most of his life he was tormented by his creditors. Cervantes believed that the ideals of knighthood were becoming obsolete and that a new code of manners was needed. In his works we find a constant conflict between a romantic and a realistic perspective. Unamuno, one of the great Spanish writers of the 20th century, places "Don Quixote" among the best representations of the spirit of Spain.

DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO, VICTIMS
OF A MONSTROUS PRACTICAL JOKE

. . . they were in effect airing him with several huge pairs of bellows. "Without doubt, Sancho," said he, "we must by this time have reached the second region of the air . . . if we go on mounting at this rate, we shall soon reach the regions of fire." . . . thus discoursing, they felt their faces warmed by some flax set on fire at the end of long canes. Sancho now cried: "May I be hanged if we are not already at that same region of fire . . . it has singed a great part of my beard; I have a great mind, sir, to peep out and see whereabouts we are."

The best of it was that his eyes were shut; for he was asleep, and dreaming that he was engaged in battle with the giant. Fancying he was cleaving the giant down, he had given the skins so many cuts that the whole room was afloat with wine.

QUIXOTE FIGHTS THE ADVERSARY

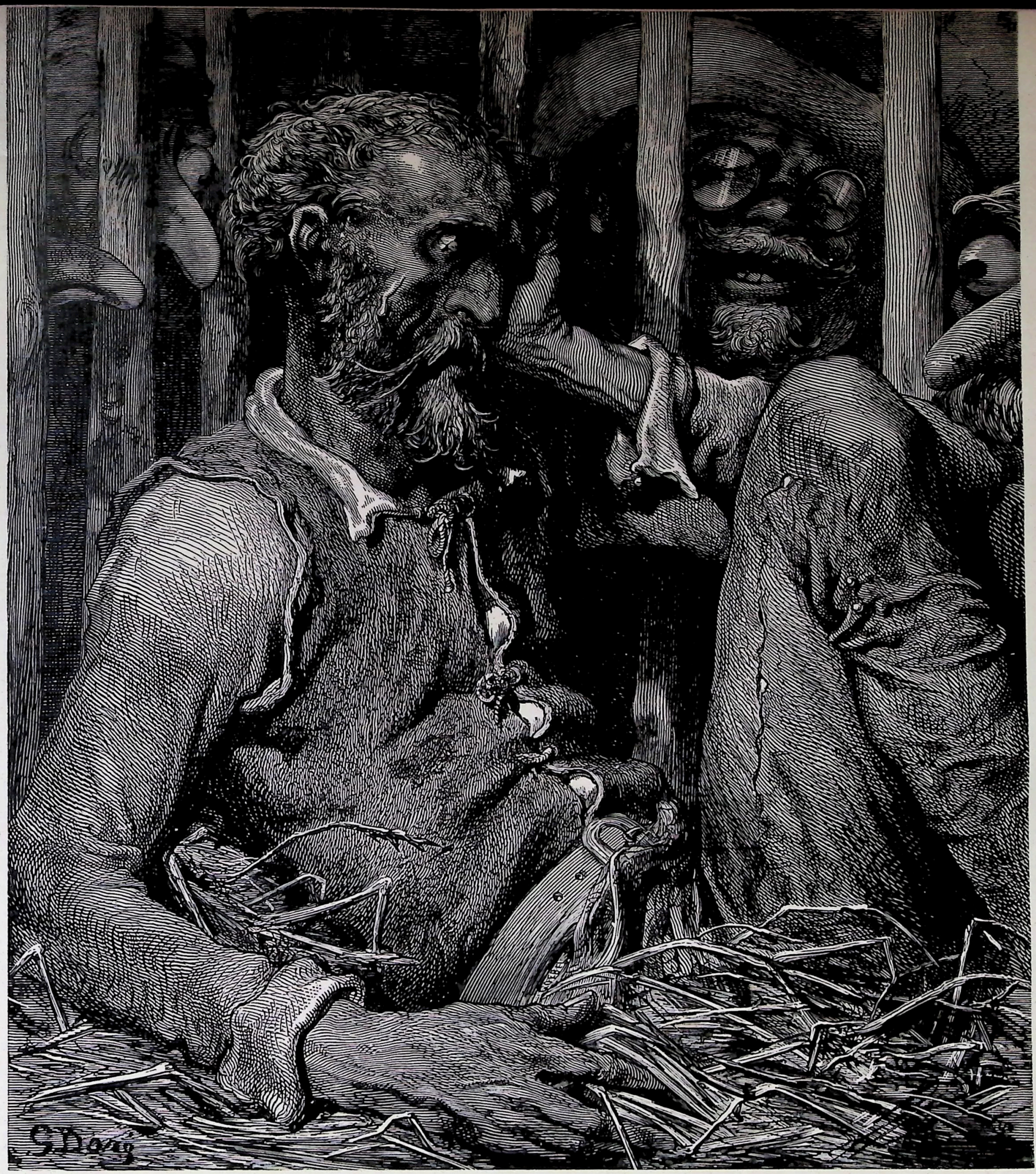
ROZINANTE'S PATIENCE SAVES QUIXOTE

"Hold, lady, the hand, which no other woman ever touched before." . . . Making a running knot on the halter, she cast it on the wrist of his hand, and then, descending from the hole, she tied the other end of the halter very fast to the lock of the barn door . . . as soon as Maritornes had tied him she and the other almost burst for laughter, and ran away and left him tied in such a manner that it was impossible for him to loose himself. He stood . . . on Rozinante's saddle . . . having his arm . . . fastened by the wrist to the lock, and was in fear that if Rozinante budged . . . he should fall and hang by the arm . . .

Don Quixote de la Mancha was such a success in its own time that soon after its publication in 1605 citizens of Spain regarded the two main characters—Don Quixote, the kindly but deluded country gentleman, and Sancho Panza, the simple squire—as veritable types.

Cervantes' original intention was to ridicule the books on chivalry still popular in his day; however *Don Quixote* grew into a vast panorama of Spanish society of the 16th century. Nobles, knights, ladies, traders, farmers, barbers, muleteers, scullions, convicts, crowd its pages.

With a variety of incident, wealth of comedy and irrepressible high spirits, Cervantes relates the tale of the retired and impoverished gentleman who had read so many romances of knightly quests and damsels in distress that his mind was unhinged. One day he decides to imitate the heroes of these books and donning his great-grandfather's old suit of armor he sets out on his bony nag, Rozinante, to set the world aright. Accom-



panying him on an ass is a squat, shallow-brained rustic, Sancho Panza, as his "squire."

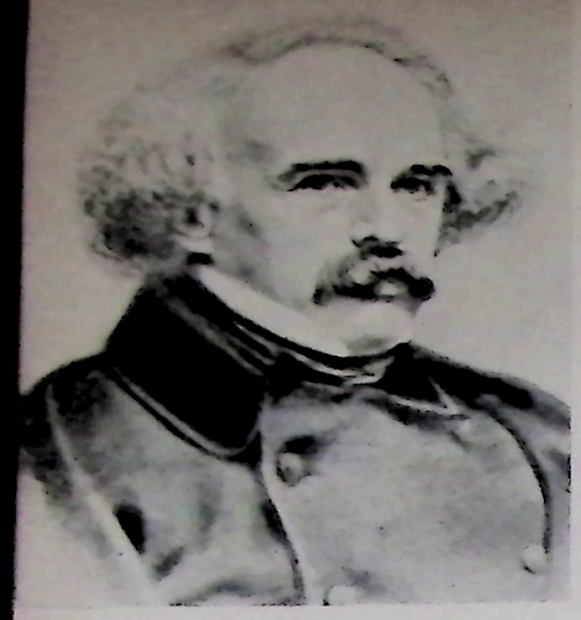
Chosen as a mistress to whom to dedicate his deeds of valor is a buxom peasant wench famous for her skill in salting pork. To Don Quixote, however, with his dreams of grandeur, she is a "fair lady" and he promptly christens her "Dulcinea del Toboso."

The misfortunes that beset Don Quixote and Sancho as they travel around the land in search of honors to win and fields to conquer are numerous and comic. No sooner is their skin saved from one scrape than they are involved in another.

Through the ages the book has lost none of its savor and, if anything, is even more popular today, for in Don Quixote we recognize all those confused idealists who, instilled with the best intentions, lack a cause worthy of their excitement.

Left cooped up in this manner, the cage being placed upon the ox-wagon, Don Quixote thus spoke: "Many and most grave histories have I read of knights-errant, but I never read, saw or heard of enchanted knights being carried away after this manner, so slowly as the tread of these lazy, heavy animals seems to promise" . . .
Don Quixote sat very passively in the cage, his legs stretched out, leaning against the bars, with as much patience and silence as if he had not been a man of flesh and blood, but a statue of stone . . . "I am enchanted in this cage by the envy and fraud of wicked necromancers, for virtue is more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the good. A knight-errant I am, not one whose name fame has forgotten to eternize, but one of those who, in spite of envy itself, in spite of all the magi of Persia, the brachmans of India and the gymnosophists of Ethiopia, shall enroll his name in the temple of immortality, to serve as an example and mirror of future ages."

HAWTHORNE



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
(1804-1864)

Hawthorne is generally regarded as the master of the psychological novel. Among his works we find *Twice Told Tales, The House of the Seven Gables, Our Old Home, Wonder Book, The Marble Faun* as well as his *Scarlet Letter*. No writer has surpassed him in his penetrating description of puritanism, which to Hawthorne was one of the perennial aspects of American life. Like Melville, Hawthorne made prolific use of symbolism in his stories which have a unique fascination for the 20th century reader.

HESTER
AND ARTHUR
CLAIM A STOLEN
MOMENT IN THE WOODS

They sat down again, side by side, and hand clasped in hand, on the mossy trunk of the fallen tree . . . No golden light had ever been so precious as the gloom of this dark forest. Here, seen only by his eyes, the scarlet letter need not burn into the bosom of the fallen woman! Here, seen only by her eyes, Arthur Dimmesdale, false to God and man, might be, for one moment, true!

THE SCARLET LETTER

HESTER, HER ILLEGITIMATE CHILD IN HER ARMS, FACES PUBLIC SCORN

The elder clergyman addressed to the multitude a discourse on sin, in all its branches, but with continual reference to the ignominious letter . . . Hester Prynne, meanwhile, kept her place upon the pedestal of shame, with glazed eyes, and an air of weary indifference. She had borne, that morning, all that nature could endure . . .

THE SCARLET LETTER

Such was his sense of power over this virgin soul, trusting him, that the minister felt potent to blight all the field of innocence with but one wicked look, and develop all its opposite with but a word. So—with a mightier struggle than he had yet sustained—he held his Geneva cloak before his face, and hurried onward, making no sign of recognition . . .

THE SCARLET LETTER

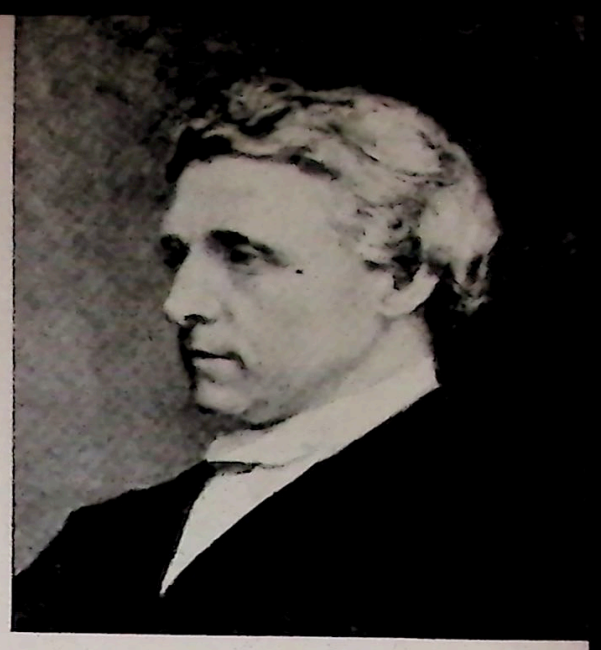
ARTHUR, OVERCOME WITH SHAME, HIDES FROM A CHURCH MEMBER

Set in Puritan Boston of 200 years ago, Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* traces the effect a single misdeed has on the four chief characters he creates for us: Hester Prynne, condemned for life to wear her shame openly for all the world to see—a scarlet letter "A" ("Adultress") embroidered on her breast; her secret partner in sin, Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale, the young but revered minister of the town, his character corroding under his silent guilt and remorse; her husband, Roger Chillingworth, filled with vengeance and hate; and Pearl, the innocent and capricious child of the forbidden union.

THE DUCHESS
"You're thinking about something, my dear, and that makes you forget to talk. I can't tell you just now what the moral of that is, but I shall remember it in a bit." . . . "Perhaps it hasn't one," Alice ventured to remark . . . "Tut, tut, child!" said the Duchess. "Everything's got a moral, if only you can find it."

CARROLL

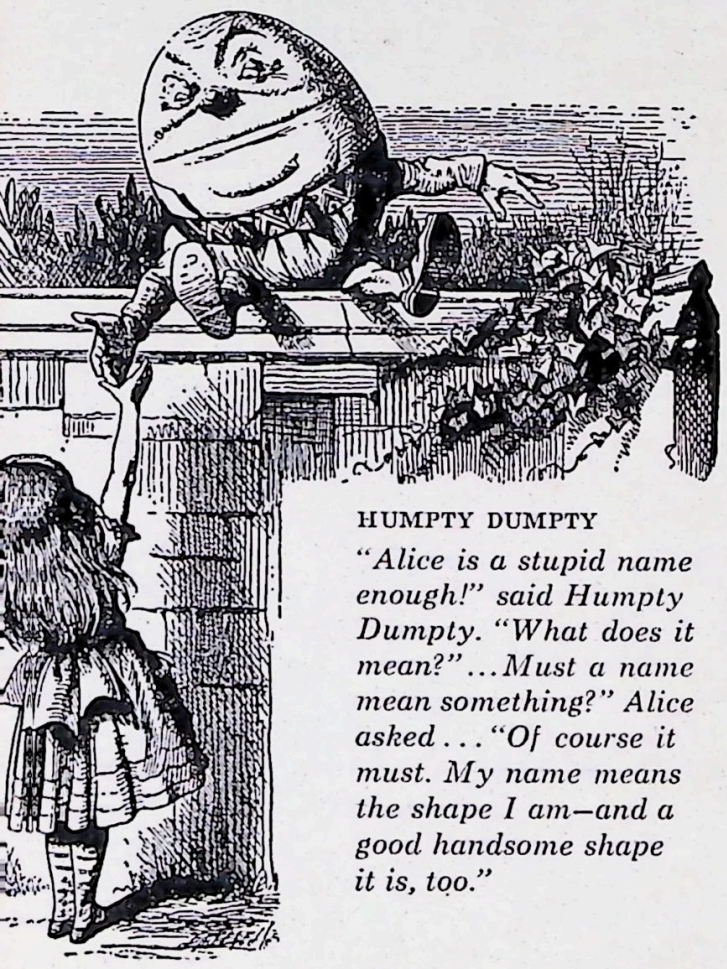
The real name of Lewis Carroll was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, a professor of mathematics at Oxford University. He was an authority on Euclid, but his fame for modern readers rests upon his *Alice in Wonderland.* More than an entertaining tale, it represents an attempt to see life in a symbolic manner, and it can be read on many different levels. Carroll's characters are appreciated not only as creations of fantasy but as reflections of basic personality types.



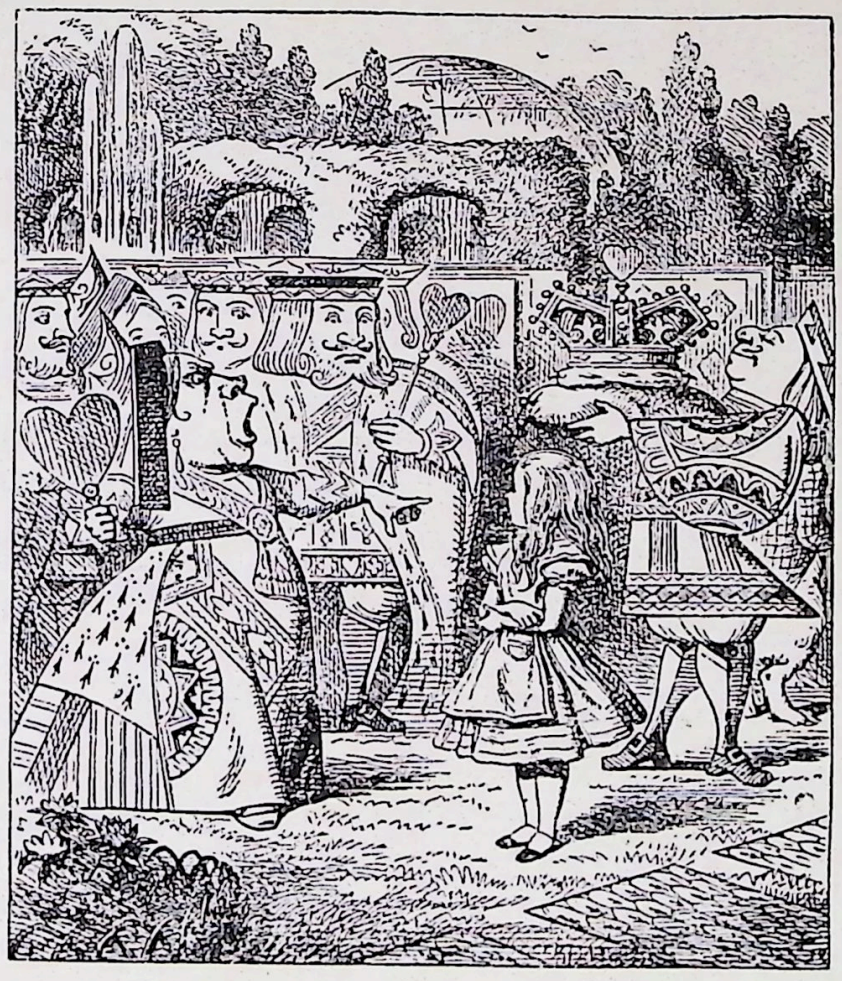
LEWIS CARROLL (1832-1898)

THE MAD TEA-PARTY
"No room! No room!" the March Hare and the Hatter cried when they saw Alice coming. "There's plenty of room," said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

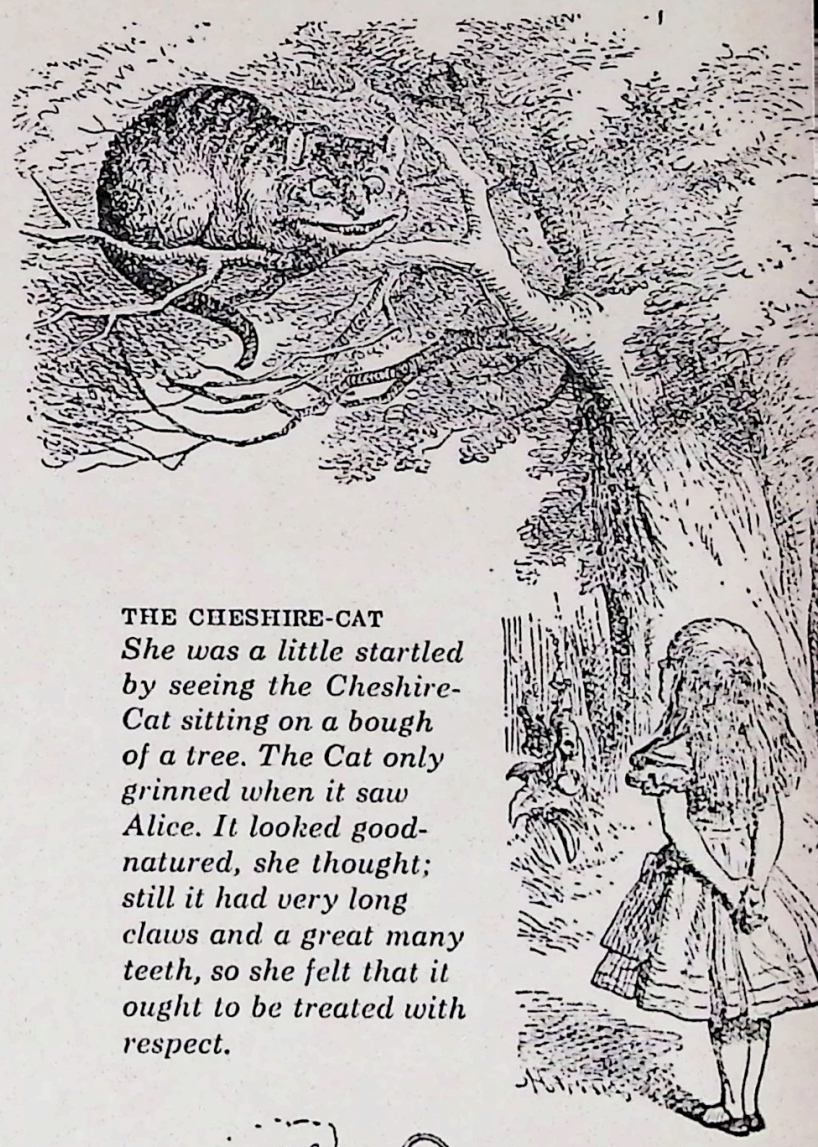
Written originally to entertain his young niece, Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass* have amused generations of adults as much as their offspring. Adults have read into the books a gentle satire on education, politics, literature and Victorian life in general, while children are quite content to accept Alice's odd dream-friends—the Mad Hatter, the sleepy Doormouse, the March Hare, the Queen of Hearts, the crusty Duchess, Humpty Dumpty, the Mock Turtle and the Gryphon—as perfectly believable people.



HUMPTY DUMPTY
"Alice is a stupid name enough!" said Humpty Dumpty. "What does it mean?"...Must a name mean something?" Alice asked . . . "Of course it must. My name means the shape I am—and a good handsome shape it is, too."



ALICE AND THE QUEEN OF HEARTS
"Idiot!" said the Queen, tossing her head impatiently; and, turning to Alice, she went on: "What's your name child?"
"My name is Alice, so please your majesty," said Alice very politely; but she added, to herself, "Why, they're only a pack of cards, after all. I needn't be afraid of them!"

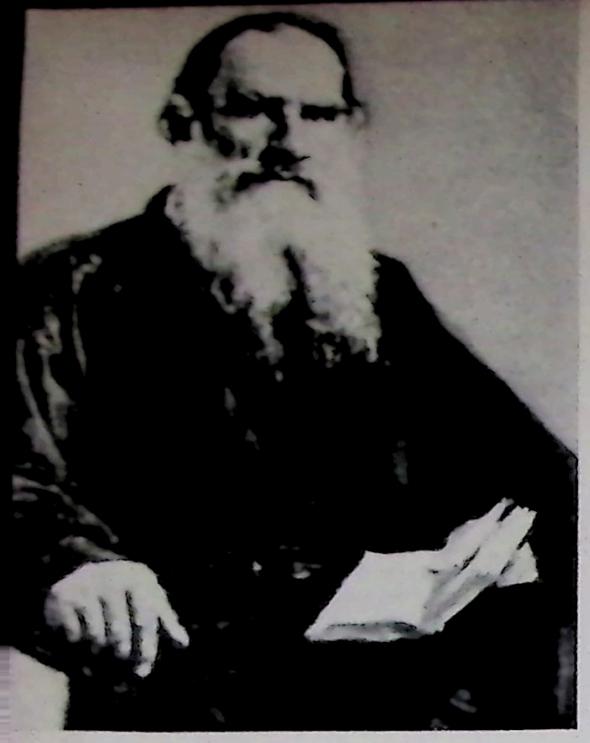


THE CHESHIRE-CAT
She was a little startled by seeing the Cheshire-Cat sitting on a bough of a tree. The Cat only grinned when it saw Alice. It looked good-natured, she thought; still it had very long claws and a great many teeth, so she felt that it ought to be treated with respect.

THE MOCK TURTLE AND THE GRYPHON
"You may not have lived much under the sea–" ("I haven't," said Alice)–"and perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster–" (Alice began to say "I once tasted–" but checked herself hastily and said "No never") "–so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster-Quadrille is!"

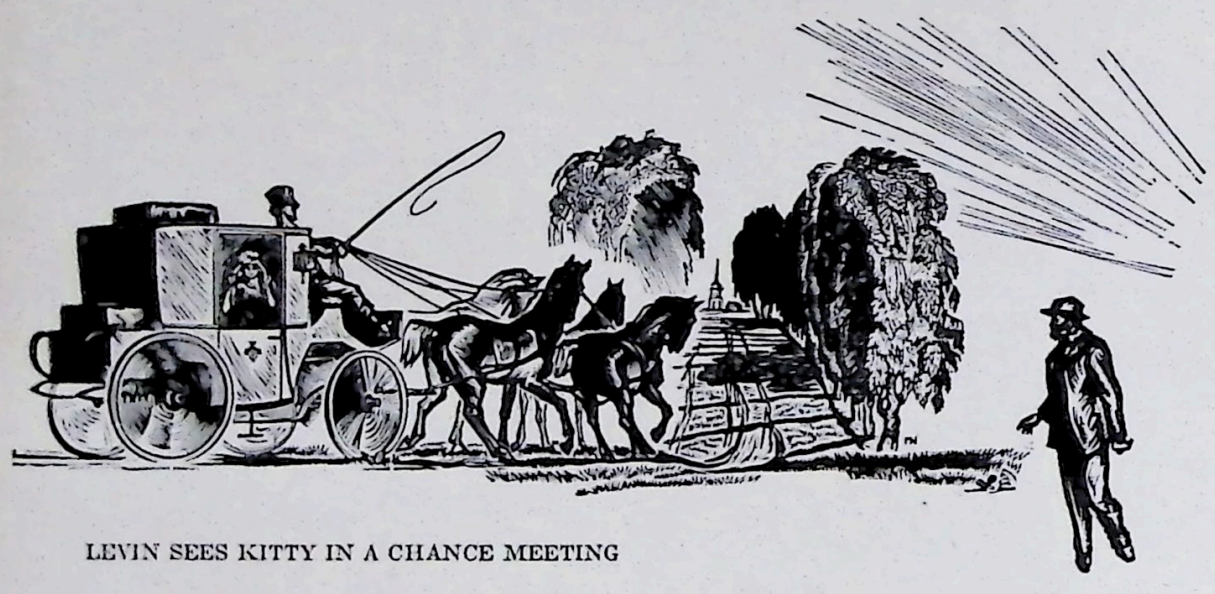
THE CATERPILLAR
She stretched herself upon tiptoe, and peeped over the edge of the mushroom. Her eyes met those of a large blue caterpillar sitting on the top, its arms folded, quietly smoking a long hookah . . .

TOLSTOY



LEO TOLSTOY (1828-1910)

Tolstoy's genius was many-sided: he won fame, not only for his novels but also for his philosophical writings. He tried to re-create the early spirit of Christianity, for he felt a personal comradeship with Jesus. The essence of religion to Tolstoy was the commandment to love Man and God. He had great sympathy with the underprivileged and the down-trodden, and he devoted his energies to improving their life. Tolstoy saw human existence in moral terms and he felt that there could be no compromise between goodness and evil. His major works include *War and Peace*, *Anna Karenina*, *The Death of Ivan Ilyich*, *Resurrection*, *The Power of Darkness*, and *The Kreutzer Sonata*.



LEVIN SEES KITTY IN A CHANCE MEETING

In the coach was an old lady dozing in one corner, and at the window, evidently only just awake, sat a young girl holding in both hands the ribbons of a white cap. With a face full of light and thought, full of a subtle, complex inner life, that was remote from Levin, she was gazing from the window at the glow of the sunrise. At the very instant when this apparition was vanishing, the truthful eyes glanced at him. She recognized him, and her face lighted up with wondering delight. He could not be mistaken. There were no other eyes like those in all the world. There was only one creature in the world that could concentrate for him all the brightness and meaning of life. It was she. It was Kitty.

ANNA KARENINA

Though the theme is a simple one—the wife, the husband, the lover—*Anna Karenina* is made remarkable and powerful by Tolstoy's keen knowledge of the psychology of emotion and the ends to which blind passion can drive people despite their rational intentions. Each character in turn—Count Vronsky, the lover; Alexei Karenin, the husband; and Anna, the wife—is subjected to the merciless scalpel of the author as he probes each emotion, every motivation, and the reactive play of one person set against another in scenes fraught with guilt, jealousy, anxiety or love. The personal tragedies of the characters are enacted in a 19th century setting, and the portrayal of their sufferings becomes, indirectly, an indictment by Tolstoy of the Russian social system of that time.

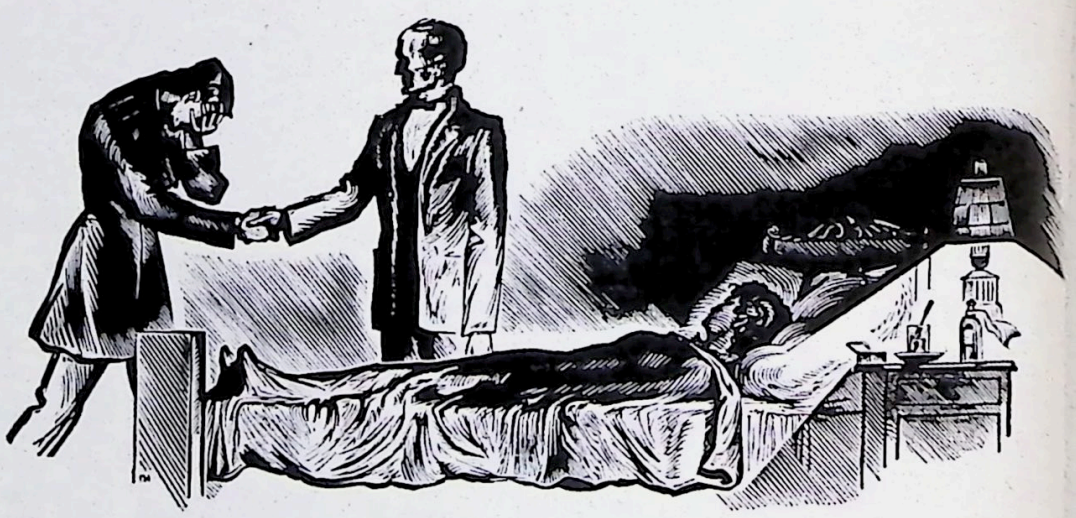
VRONSKY CATCHES ANNA AS SHE COLLAPSES WITH SHAME

That which to Vronsky had been for almost a whole year the one absorbing desire of his life, replacing all his old desires: that which to Anna had been an impossible, terrible, and, for that very reason, a more entrancing dream of happiness — that desire had been fulfilled. He stood before her, pale, his lower jaw quivering, and besought her to be calm, without himself knowing how or why.

"Anna! Anna!" he said with a quivering voice, "Anna, for God's sake! . . ." But the louder he spoke, the lower she cast down her once proud and gay, but now shame-stricken head, and she bowed down and sank from the sofa where she was sitting — down on the floor, at his feet; she would have fallen on the carpet if he had not held her.

"My God! Forgive me!" she said, sobbing, pressing his hands to her bosom. She felt so sinful, so guilty, that nothing was left her but to humiliate herself and beg forgiveness, and as now there was no one in her life but him, to him, too, she addressed her prayer for forgiveness. Looking at him, she had a physical sense of her humiliation, and she could say nothing more. And he felt as a murderer must feel when he beholds the body he has robbed of life.

ANNA KARENINA



ALEXEI FORGIVES VRONSKY AS ANNA LIES NEAR DEATH

The doctor unloosed her hands, carefully laying her on the pillow, and covered her up to the shoulders. She lay back submissively, and looked before her with beaming eyes. "Remember one thing, that I needed nothing but forgiveness, and I want nothing more . . . Why doesn't he come?" she said, turning to the door, toward Vronsky. "Do come, do come! Give him your hand." Vronsky came to the side of the bed, and seeing Anna, again hid his face in his hands . . . Alexei Alexandrovich took Vronsky's hands and drew them away from his face, which was awful with the expression of agony and shame upon it. "Give him your hand. Forgive him." Alexei Alexandrovich gave him his hand, not attempting to restrain the tears that streamed from his eyes.

ANNA KARENINA

ELIOT

Among the Victorian novelists, George Eliot, whose real name was Marian Evans, occupies an eminent place. In 1851 she became associated with the Westminster Review and came to know many of the leading Victorian figures. She was especially fond of Italy and visited there in 1860 and 1862. In her works she gave an excellent account of middle-class life which she portrayed with keen psychological insight. She was very much interested in history, and her story about Savonarola in *Romola* indicates a high degree of scholarship.

GEORGE ELIOT (1819-1880)

SILAS MARNER DISCOVERS BABY GIRL (LATER NAMED EPPIE)

Silas Marner has been ranked by many as the best of George Eliot's books. It has the uncommon distinction of telling a simple story well, with feeling and insight, without mawkishness or sentimentality. Silas Marner is a weaver, a good man essentially, his life wrecked by the false accusation of theft. For years he is doomed to isolation and loneliness with only his loom to occupy his thoughts. When he has reached the very limits of human despair he is saved by the chance finding of a baby girl. From that day on he lavishes all of his pent-up affection on the child and gradually the wasted years are repaid and he is made whole again.

◀ *The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger beneath his agitated gaze. He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin with the familiar resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft, warm curls. In utter amazement, Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel – it was a sleeping child – a round, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream – his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for years before she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? That was the first thought that darted across Silas' blank wonderment. Was it a dream? . . .*

SILAS MARNER

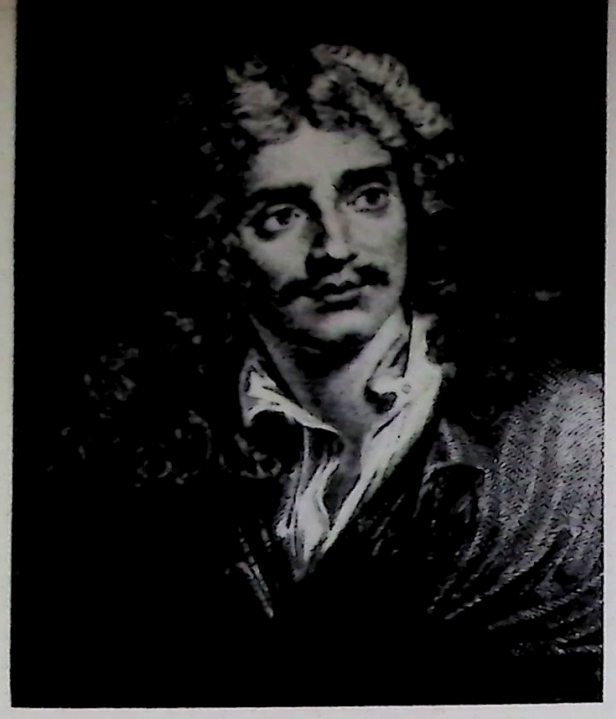
Romola is spread against the backdrop of Florence, Italy at the end of the 15th century, and is the one historic romance that George Eliot ever wrote. The pages of the book are crowded with action—the civic struggle between the Medici and the French, the religious struggle between dying paganism and Christianity, and the force of the dynamic Savonarola. The plot revolves around the fortunes of Tito Melema, charming, brilliant and false—his marriage, political intrigues, moral degradation and death. His character, that of an opportunist in both his personal and political life, is contrasted sharply with that of Romola, daughter of a Florentine scholar, whom Tito marries, and Tessa, daughter of a milk-vendor, of whom he takes advantage. The book slowly and subtly expounds the truth that long indulgence in selfish acts is certain to culminate in some over-shadowing act of baseness, and that "our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds."

"Pretty little Tessa!" said Tito, smiling at her. "What makes you feel so safe with me?" "Because you are so beautiful – like the people going into Paradise: they are all good". . .

"Come," he said, "let us walk on to the Prato, and then perhaps you will not be afraid to go the rest of the way alone." "But you will have some of the apricots and things," said Tessa, rising obediently and gathering up her apron as a bag for her store.

ROMOLA

TITO MELEMA AND TESSA



JEAN BAPTISTE MOLIERE (1622-1673)

MOLIERE

Jean Baptiste Poquelin Moliere, actor and playwright, was not only the glory of the French stage of the 17th century but his stature as a writer of satiric comedies ranks him with the names of first magnitude in the history of the world's theatre.

His brilliant social comedies met with violent opposition from those who were the object of his rapier thrusts and at the same time drew capacity crowds to his Paris playhouse. Year after year audiences came to laugh at his exposé of absurd conventions, faults in the social structure, and frailties of human nature.

His experience as an actor "trouping" the French provinces for 12 years gained for him invaluable knowledge of stage effects that amused audiences. Returned to Paris, he formed his own company, wrote scintillating comedies in which he assumed leading roles, and acted also as a shrewd manager and director of his troupe.

Moliere's social comedies are a constant plea for sanity and the golden mean. His whole career was spent challenging bigotry, imposture and excess in every class and profession. Admired as a playwright, he was beloved as a man for his gentle and generous nature, free of malice, but filled with thoughtful laughter.

ORGON DEFENDS TARTUFFE AGAINST THE ACCUSATION OF DAMIS, ORGON'S SON

ORGON: *Heavens! What have I heard? Is this credible?*

TARTUFFE: *Yes, brother, I am a wicked, guilty, wretched sinner, full of iniquity, the greatest villain that ever breathed. Every instant of my life is crowded with stains; 'tis one continued series of crimes and defilements; and I see that Heaven, for my punishment, designs to mortify me on this occasion. Whatever great offense they can lay to my charge, I shall have more humility than to deny it. Believe what they tell you, arm your resentment, and like a criminal, drive me out of your house . . .*

ORGON: *(to his son) Ah, traitor! darest thou, by this falsehood, attempt to tarnish the purity of his virtue?*

DAMIS: *What! shall the feigned meekness of this hypocritical soul make you give the lie —*

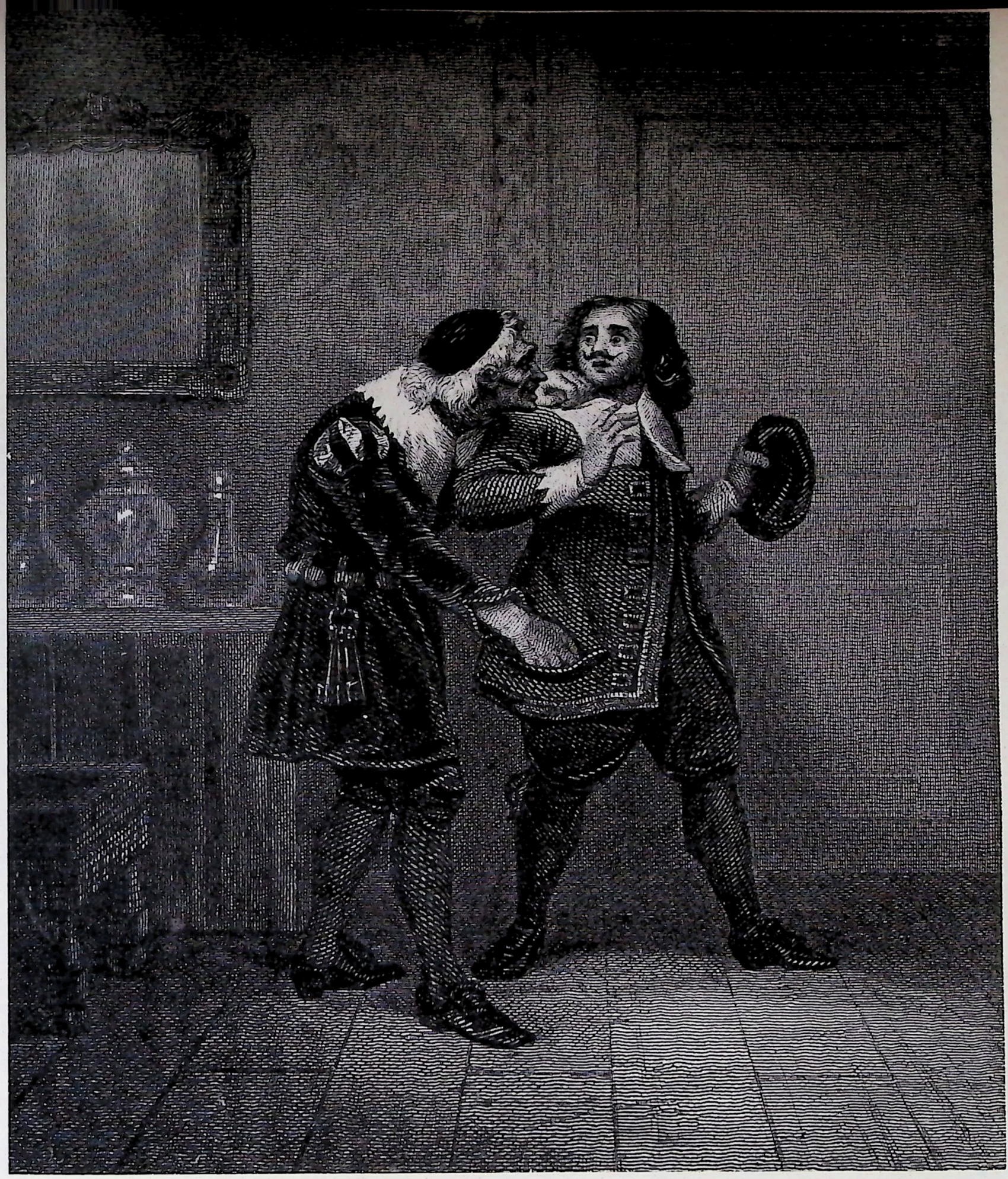
ORGON: *Thou cursed plague! hold thy tongue.*

TARTUFFE: *Ah! let him speak; you chide him wrongfully; you had much better believe what he tells you.*

TARTUFFE

The first appearance of *Tartuffe* drew such a storm of disapproval that Louis XIV, patron and admirer of Molière, was forced to forbid its performance although he secretly approved of its theme. The play was a slashing attack on religious hypocrisy and five years elapsed before it was finally presented on a public stage, whereupon its success was immediate and prolonged.

The drama unfolds the story of Tartuffe, a scoundrel who, with his flattery and pretense of goodness, worms his way into the house of Orgon, a French gentleman. Secretly, Tartuffe aims not only to annex Orgon's wealth but to seduce his wife. The portrait was so excellently drawn that "Tartuffe" has become synonymous with "hypocrite."



HARPAGON, THE MISER, QUESTIONS THE HONESTY OF HIS SON'S SERVANT

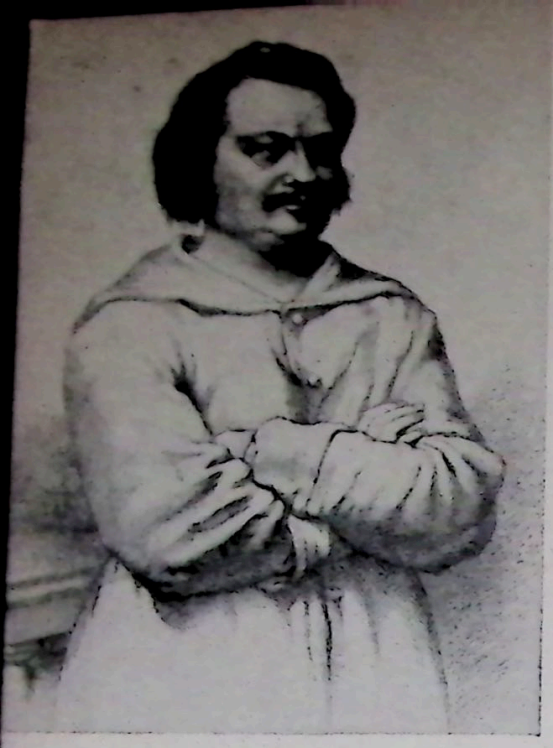
For the most famous of his prose comedies (1668), Moliere very frankly took the plot of *L'Avare* ("The Miser") from his Roman predecessor, Plautus. The leading character is Harpagon, a grasping old man, the very incarnation of avarice. Harpagon is determined to marry a young woman, Mariane, but she in turn prefers Cléante, Harpagon's son. Not Mariane, but the casket of 10,000 francs which he keeps counting and re-counting, provides Harpagon with his chief joy in life. His despair and fury at missing the casket of money when it is removed is one of the most comic scenes in the theatre.

LA FLECHE: *Well, I'm going.*
HARPAGON: *Stay, hast thou carried nothing away from me?*
LA FLECHE: *What should I carry away from you?*
HARPAGON: *Come hither that I may see; show me thy hands.*
LA FLECHE: *There.*
HARPAGON: *T'other.*

. . . . . .

LA FLECHE: *(aside) Ah! How richly does such a fellow as this deserve what he fears! and what joy it would give me to rob him!*
HARPAGON: *Heh?*
LA FLECHE: *What?*
HARPAGON: *What is't you talk of robbing?*
LA FLECHE: *I say that you feel pretty well round about, to see if I have robbed you.*
HARPAGON: *That's what I would do.*
(feels in La Fleche's pockets)
LA FLECHE: *(aside) Pox take all stinginess, and stingy curs.*

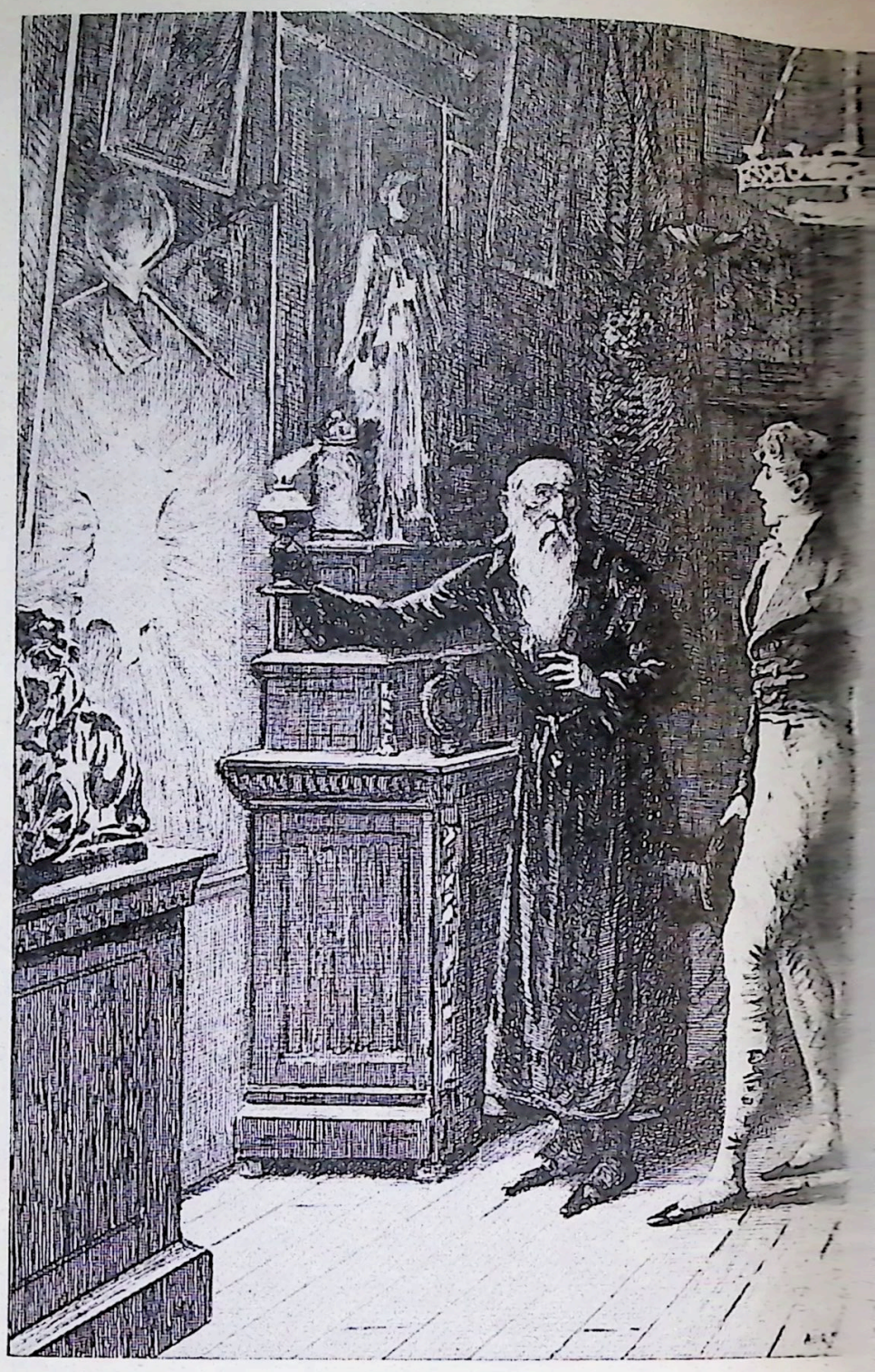
L'AVARE



HONORE DE BALZAC (1799-1850)

BALZAC

Born of a French middle-class family, Balzac had one great love in his life – literature. He was educated to become a lawyer, but he found legal life too prosaic and so he made up his mind to become a famous author. He almost starved before he fulfilled his ambition. A master of the novel as well as of the short story, he had great ability in describing the motivation of people. Critics generally have remarked about his inadequate style and his tendency to be melodramatic, but his weaknesses are overbalanced by his keen insight and by his ability to see life in universal terms. When he died in 1850, he had realized his literary ambitions and left behind him some of the most significant works in French literature.



IN THE CURIOSITY SHOP

The young man rose suddenly and manifested some surprise when he saw hanging to the wall above the chair on which he had been sitting, a piece of shagreen, no larger than a fox's skin; but, by a phenomenon inexplicable at first glance, the skin projected such vivid rays of light into the darkness of the shop, that you would have said it was a small comet.

THE MAGIC SKIN

Goriot, who for ten years had not felt his daughter's heart beating against his, said: "Delphinette, are you going to make me die of joy? My poor heart is breaking. Now, Monsieur Eugene, we are already quits!"

The old man clasped his daughter in such a wild and frantic embrace that she exclaimed:

"Oh! how you hurt me!"

"I hurt you?" said he, turning pale.

He looked at her with a sorrow that seemed more than human.

PERE GORIOT

GORIOT'S REUNION WITH HIS DAUGHTER

The Magic Skin is one of Balzac's philosophic studies. Raphael, a young man having failed to succeed in his career, tries the gaming tables. One day he meets an old man who possesses a piece of skin bearing an Arabic inscription which promises to the owner the fulfillment of any wish. The only flaw in the magic is that the skin diminishes with the granting of each request, and as the skin shrinks, gradually the life of the person who uses it is cut shorter and shorter. Impulsively and delighted with his luck, the young man siezes the skin crying, "A short life but a merry one!" By virtue of the enchanted skin, Raphael becomes rich, gains his love, and for a while fortune smiles on him. Eventually, however, the fatal skin casts a gloom over everything. Looking for some means to stretch the skin and prolong his life, Raphael tries mechanical force and chemistry, but the skin continues shrinking until he dies. Throughout the story Balzac makes us feel the irony of life implicit in the actions of men.

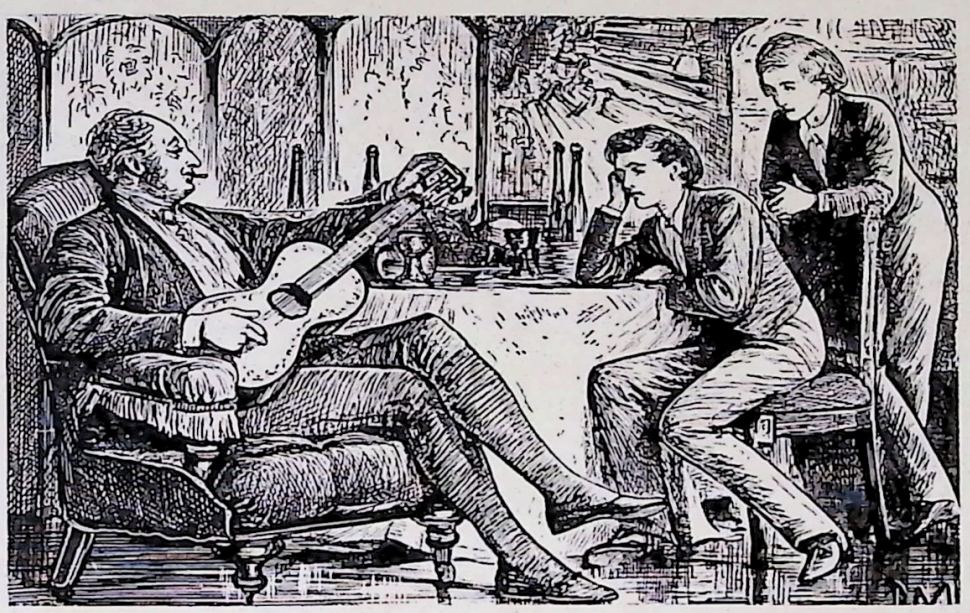
* * *

Père Goriot is Balzac's treatment of the "King Lear" theme. It is the familiar history of a too-indulgent father reduced to poverty and isolation by his own daughters. Having settled his fortune on Anastasie and Delphine, and seeing them married in high style—one to a Count, the other to a Baron—Goriot finds that having served their purpose, he is cut from both their lives. He is even reduced to the extremity of catching only a glimpse of their beloved faces as they drive by in their coaches. The daughters, mere devotees of fashion, treat the old man with increasing barbarity until, knowing that he is on his deathbed, they both attend a ball, though he beseeches them to come to him. Balzac draws his story so truthfully that the reader, though reluctant, is forced to follow the painful narrative with fascination to its ultimate and sad conclusion.

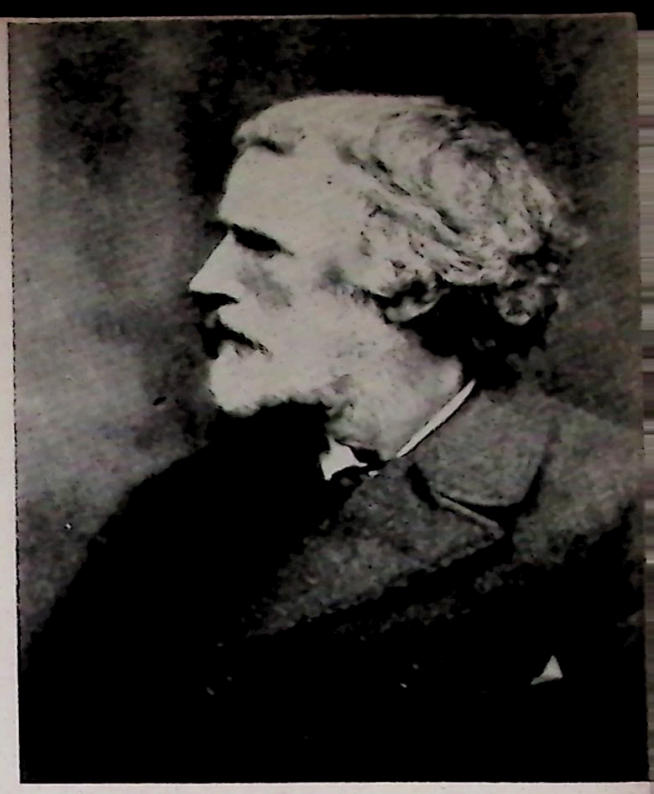
MEREDITH

Born in Portsmouth, England, Meredith received part of his schooling in Germany. He was an energetic contributor to many publications and supported himself by working for Chapman and Hall, a noted publishing firm. In addition to *Harry Richmond* (illustrated here), his works include *Rhoda Fleming, The Egoist, The Tragic Comedians, Diana of the Crossways* and *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.* He also wrote poetry as well as an essay on comedy in which he tried to explore the significance of satire. His works are difficult to classify, for his manner of writing was extremely independent and unconventional.

HARRY RICHMOND MEETS THE PRINCESS OTTILIA
She waited for us to march by, without attempting to conceal what we were the objects of her inspection, and we in good easy swing of the feet, gave her a look as we lifted our hats.



RICHMOND ROY WITH HIS SON IN 'HIGH GERMANY'
My father smoked his cigar peacefully. He had laid a guitar on his knees and flipped a string, or chafed over all the strings, and plucked and thrummed them as his mood varied.



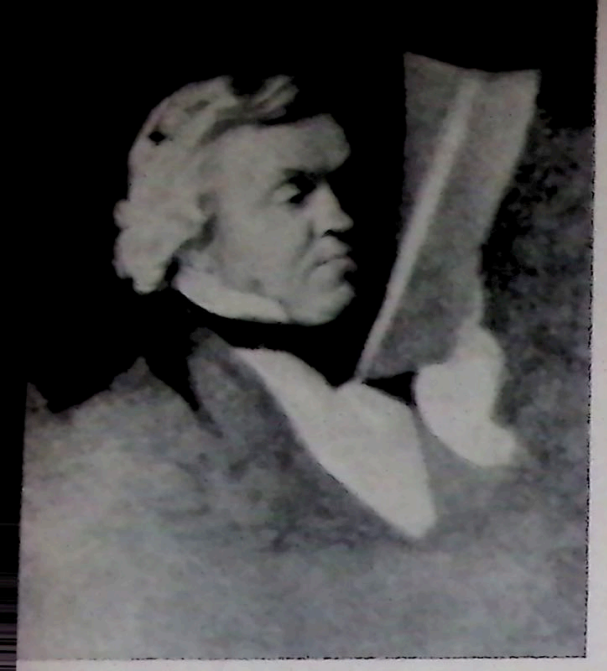
GEORGE MEREDITH (1828-1909)

George Meredith, one of the few English writers of psychological realism in the Victorian era, has often been called "writer's writer," for it was not the weaving of tales that engaged his interest but the study of "man within"—not what people did, but what motivated them to their acts. His best known book, *The Egoist,* has been called a fine illustration of a "complete novel without a plot". The entire book is devoted to a character study of one of the most self-centered people in all literature—Sir Willoughby Patterne. In his lifetime Meredith was criticised for his elaborate and mannered style. Since his death, there has been a slow but ever-widening circle of admirers of his work who recognize his ability to analyze the thoughts behind the emotions of his people. Meredith's characters have been called symbols of some virtue or vice. In *Harry Richmond,* one of his lesser-known works, he traces the character of a father, so unscrupulous and so opportunistic, that he will do anything to gain the success of his crazy schemes and delusions of grandeur—even forcing his son into humiliating situations.

RICHMOND ROY MEETS SQUIRE BELTHAM
My father stood up and bowed, bareheaded. My grandfather struck his hat and bobbed. "Mr. Beltham, I trust I see you well." "Better, sir, when I've got rid of a damned unpleasant piece of business." "I offer you my hearty help." "Do you? Then step down and come . . ."

SQUIRE BELTHAM HAS HIS LAST INNINGS
"She's the person — one of your petticoat 'Government'—who paid — do you hear me? — the money to help you keep your word: to help you to give your balls and dinners, too!"

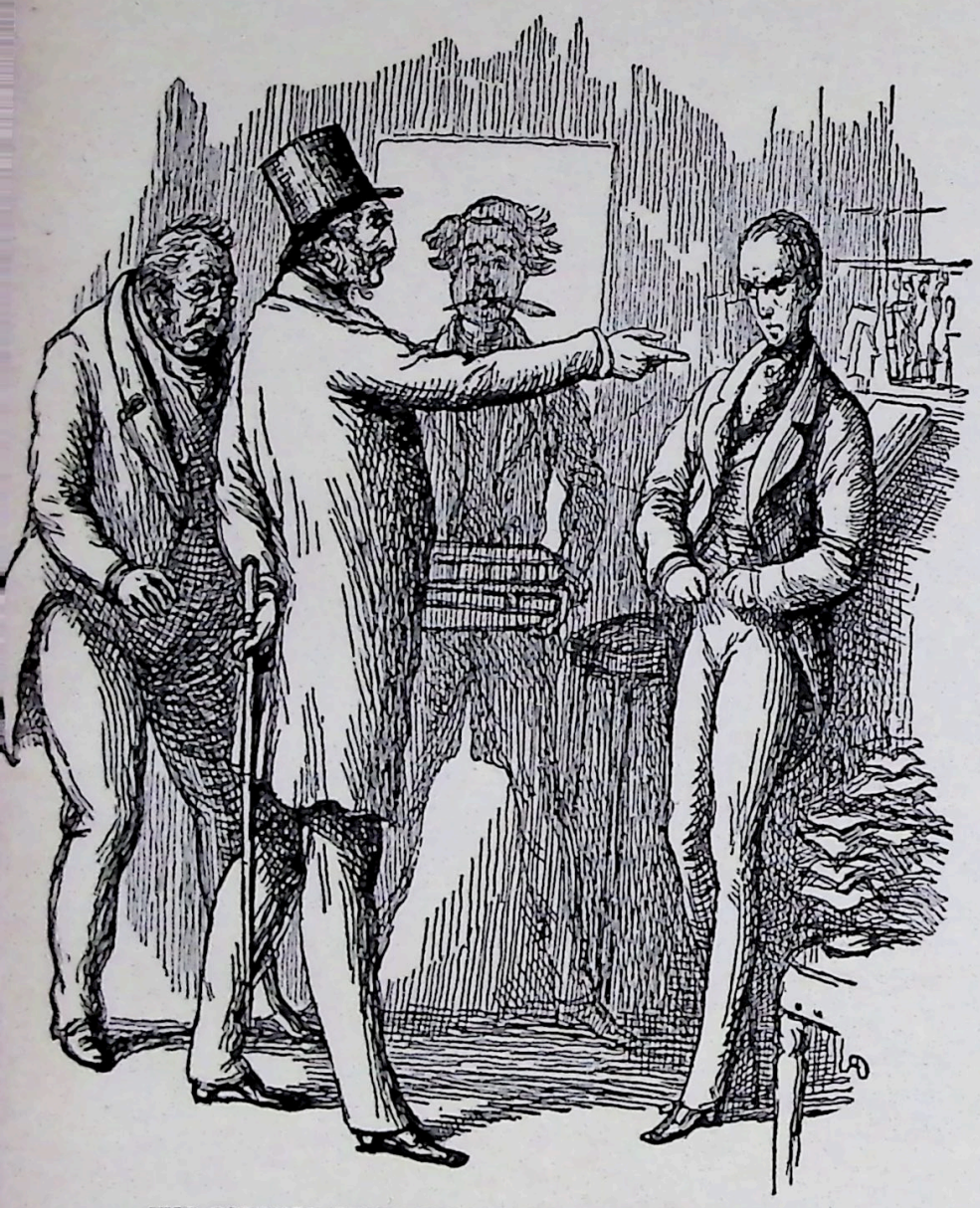
JANET ILCHESTER WITH HARRY AND HIS FATHER
"Harry!" Janet said softly. I knelt to her. "My own and only Janet!" "Do not awaken him," she whispered. "No, but I am home." "I am glad." One hand she was obliged to surrender. I kissed it. She seemed startled at my warmth.



W. M. THACKERAY (1811-1863)

THACKERAY

William Makepeace Thackeray, born in 1811, at Calcutta, India, is a titan of English fiction. His life was marred by personal misfortune. Left fatherless at four, his wife prey to mania, suffering himself from seizures ("fits"), he died in 1863 at 52. Unpopular at first, he lived to become "lionized." He is a realistic writer in the sense that he drew from real people and opposed the sentimentalism of Scott and Tennyson. His keen satire is balanced with happy and tender passages, and his trenchant portrayals are leavened by a broad humanity. *Vanity Fair, Henry Esmond,* and *The Newcomes* are considered his masterworks.

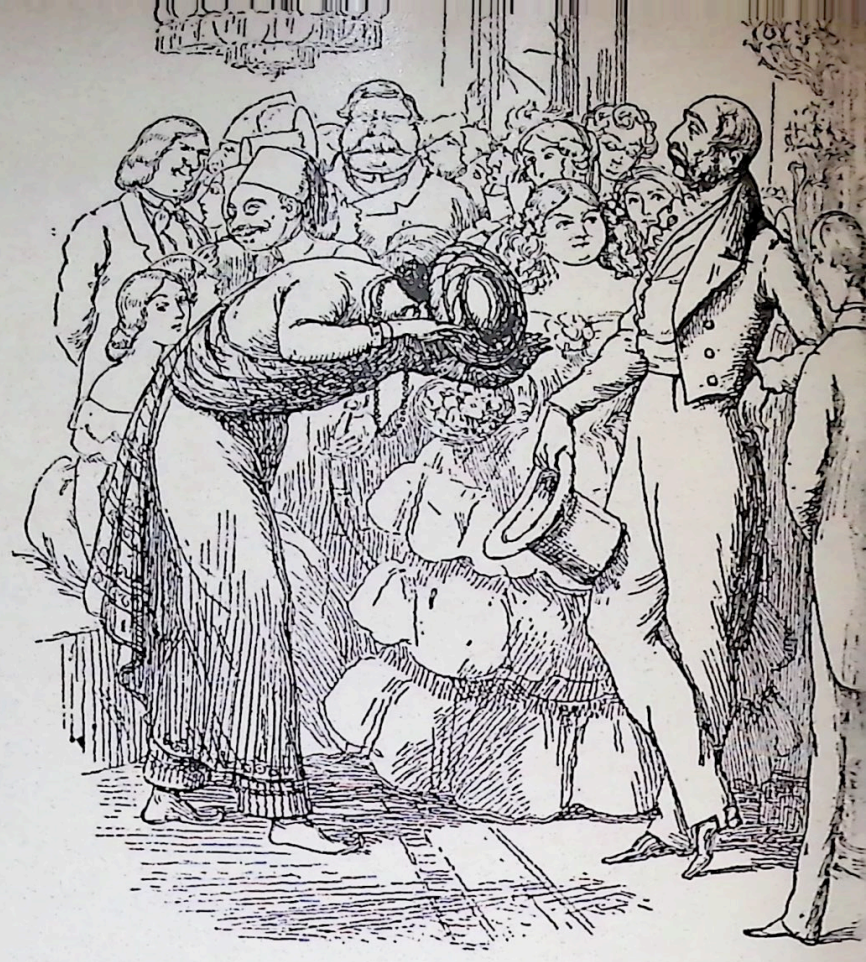


THE COLONEL TELLS SIR BARNES A BIT OF HIS MIND

Upon my word, Barnes Newcome, but that you are my father's grandson, after a menace like that, I would take you out and cane you in the presence of your clerks.

THE NEWCOMES

In *The Newcomes* Thackeray has painted, with gentle satire and patient detail, a convincing picture of the upper and middle classes of English society in the first half of the 19th century. Colonel Thomas Newcome, the Anglo-Indian soldier returned to London, has been called the most perfect gentleman in the whole range of fiction. Running through this lengthy work is a main thread of the inordinate and unflagging devotion of Colonel Newcome for his son Clive. We follow the fortunes and misfortunes of all the Newcome clan—the Colonel, Clive, Ethel, Sir Barnes, Lady Ann—with compassion, for we recognize that their strong and faulty humanity is proof of their genuineness as people. Thackeray, in this novel, was attacking what he felt were the deleterious social conventions of his era: parental marriage choices, over-indulgence in the accumulation of wealth, and the worldliness of the upper classes.



HIS HIGHNESS

As soon as his Excellency (Rummun Loss, the celebrated Indian merchant) saw the Colonel whom he perfectly well knew, his Highness' princely air was exchanged for one of deepest humility. He bowed his head and put his two hands before his eyes, and came creeping towards him submissively . . .

THE NEWCOM

THE AGED COLONEL, HIS SON CLIVE AND GRANDSON THOMAS

So these three generations had joined in that supplication: the strong man, humbled by trial and grief, whose loyal heart was yet f of love;—the child, of the sweet age of those little ones whom the Bles Speaker of the prayer first bade to come unto Him;—and the old man whose heart was well nigh as tende and as innocent, and whose day was approaching, when he should drawn to the bosom of the Eternal Pity.

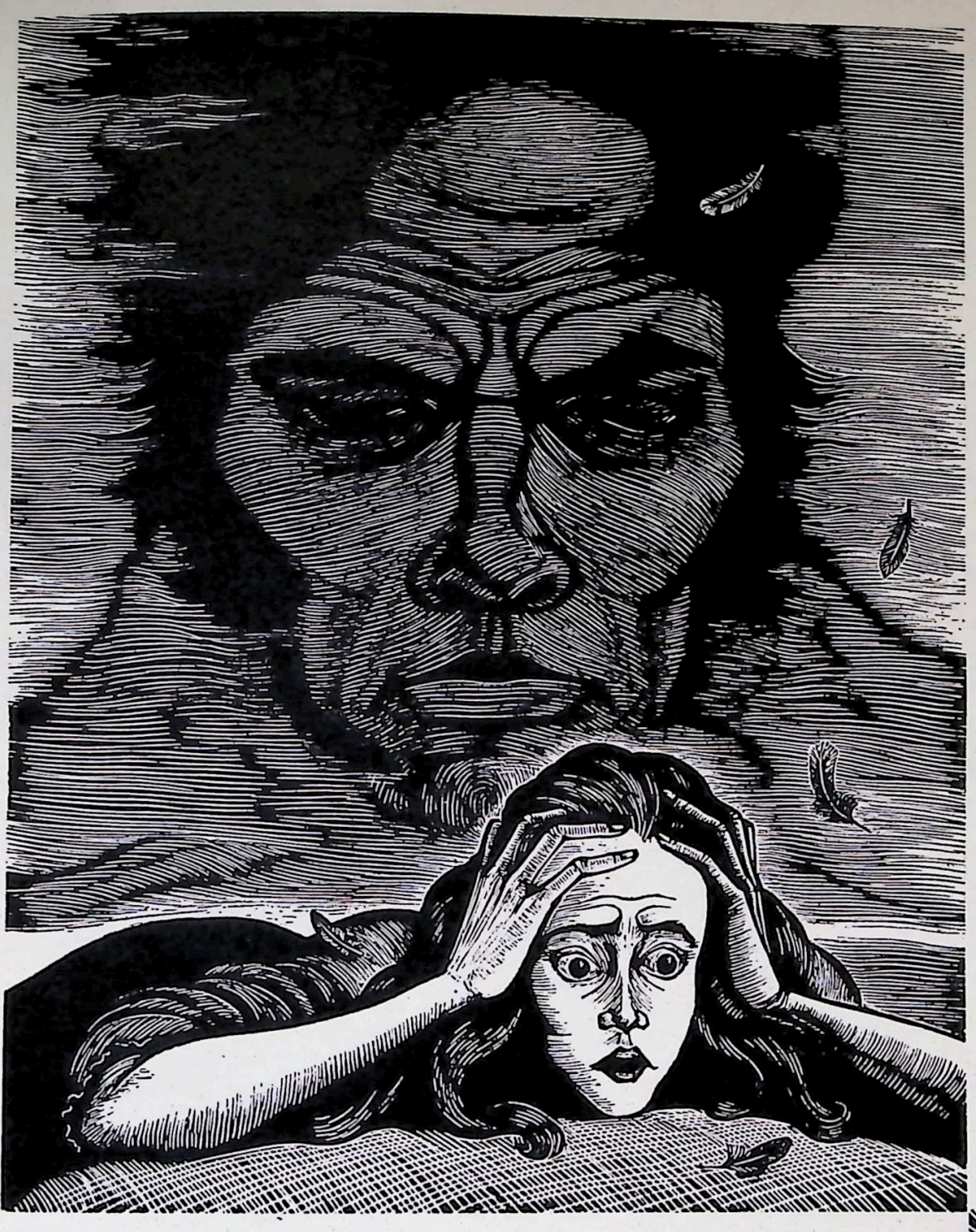
THE NEWCOM

. . . Ethel stands looking at Clive; and the blushing youth casts down his eyes before hers. Her face assumes a look of arch humor. She passes a slim hand over the prettiest lips and chin with the most lively dimples, thereby indicating her admiration of Mr. Clive's moustachios and imperial.

THE NEWCOMES

A FAMILY PARTY: ETHEL NEWCOME MEETS COUSIN CLIVE

BRONTE



EMILY JANE BRONTE
(1818-1848)

Emily Bronte's father, an Anglican clergyman, was suffering from economic privation, but he was determined to give his daughters an excellent education. Emily's sisters, Charlotte and Ann, likewise achieved literary fame. As children the three girls lived in an imaginary world of romance which contrasted with their sober environment. Emily Bronte had a high conception of human nature and her portrayals of love and romance reveal an unusual degree of artistic sensitivity. She died at the age of 30.

". . . you loved me," said Heathcliff. "Then what right *had you to leave me? What right – answer me – for the poor fancy you felt for Linton? . . . I have not broken your heart –* you *have broken it; and in breaking it, you have broken mine. So much the worse for me, that I am strong. Do I want to live? What kind of living will it be when you – oh, God! would* you *like to live with your soul in the grave?"*
"Let me alone. Let me alone," sobbed Catherine. "If I have done wrong, I'm dying for it. It is enough! You left me too; but I won't upbraid you! I forgive you. Forgive me!"
"It is hard to forgive, and to look at those eyes, and feel those wasted hands," he answered. "Kiss me again, and don't let me see your eyes! I forgive what you have done to me . . ."

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

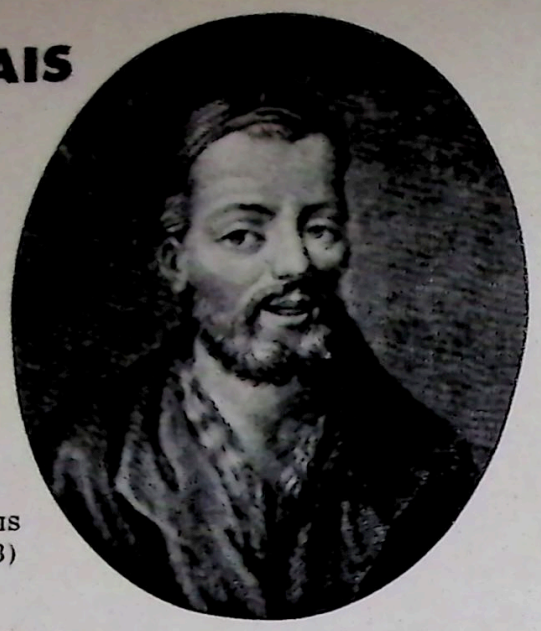
. . . (She was *delirious, I became convinced by her subsequent actions and ravings). There was no moon, and everything beneath lay in misty darkness: not a light gleamed from any house, far or near – all had been extinguished long ago; and those at Wuthering Heights were never visible – still she asserted she caught their shining.*

"Look!" she cried eagerly, "that's my room with the candle in it, and the trees swaying before it: and the other candle is in Joseph's garret. Joseph sits up late, doesn't he? He's waiting till I come home that he may lock the gate. Well, he'll wait a while yet. It's a rough journey, and a sad heart to travel it; and we must pass by Gimmerton Kirk, to go that journey! We've braved its ghosts often together, and dared each other to stand among the graves and ask them to come. But, Heathcliff, if I dare you now, will you venture? If you do, I'll keep you. I'll not lie there by myself: they may bury me 12 feet deep, and throw the church down over me, but I won't rest till you are with me. I never will!"

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

Emily Bronte chose for the scene of her one novel the rugged moors of northern England, a land familiar to her from youth. The story is an intriguing tale of revenge, of the close kinship between love and hate. Heathcliff and Cathy are inseparable from childhood but at maturity Cathy, seeking a favorable marriage, ignores Heathcliff, the penniless orphan—and the man she really loves—for a worldly and profitable match. Her decision causes a wound which never heals in Heathcliff's dark and sullen nature. Through the years theirs is a tortured relationship of loving and hating that is so powerful in its attraction as to destroy them both eventually.

RABELAIS



FRANCOIS RABELAIS
(1490-1553)

Rabelais, both physician and writer, was one of the great satirists of world history. Most of his work was done at Lyons, Rome, and Montpellier. He was suspected of heresy because of his criticism of the ways of the Church. The basic philosophy of Rabelais was unrestrained hedonism: *Do what thou wilt.* He felt that an ascetic life would lead to narrowness. He believed in enjoyment and gratification of the senses.

The Lives, Heroic Deeds and Sayings of Gargantua and His Son Pantagruel, the first complete edition of which was published in 1567, is still considered a "best-seller" all over the world. This burlesque romance has provided chuckles for millions of people and left an indelible mark on language. The adjectives "Rabelaisian" and "gargantuan" immediately conjure up the amiable and lusty race of giants that Francois Rabelais created in Renaissance France for the eternal enjoyment of anyone who likes his humor broad and earthy. The characters—enormous in physical size, Herculean in prowess, prodigious eaters and drinkers—burst forth from the bound book in their animation and gusto for life. By his use of artistic distortion and emphasis on the world of the senses—particularly those of taste and smell—Rabelais makes us keenly aware of our own physical natures. Underneath the raucous laughter of his mock-heroic tale, Rabelais has hidden his serious ideas on war, the education of children and the organization of monastery life.

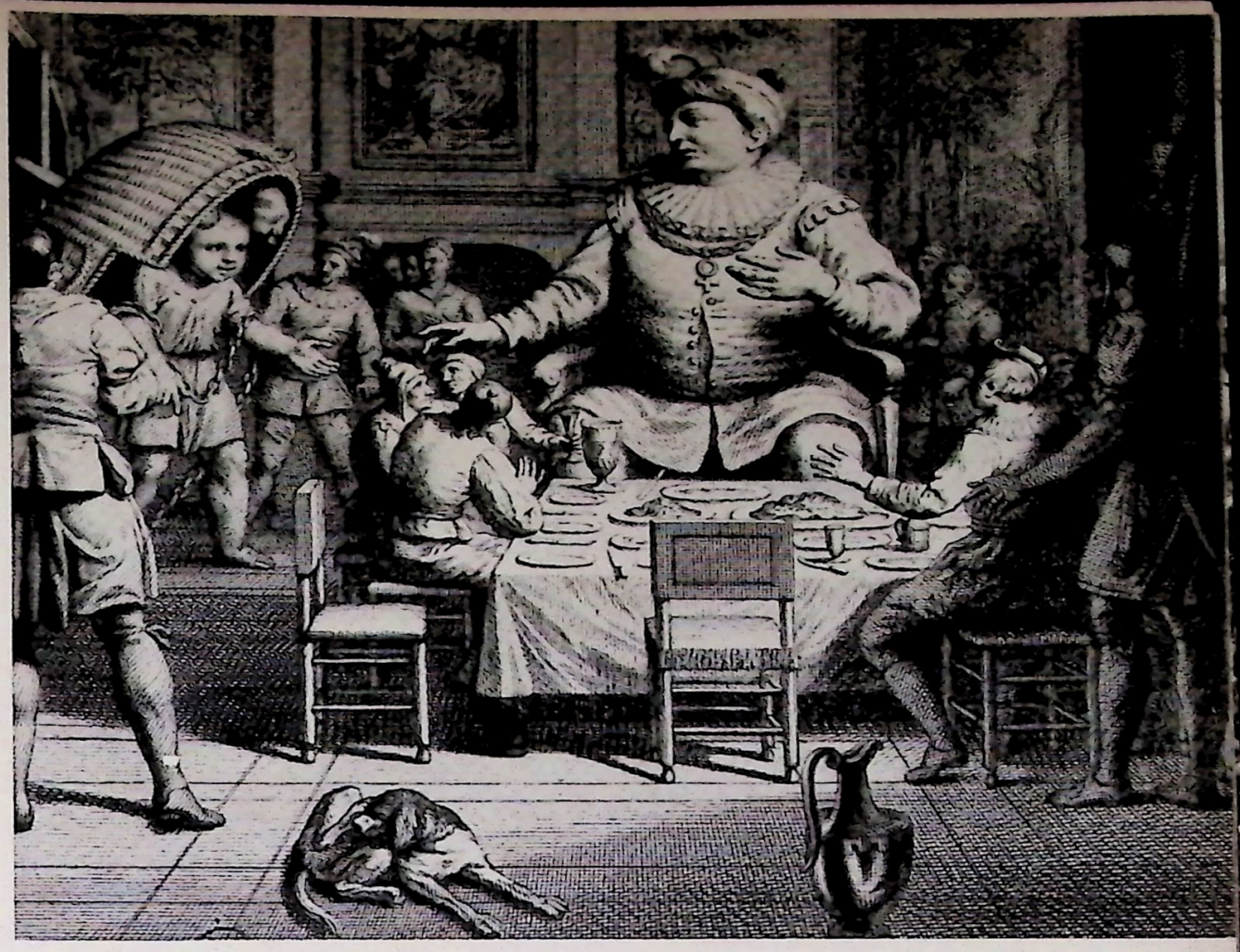
PANTAGRUEL'S PLAYTHINGS

Pantagruel, being yet in his cradle, did far more admirable things, and more to be amazed at. I pass by here the relation of how at every one of his meals he supped up the milk of four thousand six hundred cows . . .

Judge Bridlegoose—who decided causes and controversies in law by the chance and fortune of the dice

Friar John—the worldly monk who counselled Panurge on marriage and affairs of the heart

Once upon a great holiday, his father Gargantua made a sumptuous banquet to all the princes of his court . . . Nobody took care of poor Pantagruel, who was left "a reculorum," behindhand all alone, and as forsaken. Hark what he did, good people: he strove and essayed to break the chains of the cradle with his arms, but could not, for they were too strong for him; then did he keep up with his feet such a stamping stir, and so long, that at last he beat out the lower end of his cradle, which notwithstanding was made of a great beam five foot in square; and as soon as he had gotten out his feet, he slid down as well as he could, till he had got his soles to the ground; and then, with a mighty force, he rose up, carrying his cradle upon his back, bound to him like a tortoise that crawls up against a wall; and to have seen him, you would have thought it has been a great carrick of five hundred tun upon one end. In this manner he entered into the great hall, where they were banquetting, and that very boldly, which did much affright the company . . .



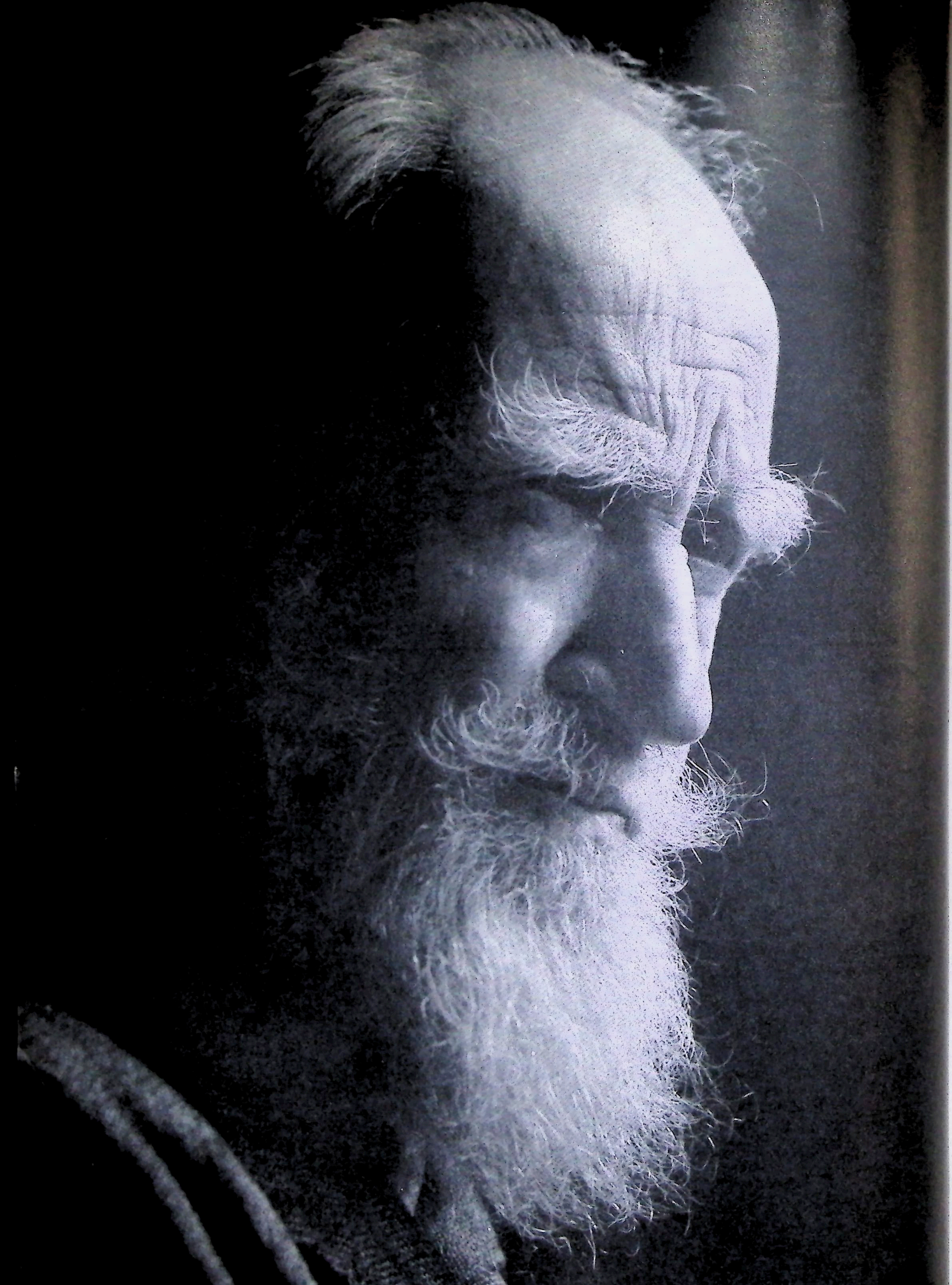
PANTAGRUEL BURSTS INTO THE ROOM WHERE
HIS FATHER GARGANTUA ENTERTAINS FRIENDS

Now in matter of knowledge of the works of nature, I would have thee to study that exactly; so that there be no sea, river or fountain, of which thou dost not know the fishes; all the fowls of the air; all the several kinds of shrubs and trees, whether in forest or orchard; all the sorts of herbs and flowers that grow upon the ground . . . let nothing of all these be hidden from thee.

PANTAGRUEL'S EDUCATION

PANTAGRUEL PROPHESIZES WHAT FORTUNE
PANURGE WILL HAVE IN HIS MARRIAGE

(Pantagruel often gave advice to his friend Panurge, who was a fluent beggar, master of 12 tongues – a merry fellow who knew 63 ways to make money and 214 ways to spend it.) "This portendeth," quoth Pantagruel, "that she will steal your goods, and rob you. Hence this, according to these three drawn lots, will be your future destiny, I clearly see it – you will be a cuckold, you will be beaten, and you will be robbed."



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Showman of Ideas

by Louis Kronenberger

Shaw was not simply the longest-lived of modern writers and in some degree the most many-sided; he was also in a sense the most challenging and disruptive. No other writer, as a result, has been the subject of so much criticism and so much near-nonsense.

In an effort to understand what Shaw "meant" a whole battery of journalists, a whole army of pundits have sadly misunderstood what he was. Some of them have wrestled in solemn social-worker fashion with Shaw as though he were entirely a writer of textbooks and tracts; some at the other extreme have tried to make Shaw's irreverence and iconoclasm the engine of their own craving to startle or demolish.

But neither through ignoring what was most Shavian nor through trying to outdo it did much get said about Shaw that was worth saying. And even the wisest of Shaw's critics cannot always have known how far Shaw's showmanship concealed his serious intentions, how far it coincided with them and how far it concealed the lack of any.

But in whatever spirit and from whatever side it has been notably easy to write about Shaw. Any man with a specialty or a mania must somewhere have found Shaw adverting to it; any man with a grievance must have found in Shaw an antagonist or ally; whatever a man's politics or his God or his denial of one, Shaw—early or late—must have had his say about it. For on however outmoded or ill-reasoned or cantankerous a basis, Shaw's collected works constitute a sort of encyclopedia.

Shaw has greeted an endless succession of events with a 21-gun salute—his little innovation being to take lethal aim as well. He not only took all human activity for his province but strongly suggested that nothing superhuman was alien to him either—he swept Heaven clean of charm, drastically lowered the temperature of Hell, brought back the dead, landscaped and peopled the future. No matter what one's field or one's foible—God or Devil, O'Leary or John Bull, prizefighter, or soldiers or poets, armament-makers or brothel-keepers, Shakespeare or Wagner, phonetics or marriage or divorce, slums or drama critics, war or revolution—Shaw may serve as a pretext for writing about it, or it as a pretext for writing about Shaw.

But exactly as his work supplies something for almost everyone to write about it embraces too many things for any one person to write about with sufficient authority. Whoever would deal definitely with Shaw must go well beyond the writer of plays or of prefaces, the critic of plays or of music, must plunge into Marx and cross over to Ireland and turn back to Lamarck, must buy himself an atlas and burrow deep in history, must know medicine and law, the Church and many churches, the whole arena of politics, half of the arcana of science, plus much miscellaneous knowledge and very much curious lore.

SHAW: *Portrait by Karsh, Ottawa*

Even where Shaw is shallow or fanciful or mistaken the critic who would pronounce judgment cannot be. Hence the most we can really hope for is that anyone who would write with some breadth about Shaw should be a man of letters with an informed concern for ideas; should offer a literary man's verdict of Shaw's talent and a knowledgeable, however disputable, version of Shaw's "thought."

No one can write comprehensively of Shaw as just a literary or dramatic critic for again and again one must stop and explain or digress and coordinate or go after the facts and compare. And the difficulty isn't just how much Shaw wrote about, it is how consistently—or inconsistently—he wrote about it, in how dedicated or mischievous a spirit, with how controversial a slant, how contradictory an aim. So one is dealing with shock tactics as well as principles, with the man who wrote for Hearst as well as for posterity, with *poseur* no less than puritan, thinker and thought-processor too, and with in some ways the most bourgeois as well as the most anti-bourgeois writer of his time.

All the same if we are to isolate and honor what remains most vital and Shavian about Shaw we must neglect the role he assumed most vividly in his own time for the role he more and more occupies in ours. We must care less about how informed or inflammatory or even intelligent he was in favor of how supple and witty and articulate he remains. Like Shakespeare he filled his plays with historical characters, like Ibsen with social ideas, and as with them it only matters now how creatively he went about it. The problem of *Ghosts* no longer presses. The first act of *Ghosts* is a marvel of exposition still.

To be sure, from the real place he occupies in history Shaw's treatment of issues and ideas has a more than usual historical interest. Due tribute must be paid to such of his "thinking" as proved fruitful or to such leadership as actually led somewhere. But equally where Shaw seemed most sound or most mistaken his thinking side has for our day been too much stressed, not because of how often Shaw may have been wrong or right but because his true genius and—as it happened—his real job lay elsewhere.

Most of all and most triumphantly of all, Shaw was a showman of ideas. If it is true that intellectually he was something more, perhaps it is also unfortunate that he was, for what counts less has blurred what easily bulks largest. By a showman of ideas I mean something big-scaled as well as admirable, I mean someone who, at his weakest, made a fashion show of all the contending issues of his age and who, at his most trenchant, made a superb military spectacle where those issues crossed swords and drew blood and often killed one another off.

His were in many cases sham battles and arbitrary victories and

Shaw was such a painfully shy young man that he might dawdle for 20 minutes before ringing the doorbell of a house where he was invited. Some suspect that the great playwright grew this flaming red beard primarily to hide behind.

defeats, but such was his staging of them he attracted the whole civilized world to the battlefield. This is not to deny how serious, how astute, how learned Shaw could be. There is much solid matter indeed to Shaw's encyclopedia as there is much to Dr. Johnson's dictionary, but its value will rest more and more on what is Shavian about it, as with the Dictionary it is what is Johnsonian that counts. Shaw's delineation of ancient Egypt or modern England is, for vividness and bias alike, of a piece with Johnson's definition of lexicographer or excise.

So long as we have a Shaw in the role of showman, dramatist, virtuoso, entertainer; so long as his chief function is rather to exhilarate than enlighten the audience, it matters much less how often he contradicts himself, how glaringly his demonstrations nullify each other, or even how wantonly he betrays the scruples of a lifetime for the gratification of the moment. And what for me clinches the fact that Shaw is above all a showman of ideas—equally in terms of classification as of achievement—is that his is so very much more a triumph of method than of meaning, that again and again we can admire the approach while resisting, while rejecting, the arguments.

In any case, write though he did on a hundred subjects with cogency very often, with real conviction as often as not, Shaw yet never wrote so as to fuse all his contentions, reconcile all his contradictions, make some innermost quality of self light up the whole. He wears no heraldic armband, neither the *Que sais-je* of a Montaigne wise enough to doubt his own wisdom, nor the *cor lacertatum* of Swift, in lifelong explosion for what deep down refused to explode, nor the *Ecrasez l'infame* of Voltaire, divided by passion from Shaw however joined to him by wit and prankishness.

Of dialectics again, Dr. Johnson like Shaw often made a mere game, playing brusquely and unfairly to win. But the dialectics was one thing, the view of life another. When we speak of Dr. Johnson as a humane reactionary, the two words are ultimately not a contradiction but a coalescence, for to Johnson the Tory scheme of things was really at one with the tragic sense of life. Inequality must needs be acquiesced in as a principle since it could not be escaped as a fact.

But despite how many things Shaw espoused and militantly fought for or exposed and fought militantly against, just where do we pierce to the heart of the matter? We all know G. B. S., but what precisely is the GBessence? Possibly no symbolic heart exists because no human heart declares itself. How much gayer is a Johnson or a Mozart or a Keats for his streak of melancholy. But we no sooner seize on the gaiety of Shaw's mind than we become aware of the gaunt puritanism of his body. We no sooner respond to his anti-bourgeois laughter than we are conscious of his curiously bourgeois art. He ridicules Ireland by way of England, England by way of Ireland; he turns waggish in the pulpit, injects purpose into his pranks. Plumping for reason, he dissolves in mysticism; whooping up socialism he lets his eye stray toward the Strong Man and worldly power.

Such dazzling contradictions go far to explain Shaw's success as dramatist but tend also to point up his untrustworthiness of mind. To put it mildly it is all much too confusing. It is as though what one's doctor prescribed as a sedative should also prove an emetic. Were Shaw's the pervasive skepticism that frowns on all absolutes and is mistrustful of all systems, were his even

Though Shaw's treatment of his woman characters was sometimes ungracious and occasionally even cruel, he seems to have established a very happy marital relationship in his own life. He is seen here in a 1905 photo with his Irish wife, Charlotte Payne-Townshend, whom he married in 1898 at the age of 42. She preceded him in death in 1943.

the feeling that every human benefit has its price, we should know where and in what excellent company we stood. But in spite of his laughter Shaw does deal in absolutes. In spite of snarling them up in paradoxes he does offer solutions. We have accordingly to reconcile a constructive program with a nihilist technique. And superbly as laughter can demolish or paradox reinterpret, neither thing can be systematically constructive.

Shaw's *modus operandi* becomes too much an end in itself. The penalty perhaps of diverting all who watch you is converting none of them. It is the showmanship that drapes itself in sacerdotal robes, that chants and swings incense and utters solemn proclamations—whether after Wagner's fashion or Stanislavsky's or Mr. Eliot's—that acquires not just audiences but followers. The really costly thing with Shaw was not how many other people he made light of but that—and never more than when he swaggered—he so decidedly made light of himself.

Yet we must always bear in mind two things. A man born with a genius for juggling—whether colored balls or controversial ideas—can hardly escape the role of performer, can hardly avoid ending up on the stage. So much for what Shaw was. As for what he in some measure failed to be, as for his final lack of philosophic wholeness and weight, the very thing that made him in one sense more than man—the free, volatile, unvindictive, dazzingly gymnastic play of mind—left him not a complete man as well.

He rather reversed the usual human order. In him the animal spirits and sensual enjoyments that keep other men zestful and young were soberly dislodged or puritanically suppressed, while the philosophic doubts, the worries over the world, the concern for the good life that turn other men into split and neurotic personalities were for Shaw a source of invigoration and release. The effect if extraordinary is also just a little monstrous, as of someone not created but invented, as of someone marvelously, miraculously . . . two dimensional.

The masks, the pranks, the poses were in their way of course psychologically necessary as well as professionally shrewd. Shaw—as he himself confessed and Bertrand Russell and others quickly noted—was by nature a painfully shy man, one who compensated in print for a lack of ease in ordinary conversation, one who went still farther and made of himself not just a dramatic figure but an almost fictional one. It doesn't matter that part of the fiction consisted in speaking the truth.

Shaw's habitual joshing moreover bespoke not a mocking mind or witty tongue alone. The habitual josher is oftenest someone who finds the unself-conscious give-and-take of human intercourse a strain. His joshing, on the personal side, represents a kind of avoidance of conversation while on the intellectual side it is a way among one's inferiors of not having to talk drivel or talk down. Something faintly mysterious, because faintly monstrous, surrounds this man in whom the mind bulks so large and the body so blatantly dwindles, whose puritan view of sex may rather signify a sexual difficulty "solved" by puritanism.

Shaw, a natural subject for caricaturists, is caught here by Furniss in all his arch, incisive, satirical glory. Shaw's conscious intention was to laugh audiences out of preoccupation with themselves into consideration of social problems.

But the more palpable and, I would think, serious personal difficulty was social and economic and derives from the shabby-genteel family background, from the indigently transplanted Irishman, from the father who drank and the mother forced to work. Shaw solved the thing magnificently as a writer, but the emotions it begot he never wholly mastered or outgrew. He was one of those to whom birth wouldn't have mattered in the slightest had he only been really well born. He was a snob not for something he was but for something he wasn't.

One thinks, if for only a moment, of Swift. Shaw like Swift resented his ambiguous social position and took more than good care of his money. Like Swift again Shaw was fascinated by men of power and oddly evasive about women and love. But the likenesses only emphasize in the end the contrast between one of the most perfectly managed and one of the most tragically mishandled of all

On an antique typewriter in a cluttered corner of a hutlike study that revolved with the sun, Shaw—philosopher, artist, vegetarian, wit, snob, socialist and utter paradox—composed his immortal, clarion-call plays.

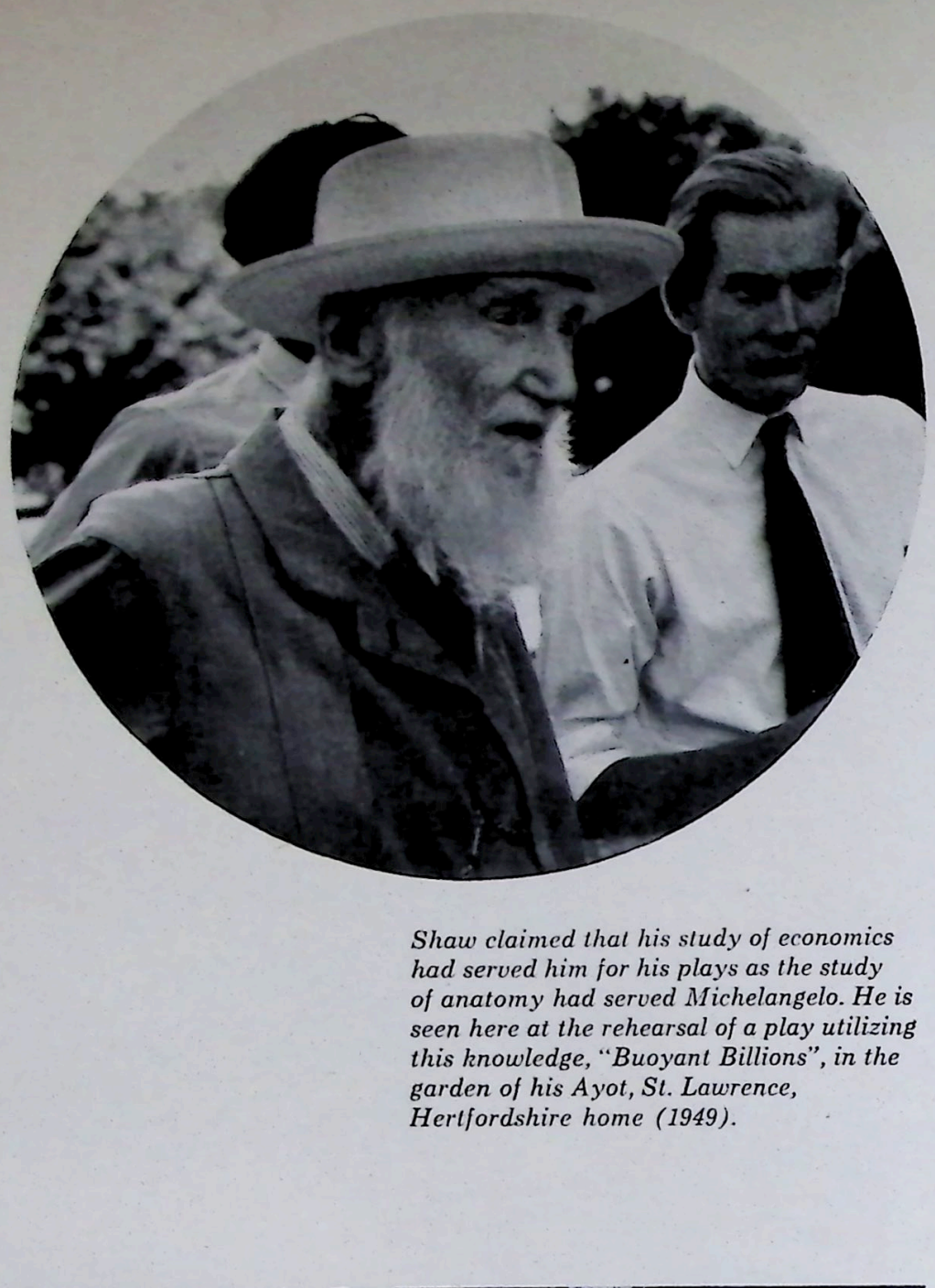
careers, between a self-regulated and smooth-functioning life and one that, deeply fissured within, ended in madness.

For want of a brooding and melancholy streak Shaw's work fails of a kind of beauty inherent in much of the finest art, but the absence of it in Shaw himself left the showman free to shuffle his masks at will and achieve the most unlikely roles: a Savonarola who should twinkle while he thundered; a puritan man-of-the-world who in the most Jaegerish of garments attained to the jauntiest of styles. Consider merely the beard by which Shaw instantly attracted attention and permanently concealed his face, by which he contrived to look flatteringly male and engagingly Mephistophelian, and by which most of all through seeming to part with it Shaw permanently preserved his youth.

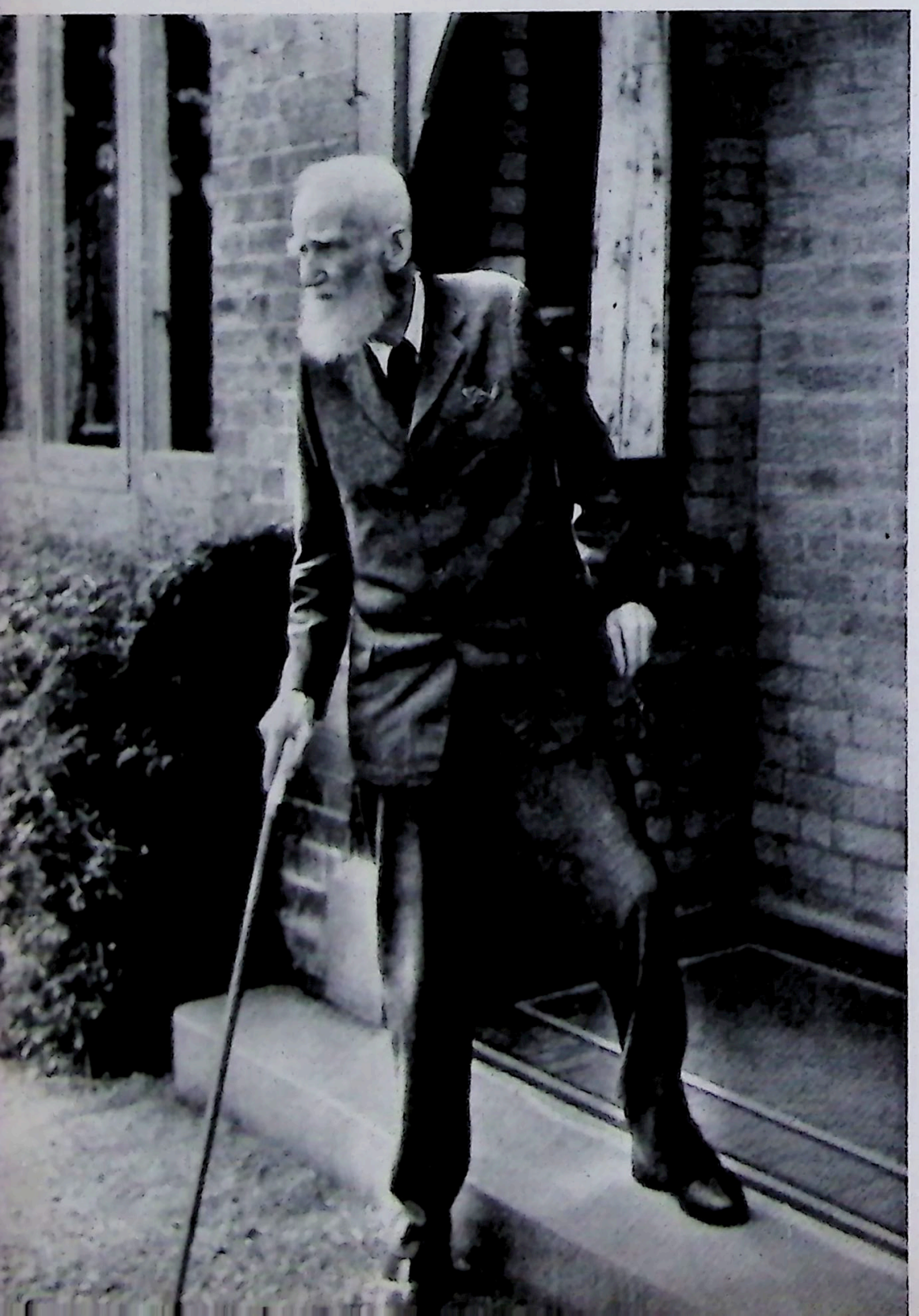
In our time there have been some very good things written about Shaw and some very good names indeed among the writers. Yet what stands forth glaringly is the extent to which Shaw has *not* been written about—that is to say by the most influential of our serious critics. And it is of real interest to ask why so many fashionable and formidable critics have passed Shaw by, even though the answer up to a point seems clear enough. For one thing, of course Shaw lived too long and, save here and there, his later work—a full 20 years of it—had almost in common decency to be ignored.

More integrally Shaw in his "art" was the kind of bourgeois writer who would antagonize today's higher criticism and in his tactics was the kind of anti-bourgeois writer who would perhaps antagonize it even more. And not only of course is Shaw's method sharply didactic. His concern is not with humanity but with society. He goes at slums in terms of slum clearance, at brothels in terms of capitalist profiteers, at marriage in terms of crippling divorce laws, at the early Christians in pointed contrast to the later ones. His Caesar or his Joan is not, thanks to the creative imagination, more richly complex than in history's pages. Rather each is brilliantly simplified and straightened out, each his own most eloquent spokesman. Thus not only art in the final reckoning but life itself at the very outset is too much cut to measure. Everything functions mechanically; nothing breathes.

But though one can well understand why so many critics have failed to write about Shaw, one yet can wish that they had or that they would. They might nail all that on the one hand is frivolous and on the other hand tractarian, all that is bloodless or bogus or mongrel or out-of-date and contrive a sharp new formulation of where he failed or fell short. But they might also conclude that in violation of his own tenets quite as much as theirs Shaw achieved magnificent effects, that with his verve and energy he is time and again nothing less than irresistible, that for sheer articulateness and wit he is in modern times all but unmatched. No one can dismiss Shaw's talent. One can at most deplore what Shaw did with it. ♦



Shaw claimed that his study of economics had served him for his plays as the study of anatomy had served Michelangelo. He is seen here at the rehearsal of a play utilizing this knowledge, "Buoyant Billions", in the garden of his Ayot, St. Lawrence, Hertfordshire home (1949).



This is the last action picture of the venerable sage and playwright, a photo which he himself dubbed "The Chucker Out." It was taken in July of 1950, the year of his death. He was 94 then but still not so old and feeble that he would avoid endorsing unpopular ideas and people. In his century of rich, pungent creativity Shaw produced enough complex, enigmatic plays to keep theatrical critics opining and controverting for another century.

SHAW'S THOUGHTS ON...

ART

I am convinced that fine art is the subtlest, the most seductive, the most effective instrument of moral propaganda in the world, excepting only the example of personal conduct; and I waive even this exception in favour of the art of the stage because it works by exhibiting examples of personal conduct made intelligible and moving to crowds of unobservant unreflecting people to whom real life means nothing.

Any fool can play the flute or anything else if he practises enough; but sculpture is a creative art not a mere business of whistling into a pipe. The sculptor must have something of the god in him. From his hand comes a form which reflects a spirit. He does not make it to please you nor even to please himself but because he must. You must take what he gives you or leave it if—you are not worthy of it.

Art is the magic mirror you make to reflect your invisible dreams in visible pictures. You use a glass mirror to see your face; you use works of art to see your soul.

SUCCESS

I dread success. To have succeeded is to have finished one's business on earth, like the male spider who is killed by the female the moment he has succeeded in his courtship. I like a state of continual becoming, with a goal in front and not behind. Then too I like fighting successful people, attacking them, rousing them, trying their mettle, kicking down their sand castles so as to make them build stone ones and so on. It develops one's muscles. Besides one learns from it. A man never tells you anything until you contradict him.

LAUGHTER

The power of laughter is astonishing. It is not enough to say merely that men enable themselves to endure the unbearablest nuisances and the deadliest scourges by setting up a merry convention that they are amusing. We must go further and face that they actually are amused by them—that they are not laughing with the wrong side of the mouth. If you doubt it read the popular fiction of the pre-Dickensian age, from the novels of Smollett to *Tom Cringle's Log*. Poverty in rags is a joke, yellow fever is a joke, drunkeness is a joke, dysentery is a joke, kickings, floggings, falls, frights, humiliations and painful accidents of all sorts are jokes. Henpecked husbands and termagant mothers-in-law are prime jokes. The infirmities of age and the inexperience and shyness of youth are jokes, and it is first-rate fun to insult and torment those that suffer from them.

WEALTH AND POVERTY

The rich dread poverty even more than the poor, who are used to it. Even millionaires can never be sure that they will not die paupers. Their incomes may be extinguished by bankruptcy, by discoveries and inventions or, even when all their securities are giltedged, by the enormous taxation and inflation involved by modern wars. The dread of this makes continual preoccupation with their private interests compulsory and makes perfect public integrity suicidal. Both rich and poor have common cares and opposed interests.

WOMEN

I know lots of charming women, but the worst of it is they're all married. Women don't become charming, to my taste, until they're fully developed. By that time, if they're really nice they're snapped up and married. Every one of them has a post sticking up, if I may put it that way, with the inscription: Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted. In every lovely garden, in every dell full of primroses, on every fair hillside we meet that confounded board and there is always a gamekeeper round the corner.

TRUTH

Now when a lie is popular, as all fairy tales of miracles are, it is impossible to overtake it once it gets a start. However often and authoritatively it may be disproved, ignorant people keep repeating it, and journalists keep copying from one another until they cease to want to believe it. Then, and not until then, it dies a natural death.

HAPPINESS

The secret of being miserable is to have leisure to bother about whether you are happy or not. The cure for it is occupation because occupation means preoccupation, and the preoccupied person is neither happy nor unhappy but simply alive and active, which is pleasanter than any happiness until you are tired of it. That is why it is necessary to happiness that one should be tired. Music after dinner is pleasant: music before breakfast is so unpleasant as to be clearly unnatural. To people who are not overworked holidays are a nuisance. To people who are, and who can afford them, they are a troublesome necessity. A perpetual holiday is a good working definition of hell.

SOCIAL STRUCTURE

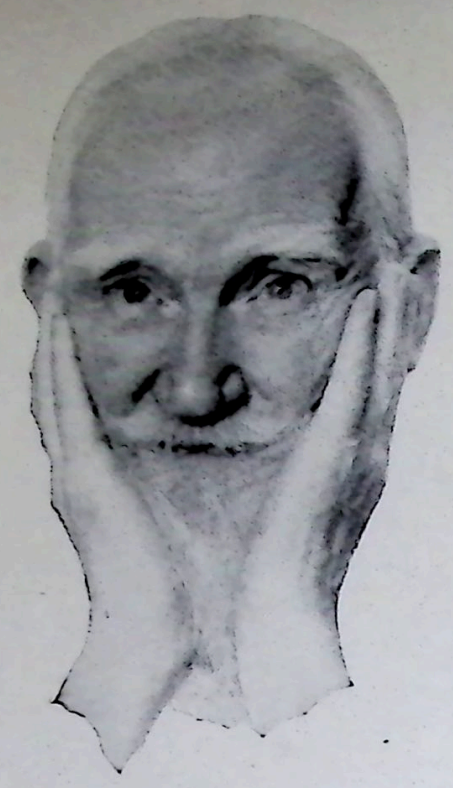
I believe that any society which desires to found itself on a high standard of integrity of character in its units should organize itself in such a fashion as to make it possible for all men and all women to maintain themselves in reasonable comfort by their industry without selling their affections and their convictions.

WISDOM

What your country needs is not your body but your mind. And I solemnly warn you that unless you exercise your mind you will lose it. A brain underexercised is far more injurious to health than an underexercised body. You know how men become bone lazy for want of bodily exercise. Well, they become brain lazy for want of mental exercise, and if nature meant them to be thinkers the results are disastrous. All sorts of bodily diseases are produced by half used minds, for it is the mind that makes the body; that is my secret and the secret of all the true healers.

from the Wisdom of

G. B. S.



All great Art and Literature is propaganda.

No man who is occupied in doing a very difficult thing and doing it very well ever loses his self-respect.

That is what all poets do: they talk to themselves out loud, and the world overhears them. But it's horribly lonely not to hear someone else talk sometimes.

When I contemplate what I know and have done (not that I ever do) I have a high opinion of myself. When I contemplate what I don't know and cannot do (which I am often forced to do) I feel as a worm might if it knew how big the world is.

Without art the crudeness of reality would make the world unbearable.

When a man has anything to tell in this world, the difficulty is not to make him tell it but to prevent him from telling it too often.

Imagination is the beginning of creation. You imagine what you desire; you will what you imagine; and at last you create what you will.

By laughter only can you destroy evil without malice and affirm good fellowship without mawkishness.

All I had to do was to open my normal eyes and with my utmost literary skill put the case exactly as it struck me or describe the thing exactly as I saw it to be applauded as the most humorously extravagant paradoxer in London. The only reproach with which I became familiar was the everlasting "Why can you not be serious?"

The prophet is without honor in his own family.

The plain working truth is that it is not only good for people to be shocked occasionally but absolutely necessary to the progress of society that they should be shocked pretty often.

My reputation grows with every failure . . .

The most effective way of shutting our minds against a great man's ideas is to take them for granted and admit he was great and have done with him. It really matters very little whether Ibsen was a great man or not. What does matter is his message and the need of it.

Man can climb to the highest summits, but he cannot dwell there long.

If I am bold, unscrupulous, acquisitive, successful and rich, everyone will respect me, admire me, court me, grovel before me. Then no doubt I shall be able to afford the luxury of honesty.

A life spent in making mistakes is not only more honorable but more useful than a life spent doing nothing.

The truth is the one thing nobody will believe.

When a thing is funny, search it for a hidden truth.

. . . most women are so thoroughly home-bred as to be unfit for human society.

How can you love a liar? I don't know. But you can fortunately. Otherwise there wouldn't be much love in the world.

All biological necessities have to be made respectable whether we like it or not.

A broken heart is a very pleasant complaint for a man if he has a comfortable income.

All young women begin by believing they can change and reform the men they marry. They can't.

Would you believe it that quite a lot of women have flirted with me because I am quite safe? But they get tired of me for the same reason.

Women spend half their lives telling little lies for men, and sometimes big ones.

The liar's punishment is not in the least that he is not believed but that he cannot believe anyone else.

First love is only a little foolishness and a lot of curiosity.

The worst sin towards our fellow creatures is not to hate them, but to be indifferent to them; that's the essence of inhumanity. If you watch people carefully you'll be surprised to find how like hate is to love.

How much easier it is to please a great man than a little one.

Money can cure hunger: it cannot cure unhappiness. Food can satisfy the appetite, but not the soul.

I plead for a science of happines to cure us of the miserable delusion that we can achieve it by becoming richer than our neighbors.

It is far more dangerous to be a saint than to be a conqueror.

Not one of us has a blank page in the books of the Recording Angel.

We want a few mad people now. See where the sane ones have landed us!

When a stupid man is doing something he is ashamed of he always declares that it is his duty.

Journalism can claim to be the highest form of literature, for all the highest literature is journalism. The writer who aims at producing the platitudes which are "not for an age, but for all time" has his reward in being unreadable in all ages.

I deal with all periods but I never study any period but the present, which I have not yet mastered and never shall. As a dramatist I have no clue to any historical or other personage save that part of him which is also myself.

It is always necessary to overstate a case startlingly to make people sit up and listen to it and to frighten them into acting on it. I do this myself habitually and deliberately.

But do not pretend that people become great by doing great things. They do great things because they are great if the great things come along. But they are great just the same when the great things do not come along.

The man who writes about himself and his own time is the only man who writes about all people and about all time.

The only service a friend can really render is to keep up your courage by holding up to you a mirror in which you can see a noble image of yourself.

The righteous man takes his life in his hand whenever he utters the truth.

Malice and fear are narrow things and carry with them a thousand inhibitions and terrors and scruples. A heart and brain purified of them gain an enormous freedom.

We always hesitate to treat a dangerously good man as a lunatic because he may turn out to be a prophet in the true sense: that is, a man of exceptional sanity who is in the right when we are in the wrong.

God has given us a world that nothing but our own folly keeps from being a paradise.

A life devoted to the Cause of Humanity has enthusiasms and passions to offer which far transcend the selfish personal infatuations and sentimentalities of romance.

A married man forms married habits and becomes dependent on marriage just as a sailor becomes dependent on the sea.

The real lady will be the woman who does more than her bit and thereby leaves her country richer than she found it. Today nobody knows what a real lady is, but the dignity is assumed most confidently by the women who ostentatiously take as much and give as nearly nothing as they can.

It is not pleasure that makes life worth living. It is life that makes pleasure worth having.

No question is so difficult to answer as that to which the answer is obvious.

A bluestocking is a woman who has a mania for intellectual subjects without having a ray of intellect.

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8800 Wilshire Boulevard / Beverly Hills, California

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: My way of joking is to tell the truth. It's the funniest joke in the world.

* *

FRANKLIN PIERCE ADAMS: You never know what you can do without until you try.

* *

ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL: If I had my way I'd make health catching instead of disease.

* *

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON: Merely having an open mind is nothing. The object of opening the mind, as of opening the mouth, is to shut it again on something solid.

* *

ARTHUR HELPS: The worst use that can be made of success is boasting of it.

* *

JOSH BILLINGS: Confess your sins to the Lord and you will be forgiven; confess them to men and you will be laughed at.

* *

RALPH WALDO EMERSON: Money often costs too much.

* *

MARK TWAIN: When some men discharge an obligation you can hear the report for miles around.

* *

THOMAS CARLYLE: The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.

* *

ELBERT HUBBARD: The world is moving so fast these days that the man who says it can't be done is generally interrupted by someone doing it.

* *

ANATOLE FRANCE: It is better to understand a little than to misunderstand a lot.

* *

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON: I believe in getting into hot water; it keeps you clean.

* *

WILLIAM OSLER: The desire to take medicine is perhaps the greatest feature which distinguishes man from animals.

* *

EDWARD GIBBON: Unprovided with original learning, unformed in the habits of thinking, unskilled in the arts of composition, I resolved—to write a book.

BOOTH TARKINGTON: An ideal wife is any woman who has an ideal husband.

* *

OSCAR WILDE: The public have an insatiable curiosity to know everything—except what is worth knowing.

* *

REMY DE GOURMONT: Very simple ideas lie within the reach only of complex minds.

* *

JONATHAN SWIFT: The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Wit of Wisdom

BENJAMIN DISRAELI: Talk to a man about himself and he will listen for hours.

* *

ROBERT JONES BURDETTE: Don't believe the world owes you a living. The world owes you nothing—it was here first.

* *

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.

* *

HELEN ROWLAND: When you see what some girls marry, you realize how they must hate to work for a living.

* *

CARL SANDBURG: I won't take my religion from any man who never works except with his mouth.

* *

WILLIAM SCHWENCK: It isn't so much what's on the table that matters, as what's on the chairs.

OLIVER HEREFORD: A man is known by the silence he keeps.

* *

JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER: An artist's career always begins tomorrow.

* *

THOMAS ROBERT DEWAR: A husband should tell his wife everything that he is sure she will find out and before anyone else does.

* *

SAMUEL BUTLER: The most important service rendered by the press is that of educating people to approach printed matter with distrust.

* *

OSCAR WILDE: Marriage is the one subject on which all women agree and all men disagree.

* *

ANDRE MAUROIS: When you become used to never being alone, you may consider yourself Americanized.

* *

CHARLES CALEB COLTON: Many books require no thought from those who read them and for a very simple reason—they made no such demand upon those who wrote them.

* *

CHARLES DICKENS: Credit: a person who can't pay gets another person who can't pay to guarantee that he can pay.

* *

PAUL ELDRIDGE: Many a crown of wisdom is but the golden chamberpot of success worn with pompous dignity.

* *

VOLTAIRE: Common sense is not so common.

* *

BARON LYTTON: Life is like playing a violin solo in public and learning the instrument as one goes on.

* *

CHARLES DARWIN: I love fools' experiments—I am always making them.

* *

THOMAS JEFFERSON: It is the trade of lawyers to question everything, yield nothing, and to talk by the hour.

* *

WILSON MIZNER: When you take stuff from one writer it's plagiarism; when you take it from many writers it's research.

As Italian a symbol as anything anywhere is the leaning bell tower of Pisa. This marble campanile, built between 1174 and 1350, leans one foot farther every century.

ITALY

LAND OF ART, HISTORY AND RUINS

by Horace Sutton

For a nation used as a battlefield in a long slow, sloppy, war of attrition—south beset by an invader, north in the grip of an erstwhile ally turned captor—Italy has bounced back with vitality in the past decade. Cities mangled beyond identification have been abandoned and built anew. Bombed hotels have been reconstructed, new ones built. The roads are excellent. The work has gone ahead ploddingly, ceaselessly. There is none of the frenzied American stress for continual improvement.

One senses that the country would like to get to where it was before the shooting started but not necessarily farther. The shops and offices in most cities, during the warm season, are open from nine until noon and again from four until eight. Between times Italians talk politics, dawdle over an *apéritif* at an outdoor cafe, eat, sleep and propagate.

You might have trouble finding an ice cream soda in Italy, but almost everything else is on hand, even hot dogs. There are no shortages for the tourist, and Americans will find prices appreciably lower than at home except in the fanciest hotels and shops.

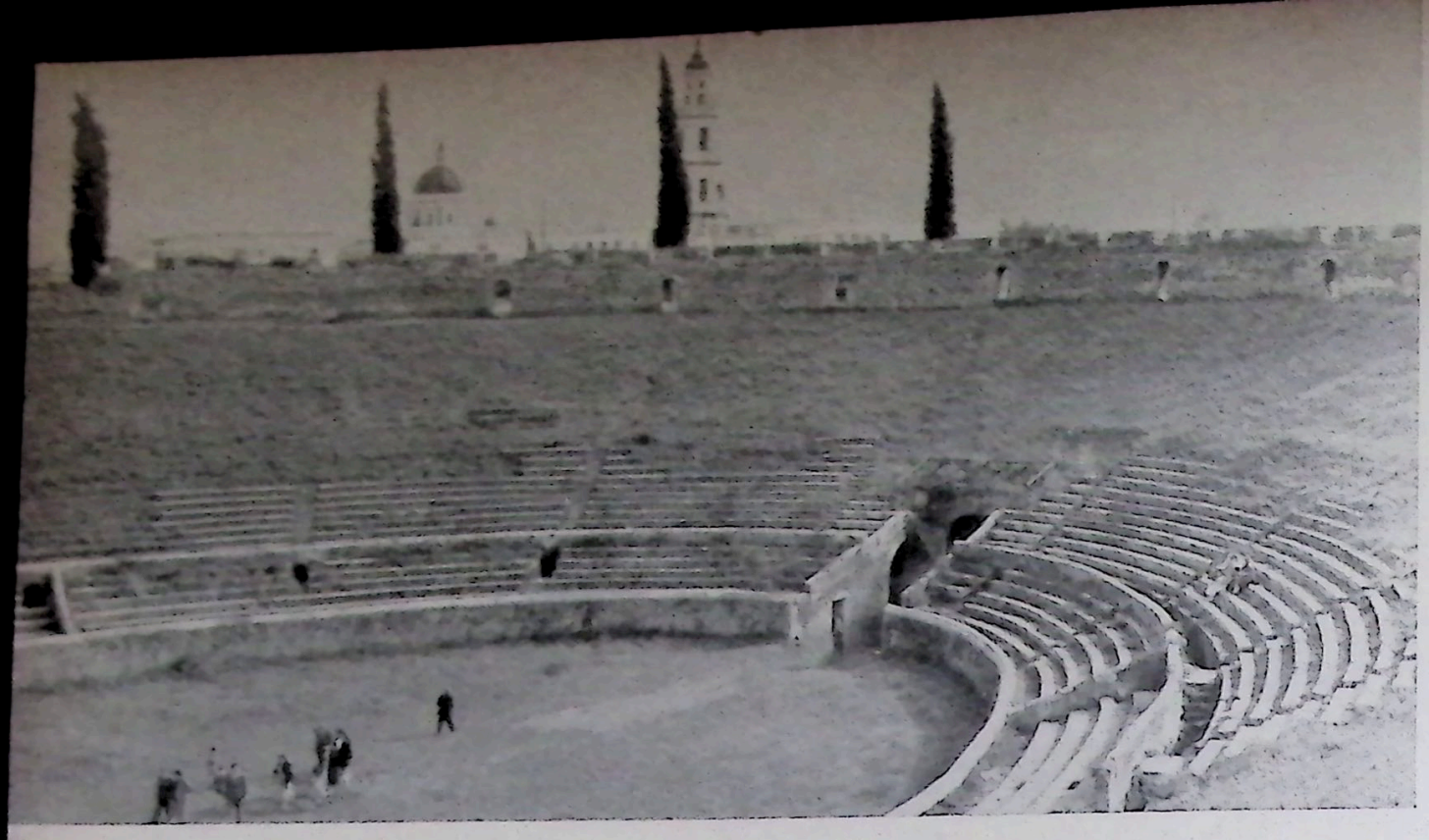
Italy's poverty becomes more evident as one travels south from Rome, and it reaches a low in Sicily. Basically the country's economic problem results from the double disadvantage of virtually no mineral resources of its own and a population increasing at the incredible clip of 350,000 every year. The overpopulation necessitates creating jobs, especially government jobs, where none is necessary. It takes four customs clerks to do the work one efficient man could accomplish without straining, and each feels a responsibility to impress upon whoever is handy, his true importance.

In dealing with street beggars in Venice, Genoa, Rome and all points south, some Americans bestow lavish tips on all comers as an execution of a personalized Marshall Plan. (In turn bits of chocolate go to all children and pats on the head to all local dogs.) The presence of beggars embarrasses most Italians, and latent apologists for the late Fascist regime will say that at least during those times one didn't have this kind of a situation on the streets.

Generally you will find Italians to be suave, sentimental, sincere. They are the hand-kissingest men this side of Rudolph Valentino. When they are particularly glad to see each other, Italians will indulge in a kissing operation that involves both cheeks of both parties.

When they are happy Italians will sing; when they are sad they are sour. They have a low boiling point, and when they get angry, stand clear of flying gesticulations. On the other hand they are easily disarmed with a smile. They get along well with Americans and feel neither a personal humiliation about the war nor an embarrassment about postwar American assistance. As far as the war is concerned they feel they were badly led.

Here Caesar worshipped 2000 years ago—in the Roman Forum. This "Glory that was Rome" is still a major tourist attraction. Santa Lucia Church is framed by Temple of Saturn's columns.



Pompeii's amphitheater, where gladiators once fought, is now a stage for actors who revive classic plays. The towers and domes of new Pompeii contrast with the ancient city which was destroyed by the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius in 79 A. D.

You need have no fear of intellectual starvation in Italy. You'll find a broad selection of popular American and British books in paper- and cloth-bound editions. Newsstands in the big cities carry virtually every American magazine.

Restaurants serve hard, doughy rolls that taste something like the bloated pretzels sold on pushcarts on New York's lower East Side. Italy is full of *pasta*, so you will be too. Spaghetti is *pasta* and so are noodles. Italian cooking varies with the sauce draped over the *pasta*. Since they give you, as one Englishman recently reported, enough spaghetti to knit a pullover, it often isn't necessary to plunge deeper into the menu.

Veal is the national meat in Italy like roast beef in England and steak in the United States. It comes smothered in cheese, breaded, grilled, mixed with peppers, sautéed with flavorsome leaves or cold in a sandwich.

Italians are in the habit of dropping by bars or cafes and drinking perhaps half a dozen cups of coffee a day. There are those who claim that the local coffee habit is the whole key to the Italian disposition, that the country has coffee nerves on a national scale.

The timeless city, to which all roads lead emerged from World War II with hardly a scratch. There are scars on many a Roman but few on Rome. With wars and the men who make them, Rome has had considerable experience, tracing its forebears back 27 centuries, and in that time men and motives have changed little.

You couldn't call Rome a gay city. It's too steeped in its own history, too phlegmatic in its easy habits, too somnolent in its summer sun. Here marched Caesar's legions, the Duce's blackshirts, Mark Clark's GI's from Kearny, New Jersey, and Deer Lodge, Montana.

The charm, the excitement of Rome is that you can walk where Nero fiddled, where Anthony spoke, where Charlemagne kneeled to become emperor of the Romans. The ruins and the remnants of 2700 years of civilization are all in the out-of-doors, as handy to the casual stroller as a city park.

Today Rome is a great city of 2,000,000, split lengthwise by the ancient Tiber which flows into the Mediterranean 14 miles away. A fourth of the city lies on the left bank, three quarters on the right. Rome is the national capital of Italy and the world capital of Catholicism.

Except for December and January when the temperature occasionally slips below 50, the city is sunny and mild, and in summer downright hot. In its dignity, penchant for pomp, Rome is often colorful. The streets are crowded with priests in black gowns, monks in black and brown, missionaries in from tropical outposts still wearing white robes and open sandals, German student priests in smocks of flaming red who are known as *gamberi cotti* – boiled shrimps.

There must be more cops foot-for-foot in Rome than at a policeman's ball. All of them work in pairs even when directing traffic or when they are mounted on motorcycle or horseback.

Rome's big municipal park is the Villa Borghese, or Villa Umberto I. Its tall, gangling umbrella pines, bare except for a puff of evergreen on top, form a canopy for lovers who picnic on the park's sandy soil and the strollers who meander along the winding lanes. These umbrella pines are a trademark of Italy as are the rows of delicate poplars of France.

Inside the park is the Borghese Gallery, which houses the best collection of art in Rome aside from the Vatican Galleries. This gallery's first collection of some 255 pieces was sold to Napoleon by his brother-in-law, Prince Camillus Borghese in the face of stiff Vatican protest. The present collection was gathered together from works of art in various villas of the Borgheses and augmented by discoveries of new excavations. It includes a number of statues by Bernini, and on the first floor over 600 paintings including the "Descent from the Cross" by Raphael.

Most of the city's tourist life and its better hotels are centered in a 10-block radius drawn from the southern end of the park. The main artery of the visitors' quarter is the Via Vitorrio Veneto, a broad avenue that curls out of the Porta Pinciana, the park's southeast entrance. Lined with hotels, trees, sidewalks tables, the Via has always held a fatal fascination for tourists.

Vatican City, Catholicism's capital, is a tiny, independent state on the left bank of the Tiber totaling a hundred acres of real estate and a thousand citizens. It operates its own radio station, publishes its own newspaper, issues its own stamps, has no custom duties, imposes no taxes. In its curious, confined world it has a railroad and depot, but no trains ever leave or come into the walls of the Vatican.

For its size it is surrounded by one of the most colorful, best trained, highly disciplined, most complicated cordon of police and military units in the world. Its mandates, decisions, orders and rules affect more of the globe's population than any other headquarters. Vatican City is probably the most powerfully concentrated capsule on earth.

One of the loveliest towns in all Italy is Siena, on the main Rome-Florence highway. No other town seems to have retained

its medieval atmosphere as successfully as Siena with its narrow alleys, colonnaded windows, old *palazzos*, with rooftop battlements and wrought-iron decorations on the doorways.

Siena is built on three hills, and as you puff up the crowded streets past the Gothic, stone-faced buildings you will burst suddenly onto the Piazza del Campo, the city square, an immense area inlaid with brick pavement and faced almost all around with curving buildings, mostly Gothic in character. Forbidden to traffic, the fan-shaped square slopes downward toward a great bell tower known as the Torre del Mangia, part of the Palazzo Pubblico.

For 300 years of the Renaissance Florence, a city astride the Arno about the same size as greater Toledo or Denver, or Springfield, Massachusetts, was the wellspring of art, architecture, literature and science. From the thirteenth through the sixteenth centuries while Florence was variously a republic, a virtual empire under the Medicis and finally a duchy, the city produced Dante, Petrarch, Giotto, Boccaccio, Cellini, Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo. Poetry, paintings, sculpture and intellectuality sprang from its cultivated citizens like automobiles out of Detroit.

Today Florence, indoors and out, is undoubtedly the greatest museum in the world. But even aside from the gift of art passed down from the Renaissance Florentines, the modern city has inherited the craftsmanship of the artisan. It is world famed for leather goods, silver, ceramics, linens, laces and high-fashion shoes, all hand-worked with exquisite precision, imaginative artistry and patience.

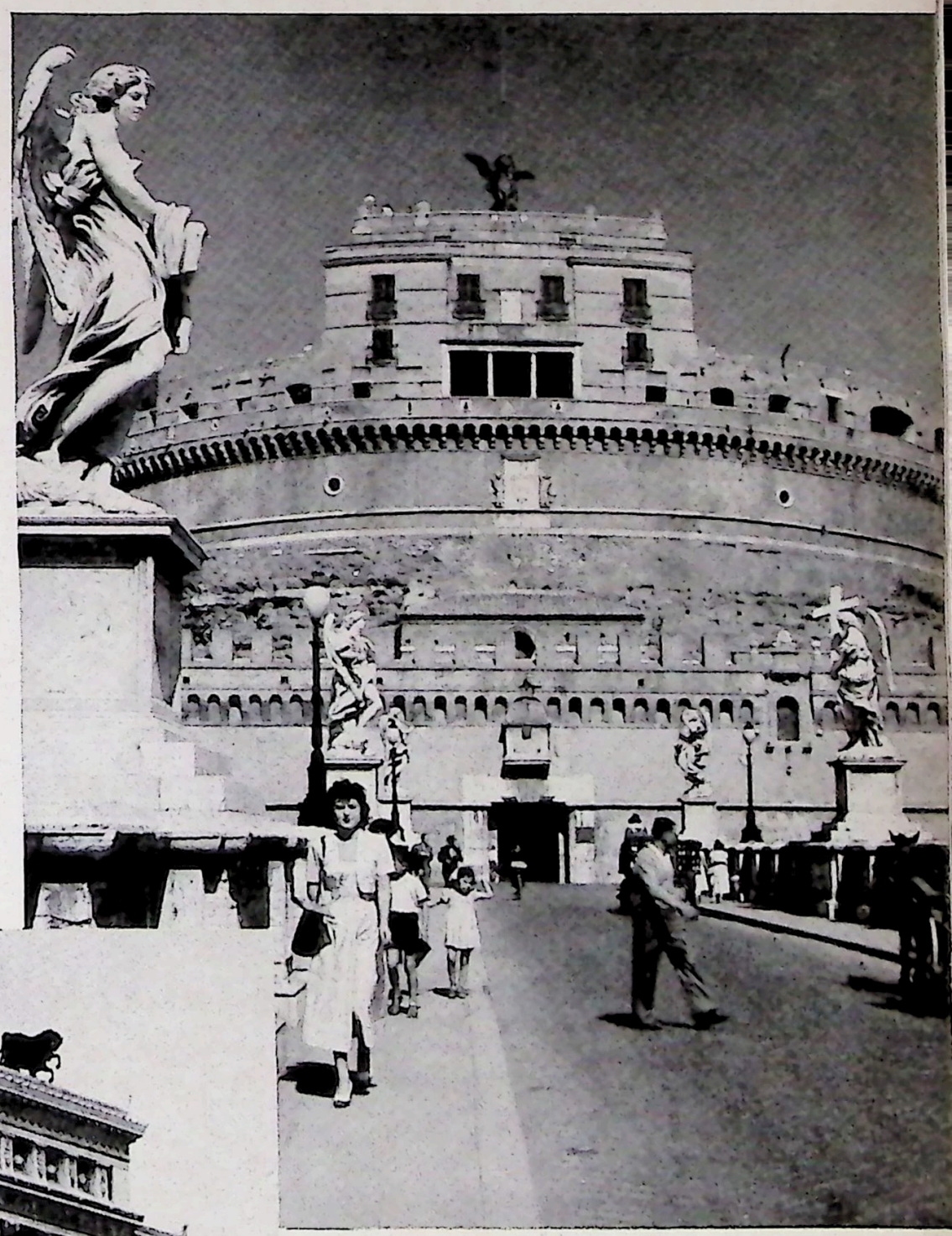
As a cultural and shopping center Florence is an all-year-round attraction for tourists, students, scholars and buyers. While it draws the art student who seeks to probe the works of Giotto as a pioneer realist who first departed from the stilted style of the Byzantines, Florence also rents space to Gimbels and Macy's who maintain permanent purchasing commissions there. Florence in the spring of 1847 attracted the newlyweds, Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who were escaping the London weather and Mrs. Browning's autocratic father. They took an apartment in the Casa Guidi near the Pitti Palace, where they lived and wrote for 15 years.

Although the Uffizi Galleries in Florence, probably the most

(text continued on page 72)

St. Peter's Cathedral, which might be called the Capitol of Catholicism, was begun in the 16th century. Michelangelo designed its magnificent dome.

Italy's open-air meat and produce markets have quaint charm for tourists, easy access for the local flies. Italy's streets are well patrolled—by white-garbed traffic directors like the one at left, by sword-carrying police in white coats and purple-striped black breeches, and by "carabinieri" in black Napoleonic hats. Though Italy is an important exporter of cars, at home the bicycle rather than the automobile is king. The cycle below embodies the latest advancement for the mobile baby-sitter (St. Peter's in background). In the cellar of Rome's Cisterna Restaurant (below, right) waiters still wear 18th century costumes. Specialty of the house is "fettucine alla papalina," made from a recipe known only to one other chef in Italy, the Pope's. Beneath the dining room are catacombs and an ancient well where guests throw coins and make a wish.



Italians don't hold vintage, label and year in such high awe as the French, but Italian wine does bejewel many a gracious table all over the world. The rich plump grapes in the huge cask above are a basic reason. Too much of Italy's agriculture is done on worn-out soil by outworn methods. The oxcart full of grain (above, right) near the town of Chianti is a delight to photographers but the despair of scientific farmers. Hadrian's Tomb (right)—begun in 135 A. D., completed 139—was designed as a mausoleum for one of Rome's ablest administrator-emperors, but it has served mainly as fortress, particularly for the Popes during the Dark Ages. Today it is a military museum. Shown below is the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Note how Mussolini, who tried so hard to be the-greatest-Roman-of-them-all, maintained the Roman motif of the ruins lying in the foreground.

complete in the world, echo the cultured appreciative murmurs of art connoisseurs from all corners of the globe, the city's hundreds of shops resound with the bargaining tourists who come to Florence because it is the best shopping city in Italy.

Though Venice has been where it is for many years and is exactly as it appears in pictures, practical-minded North Americans still find it difficult to comprehend the existence of a city which, by choice, has waterways for streets.

It has over a quarter of a million inhabitants who live on 118 islands huddled together two and a half miles off the mainland and a mile and a quarter from the open sea. The islands are divided by 160 canals and connected by some 400 bridges.

Except perhaps for tiny gardens hidden in the courtyards of villas, Venice has no trees, no grass, no flowers. It has no cars, no carriages, no horses, no bicycles, no dust. One moves on foot—crossing the canals by bridge or ferry or by public steamboat which makes all the local stops, by motorboat, or by gondola. One hour you are on a train or riding a country road on a bus and the next you are in a gondola, baggage and all, pulling away from the Piazzale Roma for your hotel. Steamboats and barges fill the canals. Gondolas are ambulances and hearses; some are yellow and red and deliver Coca Cola; some are privately owned and are propelled by gondoliers in immaculate white uniforms with bright-colored sash around the waist and bright band around the hat. There is so much traffic on the ancient canals the city has installed traffic lights at particularly dangerous intersections.

North of the Venetian Plain the Dolomites—the Italian Tyrol—stretch about 70 miles wide and extend about 65 miles deep. Tucked in the northeast corner of the country, they are marked by bold, jagged, perpendicular peaks stabbing into the Alpine sky. In the sun they reflect a deep rose hue which contrasts with the Kelly-Green grass carpets covering the valleys between peaks. Clustered in the center of the carpets, as if great hands had lifted the edges of the grass and shaken everything down into the folds, are the Alpine villages of white plaster and pine board in the Tyrol style.

In the Dolomites the men often wear *lederhosen*, Alpine hats, and are given to pipe smoking and mountain climbing. On Sundays the older women wear black shawls, about all that is left of the mountain costume which is sometimes still dusted off for weddings and church festivals.

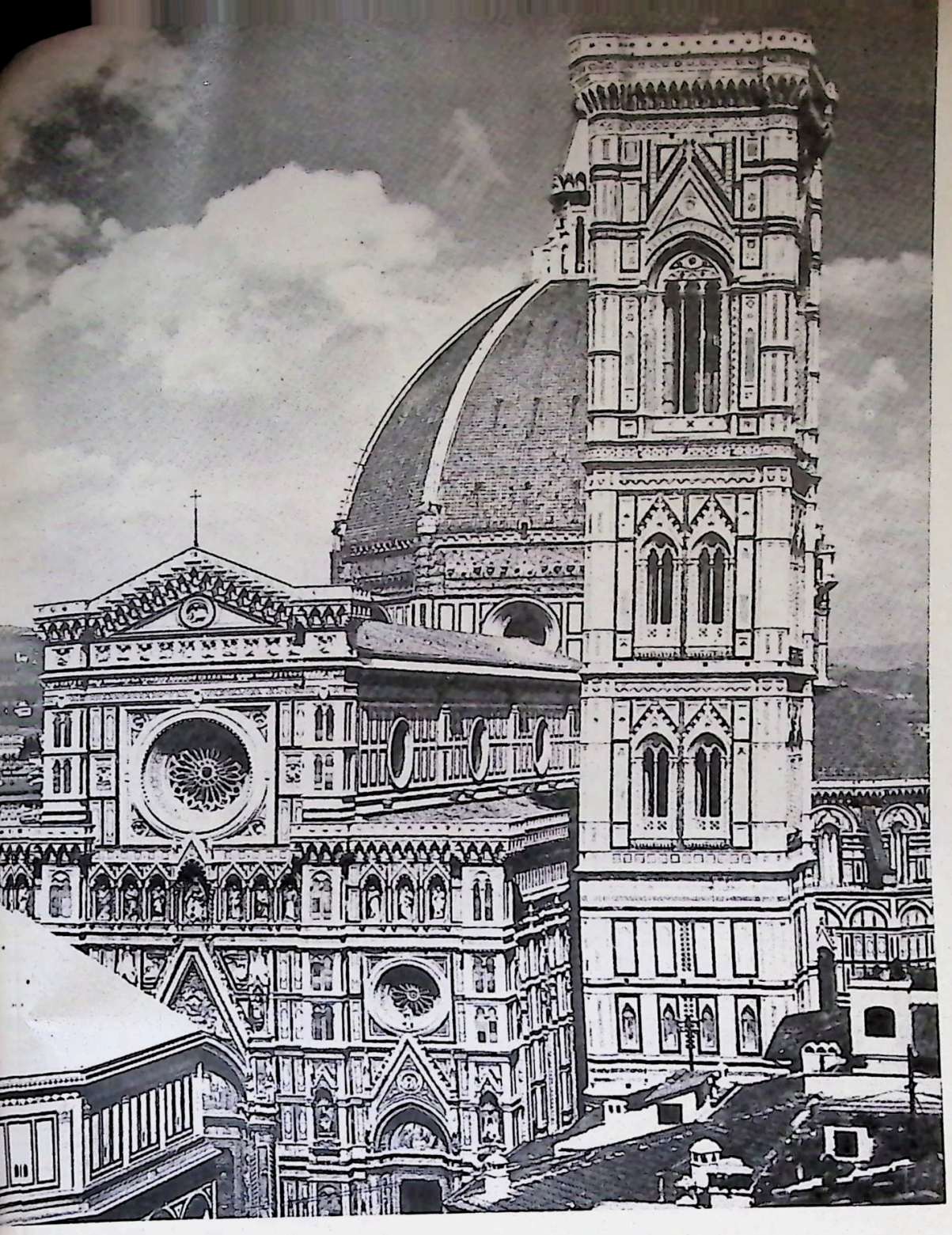
The commercial, financial, publishing and manufacturing center of Italy—and proud of it—is Milan. The streetcars are packed, you hop to get out of the way of cars, traffic becomes snarled, people on foot move quickly and the tempo reminds you of New York. Every one of the million and a half Milanese knows the bromide about indolent southern Italians, and they make sure no visitor leaves without hearing: "Milan works, and Rome eats."

Milan's cathedral is a massive pile of points and spires, like a pincushion with all the pins and needles carefully stuck in perpendicularly. The main spire with a gold statue of the Virgin atop it, is 354 feet high. Begun in 1386, the church was consecrated in 1577, but it was not until 1809 that the facade, begun four years earlier on Napoleon's order, was finally completed.

Third largest cathedral in the world, Milan's *duomo* can hold 40,000 people. It is made almost entirely of marble quarried near Lake Maggiore and it is supported by 52 columns each representing a week of the year. Counting large and small statues, there are about 2000 figures in the cathedral, but the ceiling, which looks carved, is actually painted.

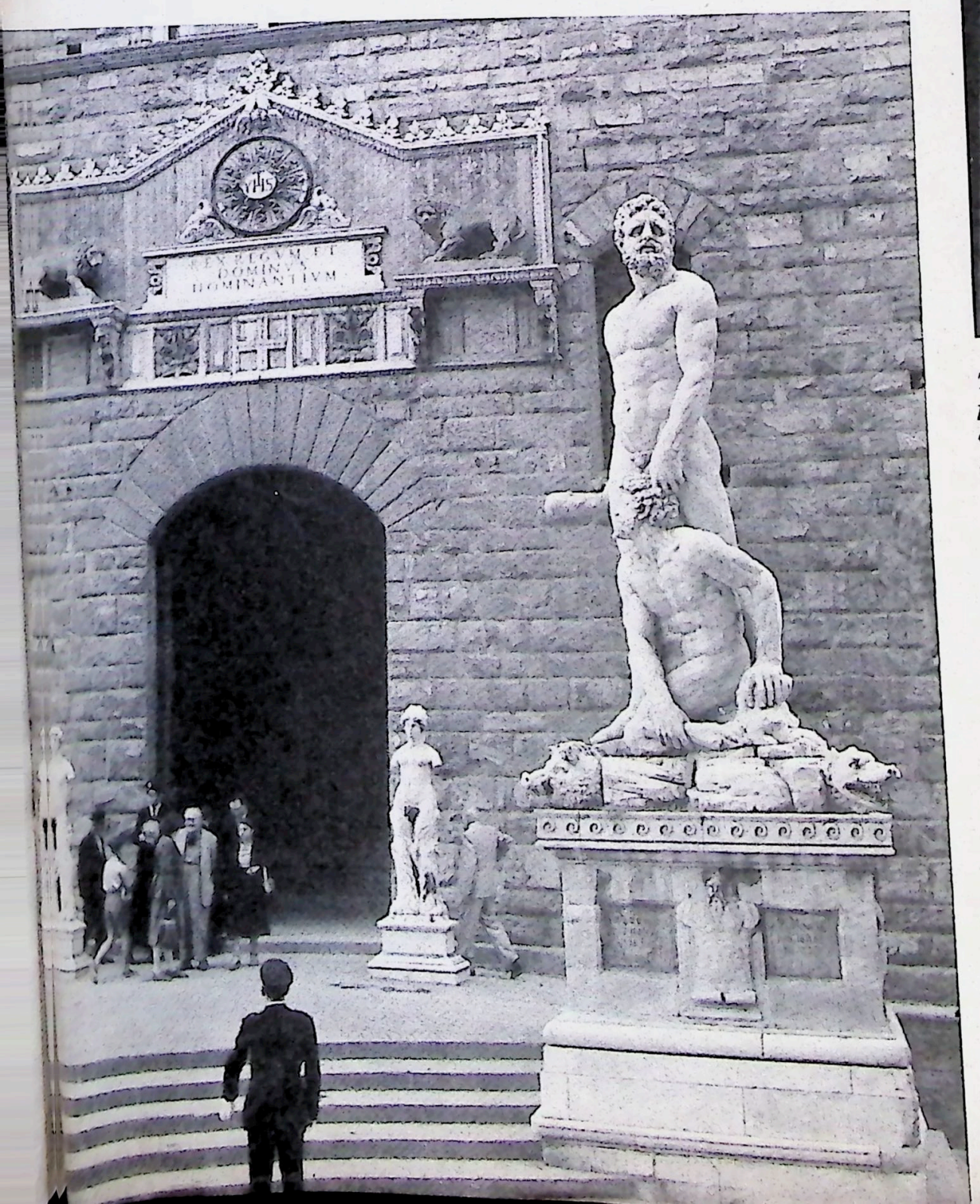
Milan is the home of the world-famous opera house, La Scala. It seats 3600 people, and next to the San Carlo in Naples, is the largest in Europe. La Scala was built in 1778 on the site of a church founded by one Beatrice della Scala who gave the opera her name. Many of the world's great composers performed in

This is Siena, in Tuscany, still medieval in its stern Gothic architecture. Tall spire is Torre del Mangia bell tower, added to the Palazzo Pubblico in 1338. Chapel at base of tower commemorates 30,000 Sienese killed by a plague in 1348. Siena had a burgeoning school of art even before the sublime awakening of culture in Florence, in 13th century.



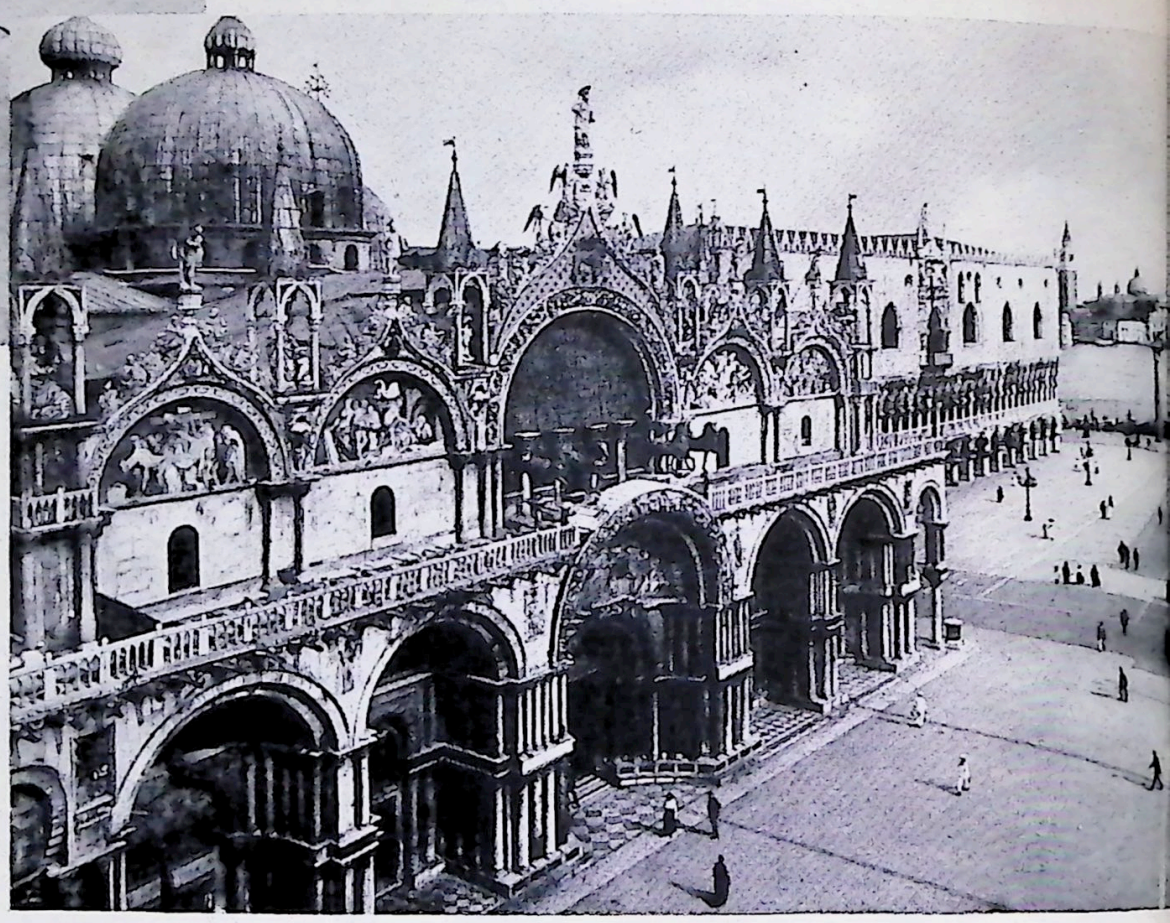
Grouped here are the Cathedral of Florence (third largest in Europe, its dome was copied by Michelangelo in creating St. Peter); Giotto Bell Tower; and The Baptistry (its most famous baptized baby was the poet Dante).

The Loggia dei Lanzi, originally built as a place where politicians and citizens could air their views, is today a museum housing such treasures as Cellini's bronze "Perseus".

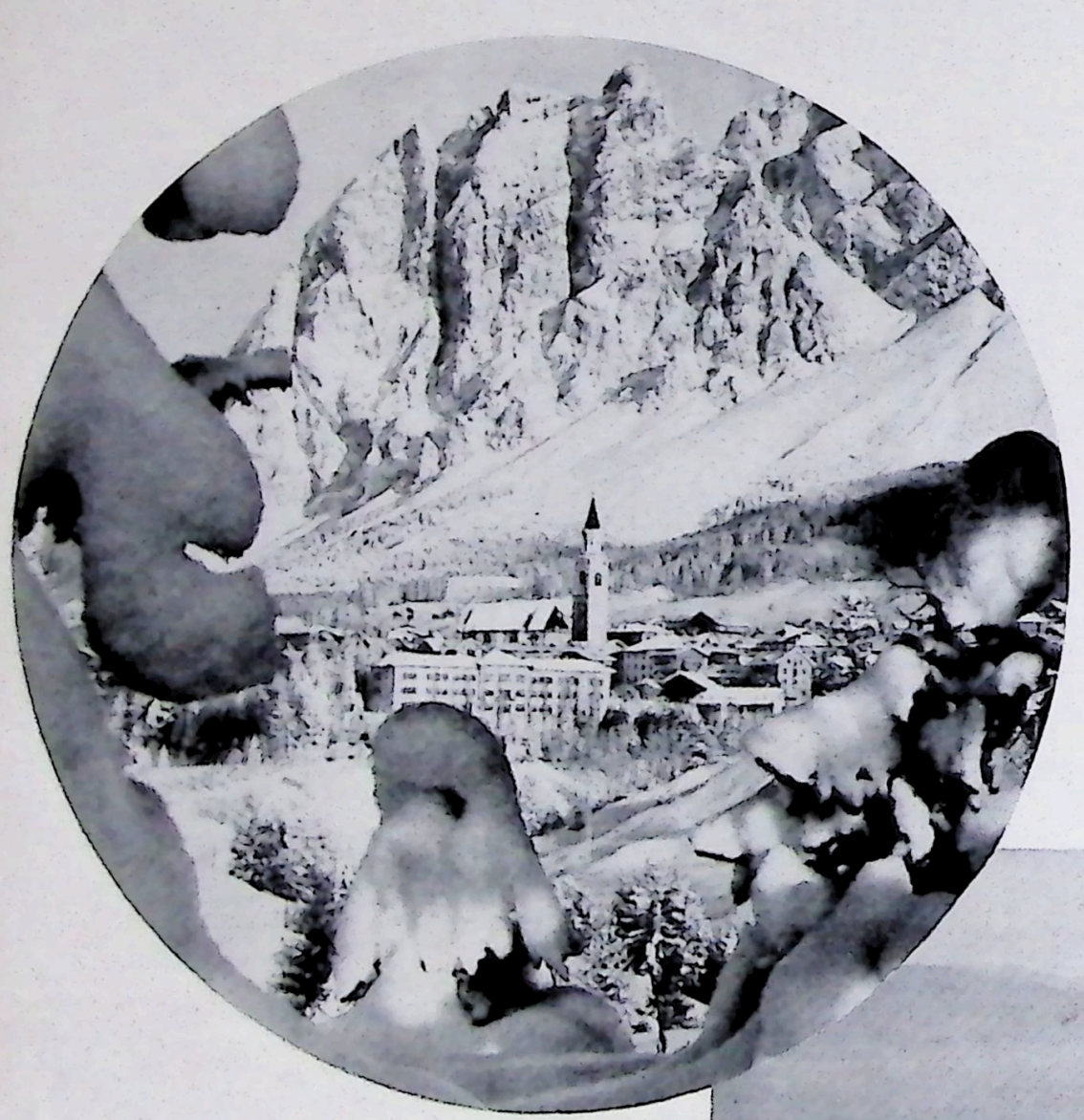


Dominant structure in Florence's Piazza della Signoria is Palazzo Vecchio, flanked on left by Michelangelo's "David" and on right by Bandinelli's "Hercules and Cacus." Palace now doubles as city hall, museum.

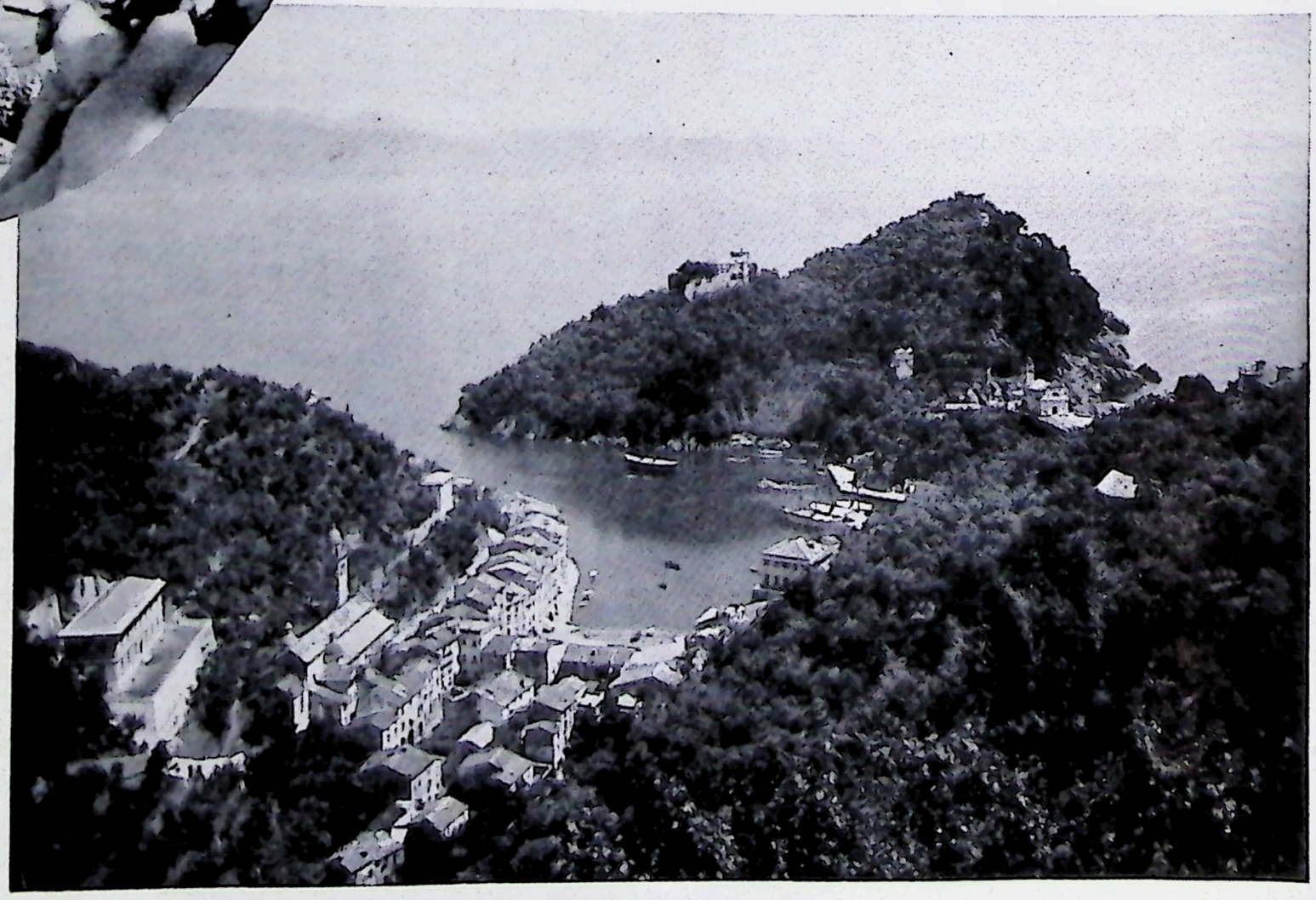
Taxis in Venice are sleek, sharp-prowed gondolas like this one on the Grand Canal. Gondoliers are—in the mind of the uninitiated—redolent of romance, exotic arias and misty amours. In the flesh they are quite brusque, belong to a strong union, drive such a sharp bargain that it's highly recommendable to let your hotel concierge be your dickering agent.



St. Mark's Basilica in Venice, capped with its Byzantine mosques, is seen from the Clock Tower. Its foundations were laid in 830 as a shrine for the body of St. Mark, which had been stolen in Egypt by two Venetians.



Cortina, where the Winter Olympics were held this year, is in the heart of the Italian Tyrol or Dolomites. People here speak Gardena, original language of the Alps and distinctly different from all nearby languages.



Chic charm, romance and scenic grandeur are woven into the exquisite tapestry that is Portofino. From this wooded inlet in the Italian Riviera, Richard the Lion-hearted sailed to the Holy Land in 1190 to fight in a Crusade.

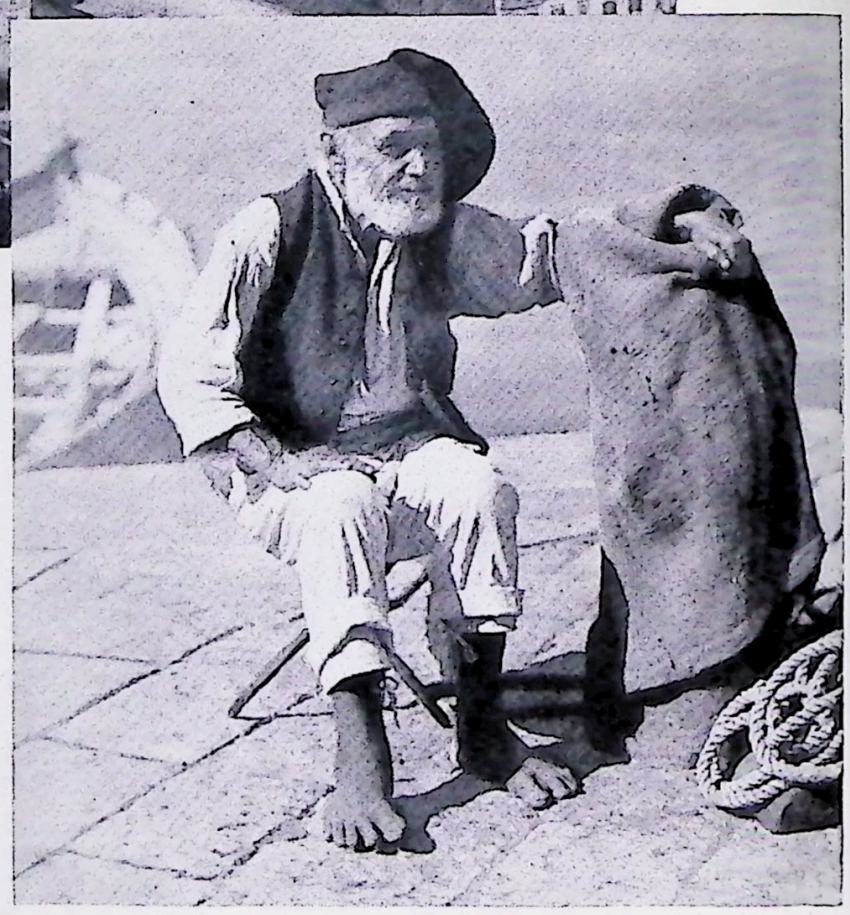
Massive, spired Milan Cathedral can hold 40,000 people. Here Napoleon crowned himself with the Iron Crown of the Lombards.

person at La Scala, among them Verdi, Gounod, Bizet, Wagner (at the first presentation of *Lohengrin*), Puccini, Mascagni, Saint-Saens, Tchaikovsky, Richard Strauss, Debussy, Rimsky-Korsakoff and untold others.

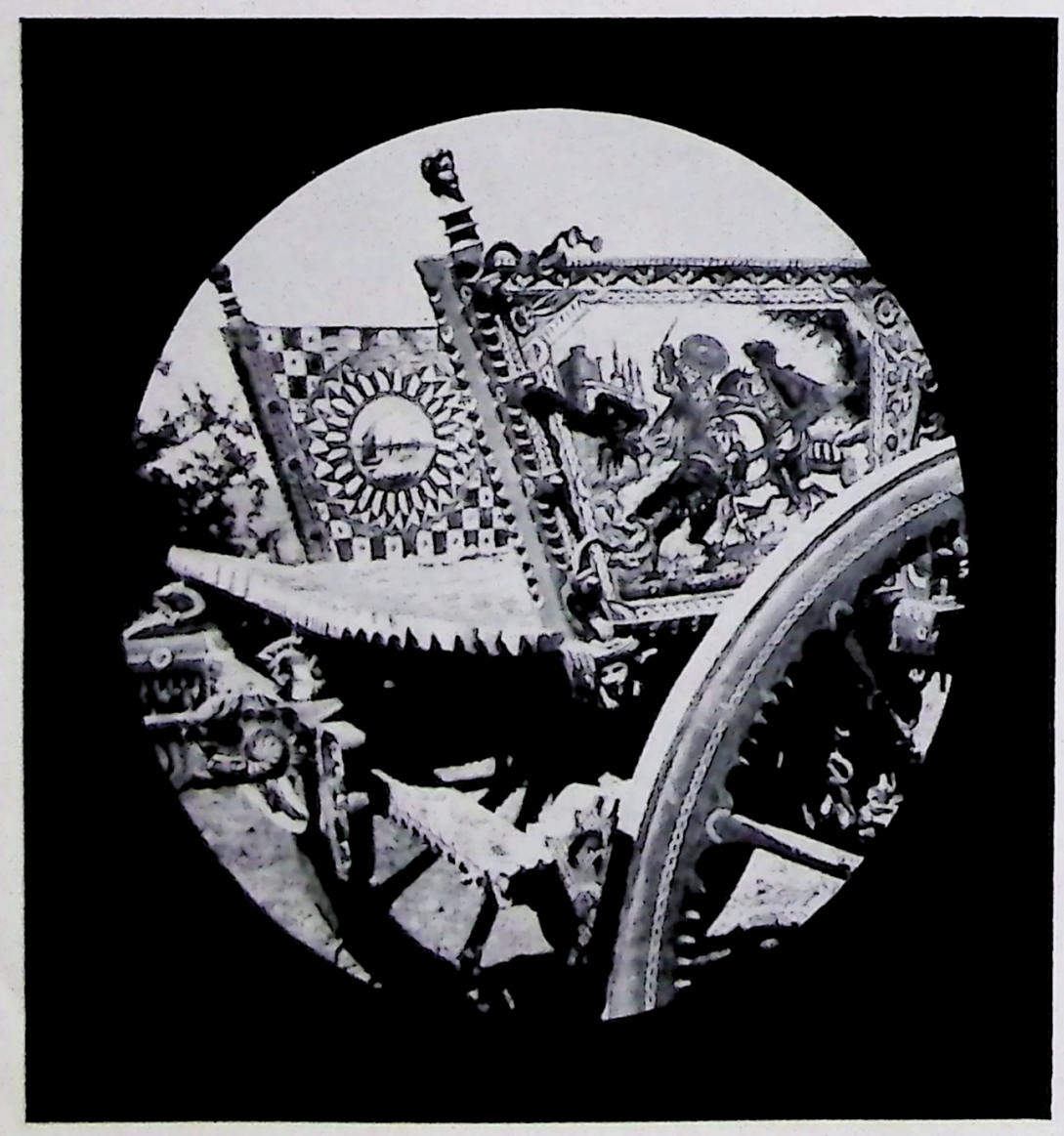
The international border between France and Italy that comes tumbling down from the Alps to fall into the sea just north of Nice, is the line that divides the chi-chi from the sensible. Those who come to the Italian side are not altogether interested in burning their insides at night and their outside by day. The Italian Riviera is never as frenzied, frantic, nor full of folderol as are things across the border. The privilege of lying on the sand during the day, visiting the casino at night, or between times occupying a hotel room is considerably less expensive on the Italian Riviera.

Down from Rome toward the toe, the road winds through a part of Italy that is sad and sunny. The weather is hot, steaming the moisture from the land, leaving the earth dry and exhausted. The peasants have the hot country character. They carry baskets on their heads, wear no shoes on their feet. They are poor and

Were Virgil to peer out of his tomb this scene would greet his eye—fuming Vesuvius exhaling its hot breath on Naples.



A photographer's dream is this Naples fisherman.

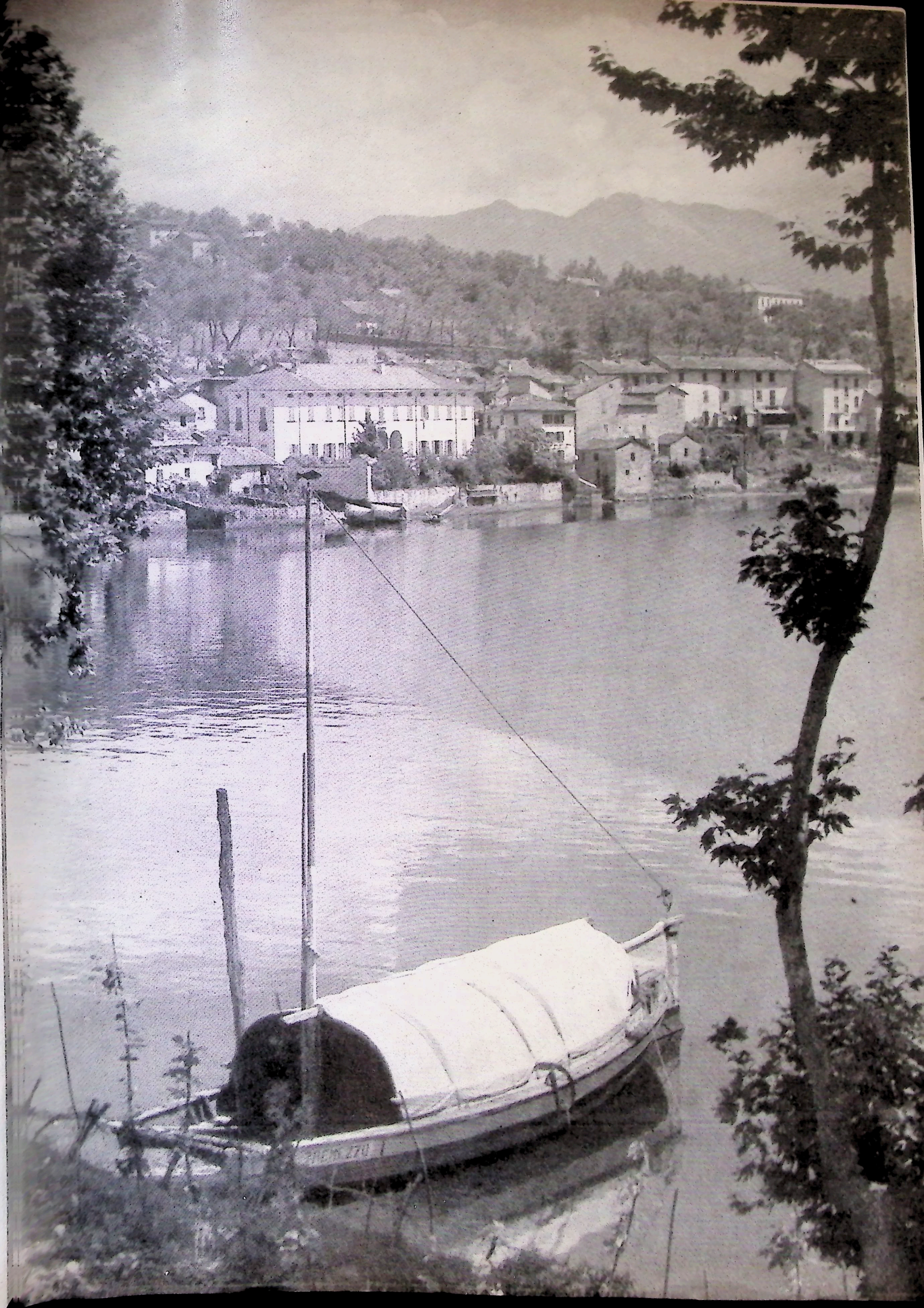


A Sicilian puts all his artistry and more money than he can afford into his cart. The dominant colors of the design represent different localities. His horse also is likely to be sprouting plumes.

they are many; they crowd the streets and choke the highways.

The plight of the southern Italian is a problem which the people themselves fail to find as distressing as does the tourist. For the tourist must take his shiny American car and plough it past the basket-topped heads and the unshod feet if he wants to get to some of the country's best resorts and sightseeing spots which lie along the lower shinbone of the boot—Naples, Pompeii, Capri, Amalfi and Sorrento. ♦

Beautiful but expensive, Lake Como has been a rendezvous for wealthy sophisticates since the days of the early Romans.



THEIR LAST WORDS

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW *(to the nurse)* Sister, you're trying to keep me alive as an old curiosity but I'm done, I'm finished, I'm going to die.

GERTRUDE STEIN What is the question? . . . What is the question? . . . If there is no question there is no answer.

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON The issue is now clear. It is between light and darkness, and every one must choose his side.

LOUIS XIV *(to his domestics)* Why do you weep? Did you think I was immortal?

MARCUS AURELIUS *(asked by the tribune for the watchword)* Go to the rising sun, for I am setting.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES *(of the Supreme Court, as they moved the oxygen tent to him)* Lot of damn foolery.

AMELIA EARHART *(letter to husband before last flight)* Please know that I am quite aware of the hazards. I want to do it because I want to do it. Women must try to do things as men have tried. When they fail, their failures must be a challenge to others.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON Take me home. I was born in the South, I have lived and labored in the South and I wish to die and be buried in the South.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT *(stricken at a broadcast)* Go back in there. Never mind me. Go back in there.

ELEONORA DUSE *(Italian actress)* We must stir ourselves. Move on! Work! Work! . . . Cover me! . . . Must move on! Must work! Cover me.

PLOTINUS I am making my last effort to return that which is divine in me to that which is divine in the universe.

HART CRANE *(American poet)* Good-bye, everybody!

MAURICE RAVEL *(regarding himself in a mirror and pointing to the bandages about his head)* I look like a Moor.

ALEXANDER I *(Emperor of Russia; when they raised the window blinds)* What a beautiful day!

GAUTAMA BUDDHA Beloved, that which causes life causes also decay and death. Never forget this. Let your minds be filled with this truth. I called you to make it known to you.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU See the sun, whose smiling face calls me; see that immeasurable light. There is God! Yes, God Himself, who is opening His arms and inviting me to taste at last that eternal and unchanging joy that I had so long desired.

SIR WALTER SCOTT *(to his family)* God bless you all; I feel myself again.

(continued from page 15)

The Technique of Correct Thinking

things were so when obviously they are not. As we have seen, some persons develop a vivid imaginary picture and visualize events as they would like them. The man who depends upon reason cannot do this. He cannot make a wild jump from reality to fancy by route of imagination; instead he argues that they are as he wishes them.

Here again remember that the only way to keep sane is to face reality frankly and, when it does not conform to our wishes, to attempt to change it by the process of hard work and in conformity with the laws of life as we have learned them. Any shortcut is sure to lead to disaster, and the shortcut of distorting reason is no exception . . .

RULES FOR CORRECT THINKING. Some of the principles may be summarized as follows:

1. Learn to distinguish between the two kinds of belief: the beliefs that arise from personal preference and those which follow inexorably from rational thinking.

2. Arguments developed to support a belief which is personally desirable are likely to be fallacious. You are more likely to be concerned with winning your point than with clear thinking and will distort your thinking almost invariably.

3. Be sure to get in a realm where you have no emotional prejudice if you would train yourself to think clearly. Heated discussions may be fun, but they do not help clarify thinking.

4. Be willing to go anywhere and to accept any conclusion when clear thinking leads you.

5. Because you have reached a conclusion is no reason to favor that conclusion. Your thinking may have been in error. Be as critical of your own beliefs as you are of those of others. Yes, be more critical of your own.

6. Do not rest upon formulated beliefs. They are merely resting places to permit you to get your breath before beginning a new journey in the land of thought.

7. Learn the technique of clear thinking until it becomes second nature to you. Learn to recognize a fallacy from afar.

8. Beware of any conclusion that gives you too much comfort. Remember, thinking is vigorous exercise, a sort of game. Beliefs are resting periods between work periods. You cannot mix the rest periods with the periods of activity. ◆

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men and ideas

ARISTOTLE

Santayana one time said that his own philosophy was only a footnote to Aristotle. This great Greek thinker (384-322 B.C.) has dominated the mind of mankind for centuries and his ideas as expressed in his "Nicomachean Ethics" are especially important for our own time.

By doing just and virtuous acts we become just and virtuous and by doing acts of temperance and courage we become temperate and courageous. This is confirmed by what happens in states for the legislators make their citizens good by training, and this is the wish of all legislators. Those who do not succeed in this miss their aim, and it is this that distinguishes a good from a bad constitution.

Again both virtues and vices result from and are formed by the same acts in which they manifest themselves as is the case also with the arts. It is by playing the harp that good harpers and bad harpers alike are produced, and so it is with builders and the rest. By building well they will become good builders and bad builders by building badly. Indeed if it were not so, they would not need anybody to teach them but would all be born either good or bad at their trades.

It is just the same with the virtues also. It is by our conduct in our dealings with other men that we become just or unjust and by acting in circumstances of danger and training ourselves to feel fear or confidence that we become courageous or cowardly. So too with our animal appetites and the passion of anger, for by behaving in this way or in that on occasions with which these passions are concerned, some become temperate and gentle, others profligate and ill-tempered . . .

It is not enough however to make these general statements about virtue and vice. We must go on and apply them to particulars — that is to the several virtues and vices. For in reasoning about matters of conduct general statements are too vague and do not convey as much truth as particular propositions. It is with particulars that conduct is concerned.

Moderation in the feelings of fear and confidence is courage. Of those that exceed, he that exceeds in fearlessness has no name (as often happens) but he that exceeds in confidence is foolhardy, while he that exceeds in fear but is deficient in confidence is cowardly.

Moderation in respect of certain pleasures and also (though to a less extent) certain pains is temperance while excess is self-indulgence or profligacy. But defectiveness in the matter of these pleasures is hardly ever found, and so this sort of people also have as yet received no name. Let us put them down as devoid of sensibility or call them insensible.

In the matter of giving and taking money, moderation is liberality, excess and deficiency are prodigality and illiberality. But these two vices exceed and fall short in contrary ways. The prodigal exceeds in spending but falls short in taking while the illiberal man exceeds in taking but falls short in spending . . .

But besides these there are other dispositions in the matter of money. There is a moderation which is called magnificence (for the magnificent is not the same as the liberal man—the former deals with large sums, the latter with small) and an excess which is called bad taste or vulgarity and a deficiency which is called meanness, and these vices differ from those that are opposed to liberality . . .

Moral virtue or excellence is closely concerned with pleasure and pain. It is pleasure that moves us to do what is base and pain that moves us to refrain from what is noble. And therefore, as Plato says, man needs to be so trained from his youth as to find pleasure and pain in the right objects. This is what sound education means. ♦

BOOKS FOR WISDOM

FOR YOUR READING ENJOYMENT *the Editors of Wisdom recommend:*

THE STRUGGLE FOR ASIA
by Sir Francis Low

This is a most readable contribution to a better understanding of the complicated problems of the Far East. The author was for many years an intimate observer of the Indian political scene. His discussion of the recent upheavals in the Orient is objective and detached. He believes that the real enemy of Asiatic independence is Soviet collectivism. Having great faith in Nehru, Sir Francis Low maintains that the Indian statesman is serving as a link between East and West. *Frederick A. Praeger, $3.50*

HISTORY OF TURKEY... From Empire to Republic
by M. Philips Price

The author of this fascinating work is an important English journalist and a member of Parliament. Having a close contact with the Middle East, especially with Turkey, Price writes with intensity. His treatment of the contemporary problems facing Turkey, especially in its relationship with the West, is well done. To Price history deals not only with great leaders but with the way people live. His descriptions of Turkish village life are both picturesque and unforgettable. *Macmillan, $4.50*

RIVER OF THE CAROLINAS... The Santee
by Henry Savage, Jr.

This book adds much to our knowledge of South Carolina. The reader is especially impressed by the colonial history of that state and he meets such intriguing personalities as Capt. Juan Pardo and Christopher Gadsden's Liberty Boys. This is more the story of the cultural and social development of South Carolina than of a river. When Savage writes about nature he describes it in moving terms. His discussion of the contemporary South indicates the change that is taking place in that region. He believes that rapid industrialization will add a new chapter to Southern progress. *Rinehart, $5*

RUSSIAN JOURNEY
by William O. Douglas

Justice Douglas is one of the most tireless travelers of our time. When he visits other nations he is interested not so much in political institutions but in the way the common people think and act. His journey to Soviet Russia is recorded in this book, and we learn much about Russia's reaction to the West. Justice Douglas is conscious of the weaknesses of the Soviet System, and he indicates the difference between the freedom which prevails in democratic nations and the oppression of totalitarianism.
Doubleday, $4.50

THE FATAL DECISIONS
Edited by Seymour Freidin and William Richardson

In this work six German generals analyze reasons for the German downfall in World War II. They tell the story of several crucial battles including the defeat of the German Air Force over Britain, the retreat before Moscow, and the disastrous battle at Stalingrad. The generals blame Hitler for the weaknesses of the German strategy. One general maintains that Hitler was never conscious of the limitations of German power and thus made incredible mistakes. This is a book not only for military historians but for the general reader who will undoubtedly obtain a better understanding of World War II. *William Sloane Assoc., $4.00*

THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUR CHILD'S READING
by Sam Duker and Thomas Nally

The educational world lately has been disturbed by vigorous controversy regarding the teaching of reading. When WHY JOHNNY CAN'T READ was published, professional educators protested for they felt that reading skills are being taught in the best possible way. The authors of this book are convinced that modern methods of education are adequate in dealing with the reading problem. Their philosophy is substantiated by many examples of the teaching methods being used in our public schools. *Crown Publishers, $3.00*

FROM VIENNA TO VERSAILLES
by L. C. B. Seaman

This story of European diplomacy by an outstanding British historian illuminates the problems facing the Western world in our time. His discussion is especially pertinent when he deals with the effect of revolutions and the wars between 1815 and 1920. His viewpoint can be summarized by the statement that "national character is the product not of biology but of history." *Coward-McCann, $3.50*

THE TRAGIC LIFE OF TOULOUSE-LAUTREC
by Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson

The authors of this book have attempted to give us an intimate glimpse into the life of a famous French painter. Their viewpoint of his artistic productions is not always profound; still we learn much about the personality of Toulouse-Lautrec, who while being extremely unattractive in person had a profound vision of beauty. His life was unconventional by any standard, but few men have been able to immortalize their period as penetratingly as was done by Toulouse-Lautrec. *Random House, $5.00*

DEBUSSY—Musician of France
by Victor Seroff

To many music lovers Debussy occupies an enviable place, for his compositions can be appreciated both by the expert and the layman. In this biography of the great French composer his life is discussed with clarity and sympathy. We become part of his triumphs and frustrations, of his victories and defeats. Anyone who reads the book with penetration will learn much about music and even more about the nature of creativity as represented by the life of Debussy.
G. P. Putnam's Sons, $6.50

TRANSFORMATION OF MAN
by Lewis Mumford

Lewis Mumford has won great fame as a historian of civilization and as a popularizer of ideas. During the last few years he has been occupied with the problems of the Atomic Age and how man can survive amidst the new weapons of destruction. Mumford believes that by the use of technology and our intellectual and spiritual knowledge man can achieve a new potential. This is a profound book which makes us more aware of the perplexing dilemmas of the twentieth century. *Harper, $3.50*

THE RAVEN AND THE WHALE: THE WAR OF WORDS AND WITS IN THE ERA OF POE AND MELVILLE
by Perry Miller

This is a study of the literary period between 1833 and 1857. The author, a noted Harvard professor, has the ability to popularize technical literary points. The main theme of the book is Melville's America, which was dominated by the gospel of materialism. In 1857 Melville published THE CONFIDENCE MAN in which he attacked the hypocrisy of his contemporaries. Miller draws many parallels between the Nineteenth century and our own time, and he indicates how important literature is for the progress of democracy. *Harcourt Brace, $6.75*

A HISTORY OF ROME
by Moses Hadas

The author of this work is a professor of Greek and Latin at Columbia University who is an expert in ancient history and who has the ability to see the past in contemporary terms. Roman history is illustrated in this book by the writing of such famous men as Julius Ceasar, Polybius and Tacitus. The translations are clear and eminently readable. After perusing the book we find many parallels between the problems of Rome and those of the United States.
Anchor Books, $.95

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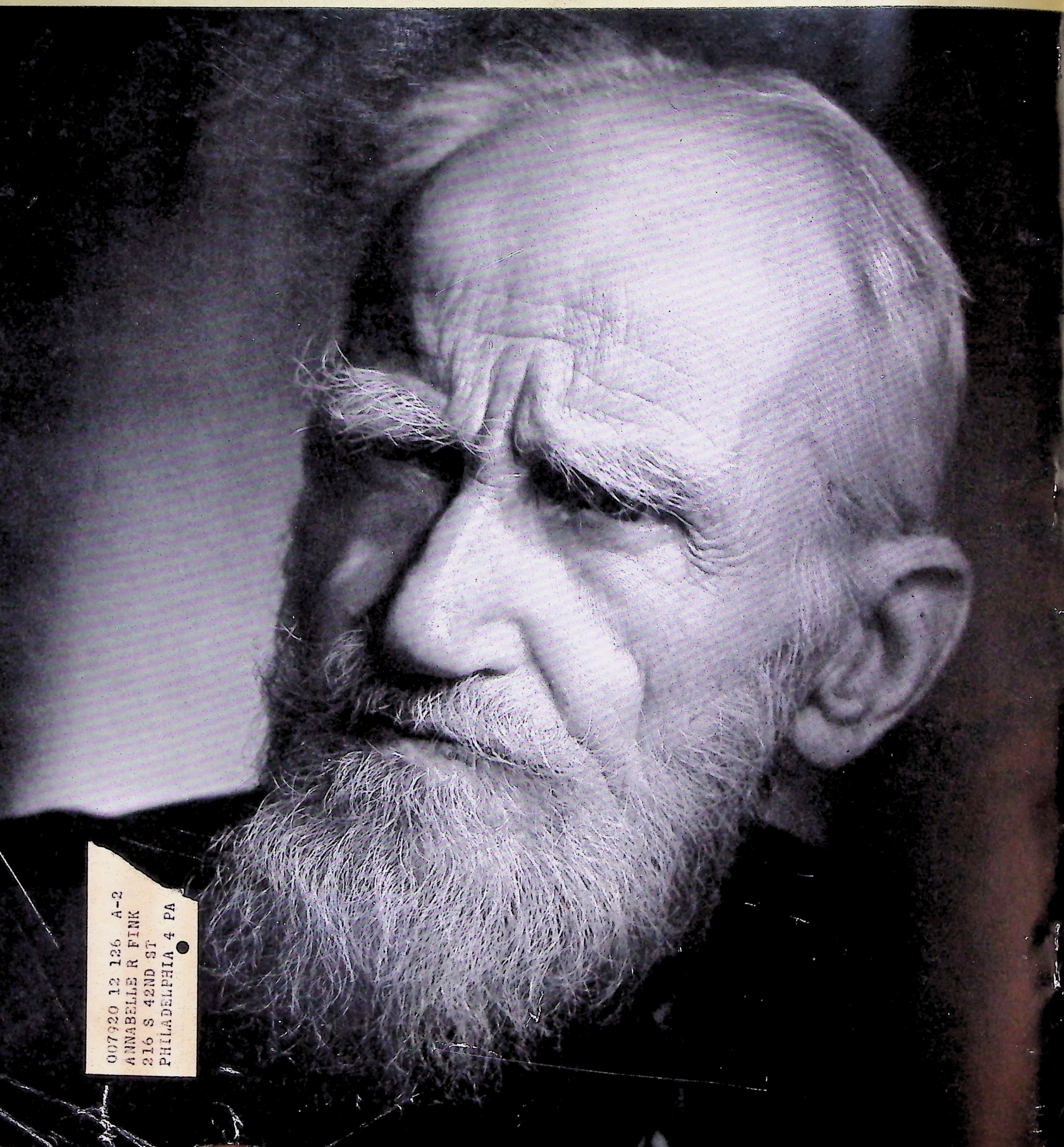

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